OCT 16 '56

The Saturday Evening
POST
October 20, 1956 — 15¢

Samuel Lubell's Report:
IKE or ADLAI...
Who Will Take California?

Michigan's Ron Kramer, TERROR OF THE BIG TEN

LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE

John Clymer

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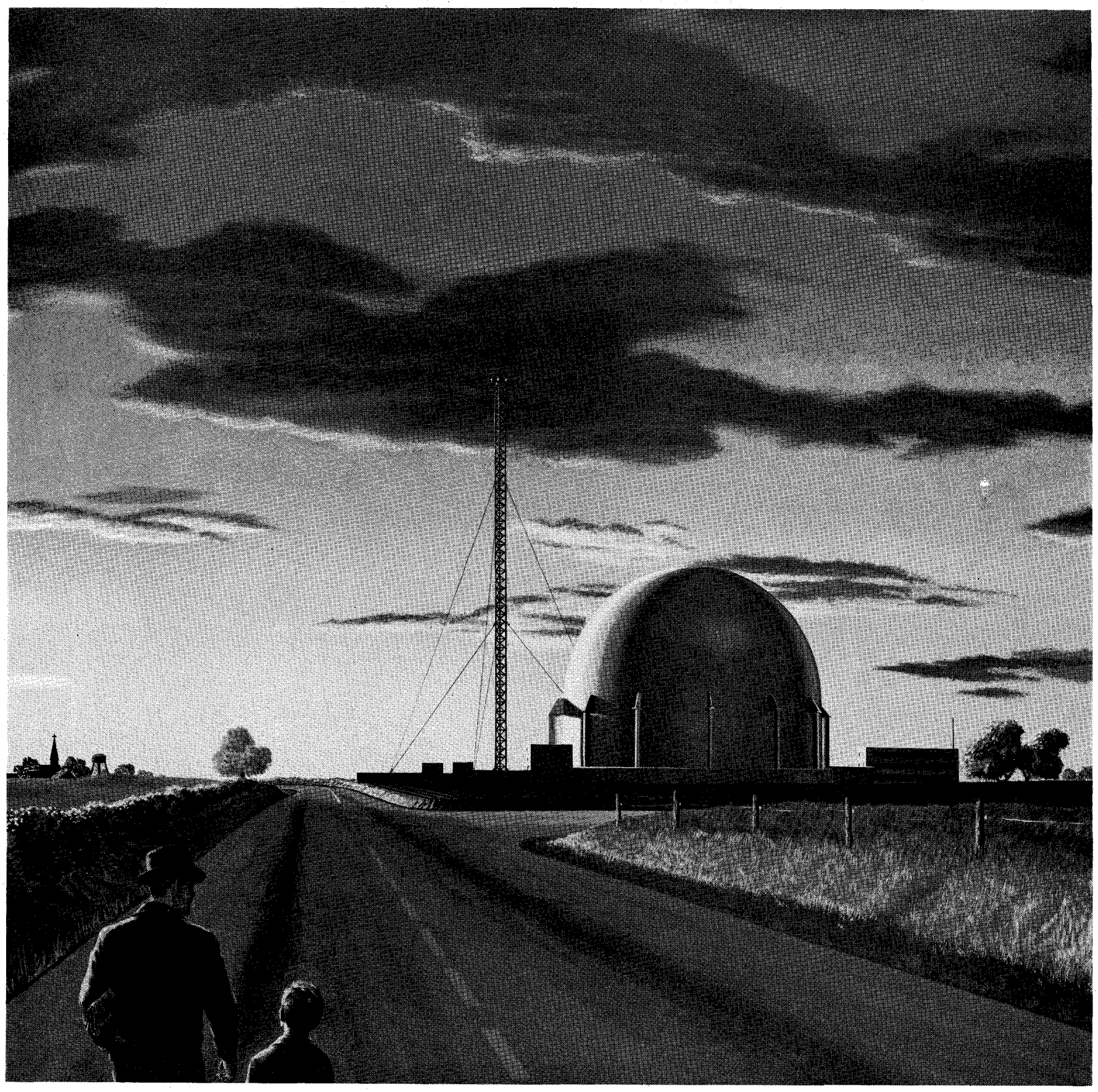

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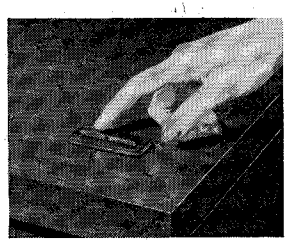

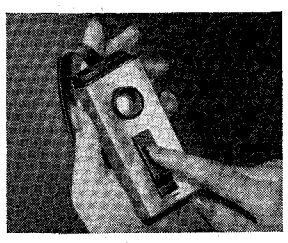

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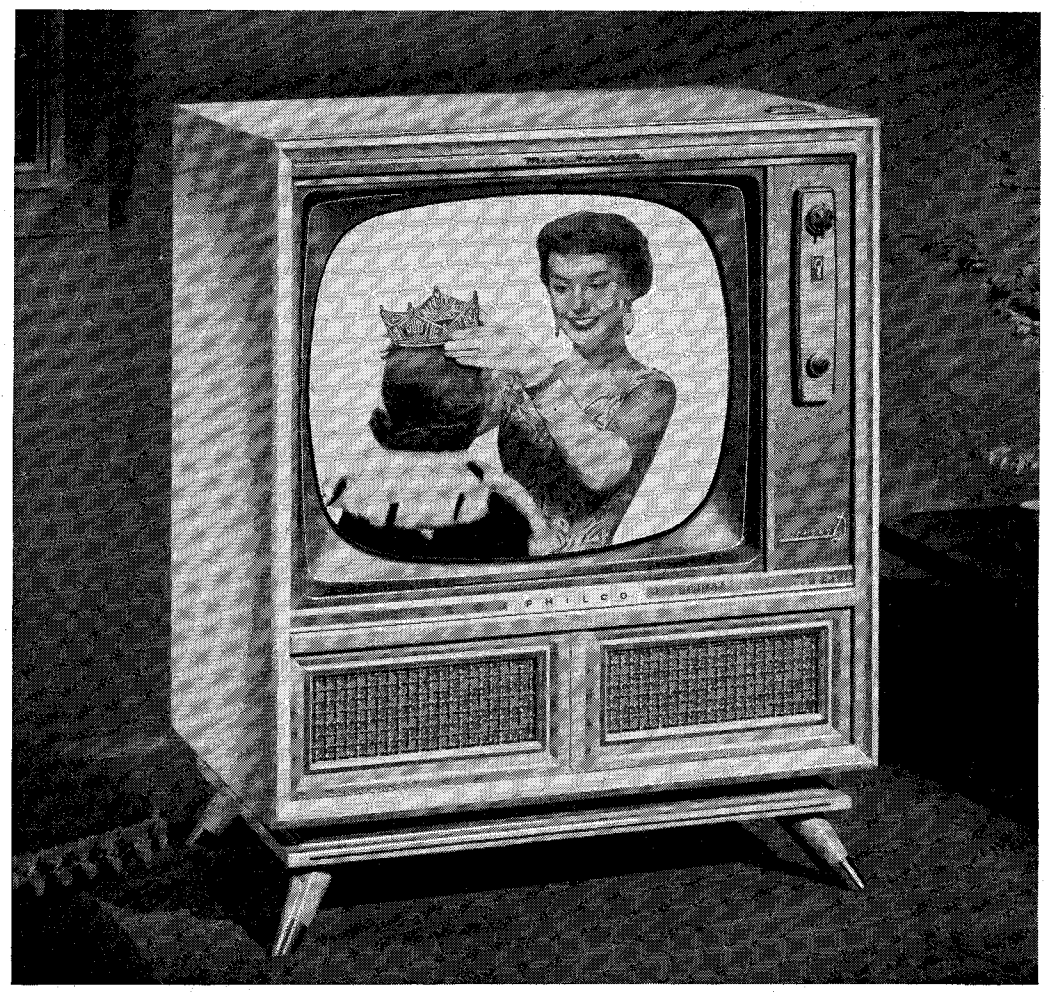

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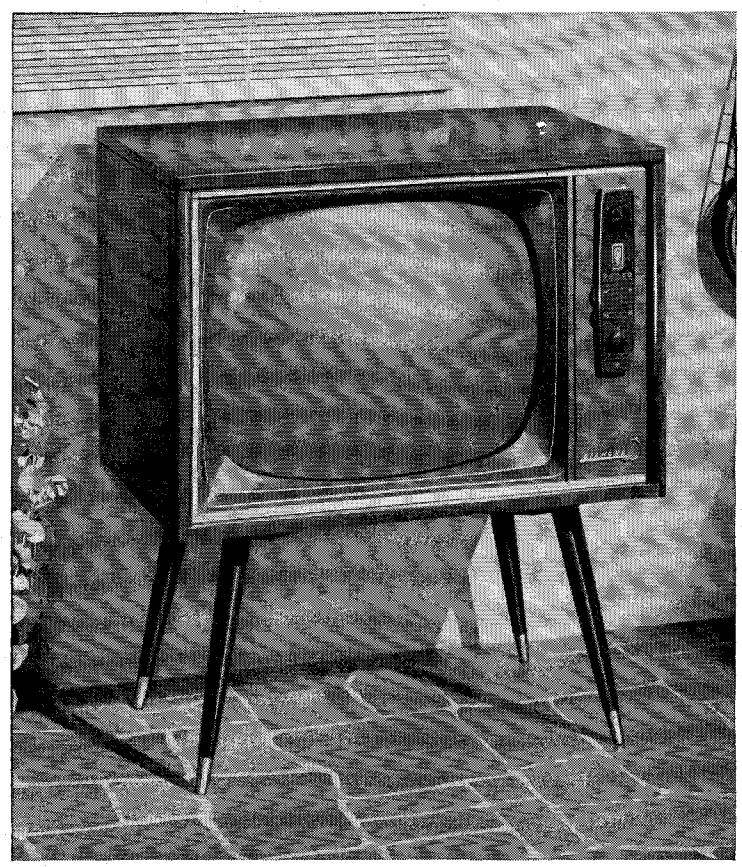

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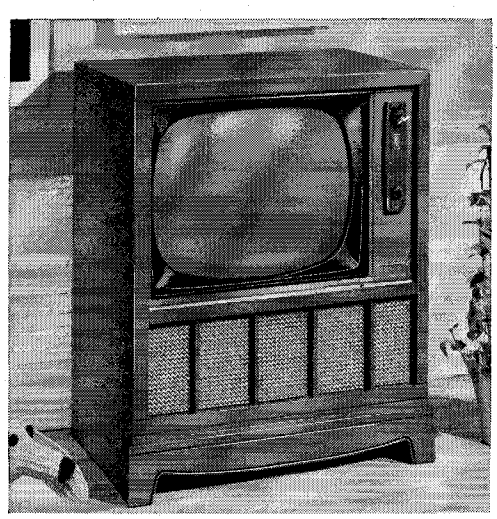
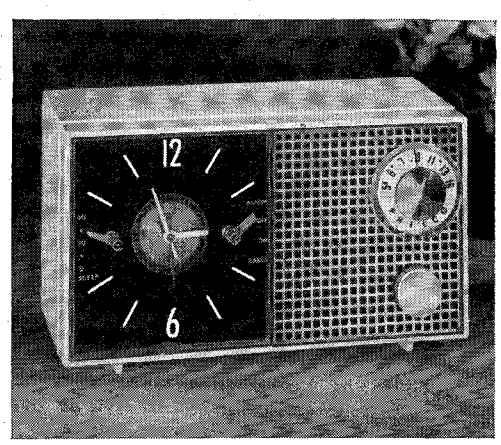


SOUND OUT FRONT in the console buy of the year! New Diamond D performance. Photosonic mastery of sight and sound. Automatic Top Touch Tuning. Classic cabinet in cherry finish. Philco 4605.



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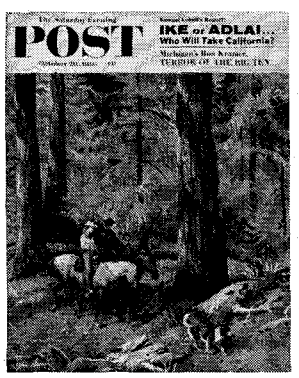

THE COVER

John Clymer has captured the autumn-hued glory of the tamaracks in Wilson Canyon, Washington; and why doesn't the young man on the horse pay attention to this beauty instead of just peering into a girl's eyes? A baffling cover, this, as it poses the question: which is more lovely, a blushing girl or a blushing tree? Oh, let's worry about something else. If these lovers don't watch out, they may steer their horses into that fallen tree, resulting in the horses' stubbing their toes and running away. Which might not be a bad idea, at that, for then the boy could romantically save the girl from peril, and get his arm around her, resulting in their being married this year instead of next. It certainly would foul things all up if the girl saved the boy, but she looks too smart to do that.

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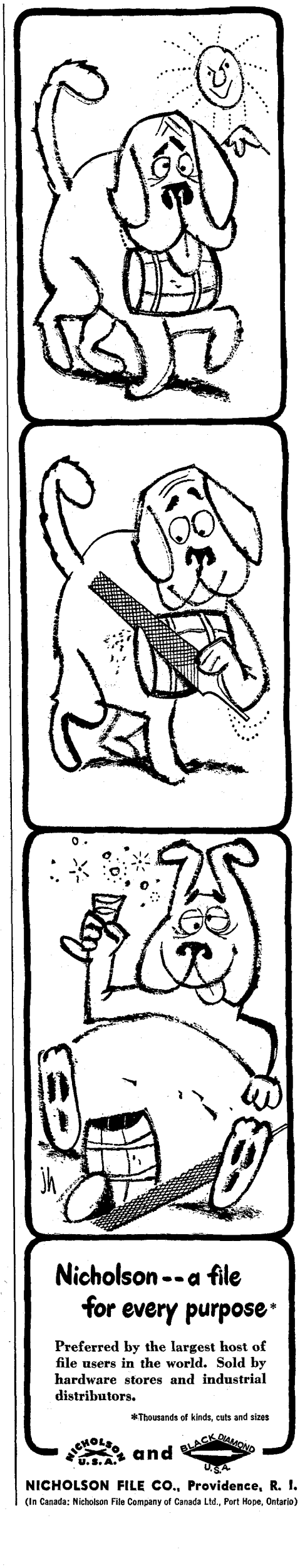

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Letters

Crackdown on Drivers

Dear Sirs:

Three cheers for Governor Abe Ribicoff, of Connecticut, (How We Cut Our Auto Death Rate, Sept. 8) and The Saturday Evening Post for reminding us that driving an automobile is a matter of life or death, whether we like it or not.

Shortly after reading the article in the Post, I became aware of a plan which is in effect in England. A select group of drivers are known as the Institute of Advanced Motorists. To qualify for admission, one must pass a rigid examination conducted by the instructors of the Police Driving School at Hendon, England. Membership in this group automatically entitles the driver to a 15 per cent cut in his insurance rates, the cut becoming as much as 30 per cent over a period of two years safe driving.

If such a plan were available in this country, the lines waiting to take the examination would probably be blocks long.

FRANK HALL
Altadena, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

Speed in itself is not dangerous. . . .

There will never be any lasting reduction in accidents and death rates until some real thinking is applied to the problem of accidents. The tendency to blame every accident on speed, because it is so convenient, does ease the work of the reporting officer, but is the problem to reduce the officer's work or to reduce the accident rate?

T. R. GONDERT
Lyndhurst, N.J.

● *The National Safety Council reports that in 1955 three out of every ten drivers involved in fatal accidents were violating a speed law. —ED.*

Dear Sirs:

The laws and signs having to do with speed are so varied and contradictory from state to state that I finally gave up trying to obey them and attempt to use my own judgment about my car's speed. Time and again I have moved along with traffic when Everybody was exceeding the limit. . . . What can be done? Mr. Ribicoff has the answer—make the laws sensible, uniform, and enforce them.

REV. DAN HARMAN
Danville, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Near the end of the article is the sentence: "No highway-safety drive is worth a tinker's damn unless you have conscientious and impartial judges backing up the police." The expression should be "tinker's dam."

It goes back to the Middle Ages when a sheet-metal worker was called a tinker. In certain jobs of joining sheet metal he made shallow dams of putty and poured molten lead, tin or solder in the space between. After heating, the dam was dried out and worthless. Hence the phrase: "Not worth a tinker's dam."

So the phrase is in no sense of the word profane.

JOHN H. SCHAEFER, M.D.
Los Angeles, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

At the present time in Connecticut we have had more fatalities from automobiles this year than last. We have had more accidents and more injuries. It seems that the article by our excellent Governor about keeping down the death rate was a bit premature.

H. BISSING
W. Cornwall, Conn.

● *At the time Mr. Bissing wrote, he was essentially correct. By September 25th, however, Connecticut had 100,000 more drivers than last year and the traffic death toll was 216, as compared with 223 for the same period in 1955. The accident totals for both years were approximately the same. —ED.*

Unkempt Paradise

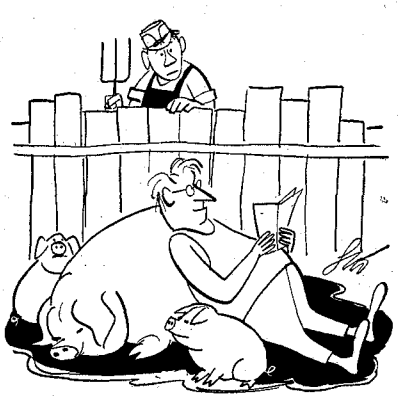
Dear Sirs:

Re. Stewart Alsop's Why Do I Keep the Damned Place? [Sept. 15].

I have observed a growing tendency on the part of alleged intellectuals, in these servantless days, to live in a piggy style.

Fortunately, most of us peasants are still too prone to nausea to compromise with dirt. . . .

This article conjures up an intriguingly fantastic mental picture of a conglomeration of "Stratosphere" intellectuals zooming about with their pet bats, above piles



of filth and rubbish, around which rats and mice play ring-around-a-rosy and mud-caked children go back to nature.

I hope I never get too cultured to be clean.

JEAN ALQUIST
Middletown, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

I loved the article. . . . I live in the twin of Polecat Park in the summertime and have the smells, birds, bats, mice and squirrels, etc., etc., etc.

W. W. SURLES
Milwaukee, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

Lou Bromfield is dead; Kind Deity has spared him from reading Stewart Alsop's article about the Rural Slum.

H. B. STEIN
Champaign, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

If the Alsop family enjoy living in filth and squalor, that certainly is their business. But it's hard to understand why any editor would think this interests the American public.

LILLIAN L. FELLMAN
Concord, Cal.

(Continued on Page 6)

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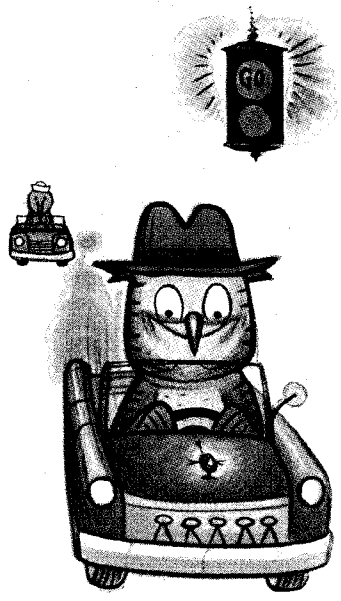

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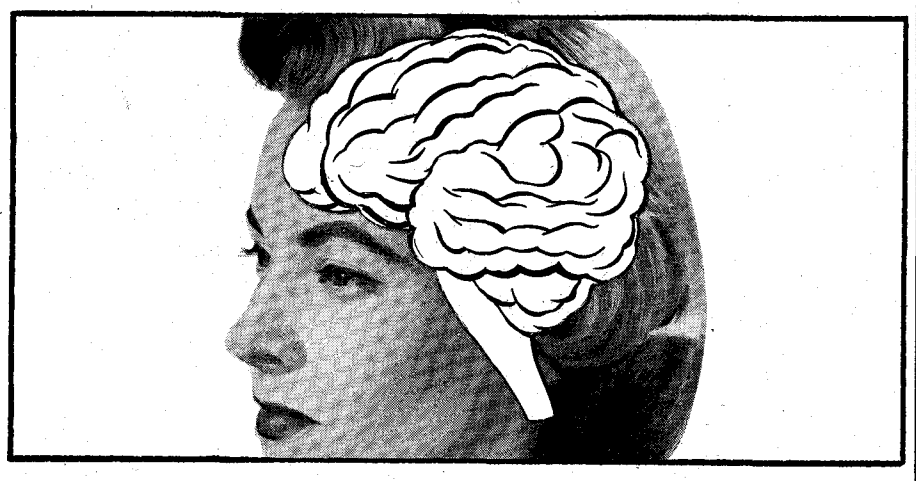

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Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

Dear Sirs:

That article . . . held some sort of peculiar fascination for me, but at the same time was really disgusting. I wasn't surprised when he mentioned that his brother, Joseph, wrote that article about *those repulsive foods in Tokyo* [MY ADVENTURES IN EATING, March 10, 1956].

MRS. TED COOPER
Waukesha, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

Stewart Alsop's article . . . is an affront to all of your readers who detest profanity.

MRS. L. T. MILTON
Dunbar, W. Va.

Dear Sirs:

Stewart Alsop has bolstered my program of procrastination as Laird of Punkin Knob.

SHE has other names for it, including "rural slum." In addition to a damn-pump and damnweeds, we have damn-roaches which climb up through the drains, a mysterious leak in the damn-roof, a hive of damnbees in the garage walls, some damnraccoons that strew the garbage, and a flock of damncrows who debate vociferously every morning at daybreak.

ROBERTS MANN
La Grange, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Americans wash too much anyway.

MRS. CONSTANCE STRAUGHN, JR.
Chapel Hill, N.C.

Drive-In "Passion-Pits"

Dear Sirs:

It would show extreme naïveté to believe that Drive-In Movies are free of the "passion-pit" influence—notwithstanding the sleeping babies, bathinette-ed powder rooms or pajama-clad school children [BIG BOOM IN OUTDOOR MOVIES, by Frank J. Taylor, Sept. 15].

As every girl old enough to be asked out knows, an invitation to the movies is one thing; being invited to a Drive-In Movie is quite something else again. Parking in a darkened automobile is not condoned as dating activity. Does this change because, should they by some chance care to look, a youth and his girl can see cowboys racing across a screen?

If the Drive-In Movies is seriously being suggested by the author as a teen-age alternate to the beer hall, I really hesitate to make a choice!

MRS. ROBERT MUHLSTOCK
Teaneck, N.J.

Academic Prostitution?

Dear Sirs:

I have just finished . . . THESE COLLEGE GIRLS CAN COOK [by John Wesley Noble, Sept. 15], and would like to be clarified on one small point: Just what makes Mills think it is still a "liberal-arts" college?

Why not simply admit the naked and somewhat embarrassing truth—that Mills has (perhaps involuntarily) committed itself to an increasingly popular form of academic prostitution, i.e., the attempt to give every water-skier and basket-weaving major a chance to be trained for his narrow little specialty, after which he may boast of his "college education"? . . .

Mills' President White is very likely not the sort of educator who would succumb to this sort of mass pressure voluntarily. However, the note of expediency which saturates the entire article does not, to me, justify Mills' policy. There are many small, liberal-arts colleges in straits similar to Mills' which are nevertheless struggling to retain their traditional character as centers of truly liberal education.

LAURENCE SCHLOSSBERG
Rockville Centre, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

As a sophomore at that wonderful institution known as Mills College . . . I thoroughly enjoyed Mr. Noble's stimulating and accurate presentation of life on our campus.

NANCY SEFF
Sioux City, Iowa

Dear Sirs:

Shades of Homer! No more Greek at Mills? And men on campus? In 1908 when a handsome young minister came to preach, he found his way blocked at the station by the gardener. When he explained that he was the minister, the gardener replied, "You don't put that over on me, young man."

ALICE NICKERSON, *Mills, 1908–10*
Redlands, Cal.

Our Abused Language

Dear Sirs:

Bruce Bliven (editorial AN OLD-SCHOOL-TYPE GRAMMARIAN GIVES UP THE STRUGGLE, Sept. 22) quit his copy-reader's crusade too soon. He should have withheld his resignation until he could have called attention to these redundancies, among many others:

"The true facts of the case." (I'm still looking for an untrue fact.)

"High noon." (The sun is always high at noon.)

"4 P.M. in the afternoon." (It couldn't very well be 4 P.M. in the morning.)

"Old adage." (All adages are old.)

"Tiny tots." (There aren't any big tots.)

"The capitol building." (The capitol is the building.)

If Mr. Bliven cared to uncover more true facts about grammatical errors, he could, between high noon and 4 P.M. in the afternoon, coin a new adage setting forth that tiny tots aren't the only ones who refer to the capitol building.

FREDERIC BABCOCK
Chicago, Ill.

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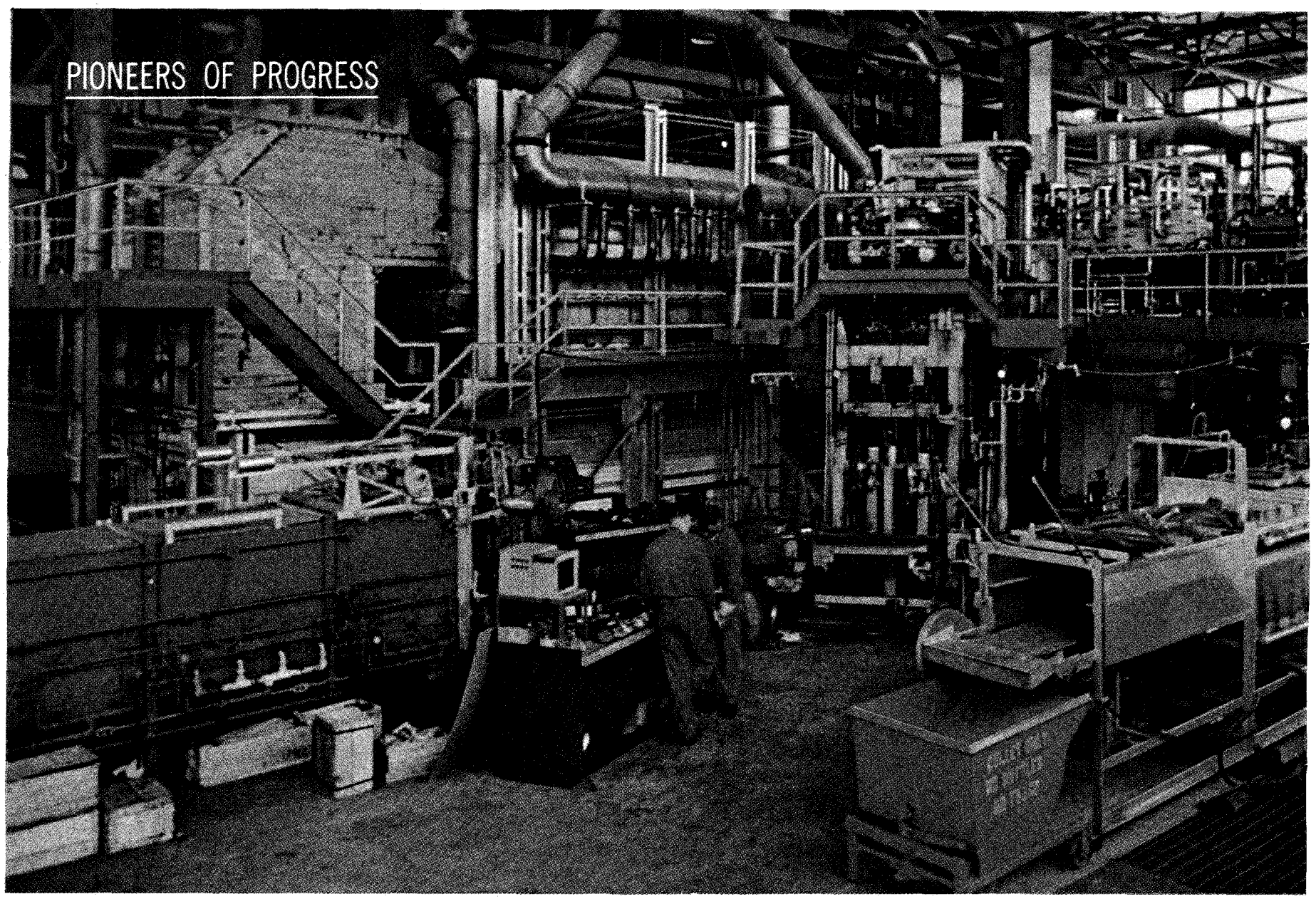
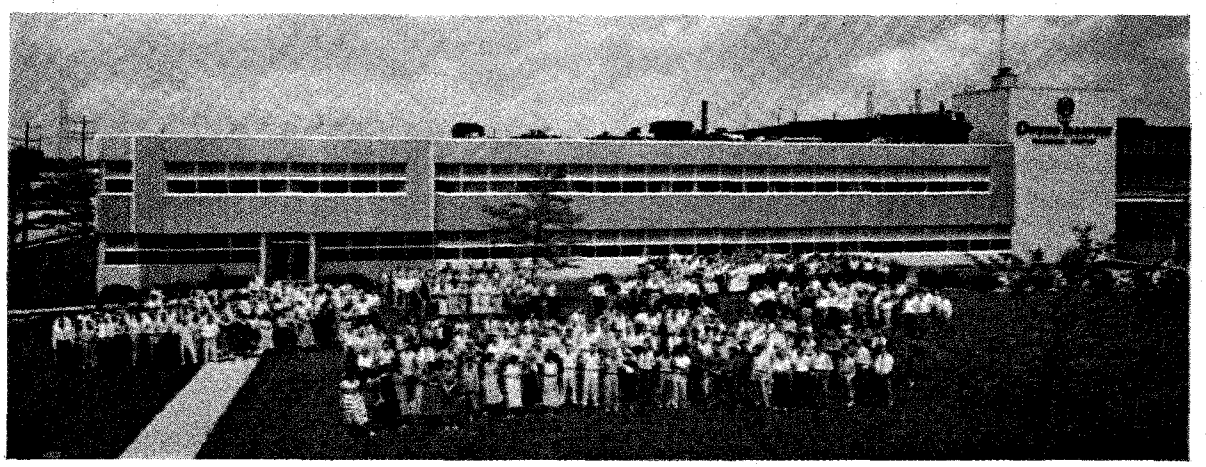
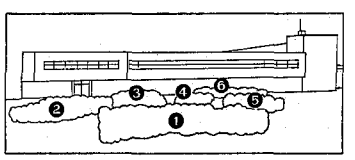


In the huge Owens-Illinois Technical Center, this glass processing section turns out products at the rate of two and a half million units a year. Perhaps the most modern glass manufacturing plant in the world, its entire output is dedicated to the improvement of glassmaking processes and products, and the development of new ones. Only after prolonged testing and experimentation are new discoveries turned over to one or more of Owens-Illinois' thirty-one factories for manufacture.

2,500,000 products a year... not



More than 600 scientists, researchers and other employees staff the Owens-Illinois Technical Center. Groups shown here: (1) General Research, (2) Kimble Engineering, (3) Glass Container Engineering, (4) Libbey Engineering, (5) Administrative Engineering, (6) Building Administration.



In this vast experimental laboratory, new Owens-Illinois products and processes are perfected before they are approved to be manufactured and sold.

Many things you take for granted today were first planned and proved by Owens-Illinois scientists and engineers. Since its formal dedication in 1955, the nerve center for such research and development has been the Owens-Illinois Technical Center, in Toledo, Ohio. Here a tradition of originating and perfecting has been implemented by the finest of facilities.

We've pictured a few of these research-born products. Some of them are probably familiar to you. The rectangular glass bulb for television picture tubes that helped make television pictures larger and cabinets smaller, for example—and the Vapak "snap-on" cap, easiest of all caps to remove and reseal.

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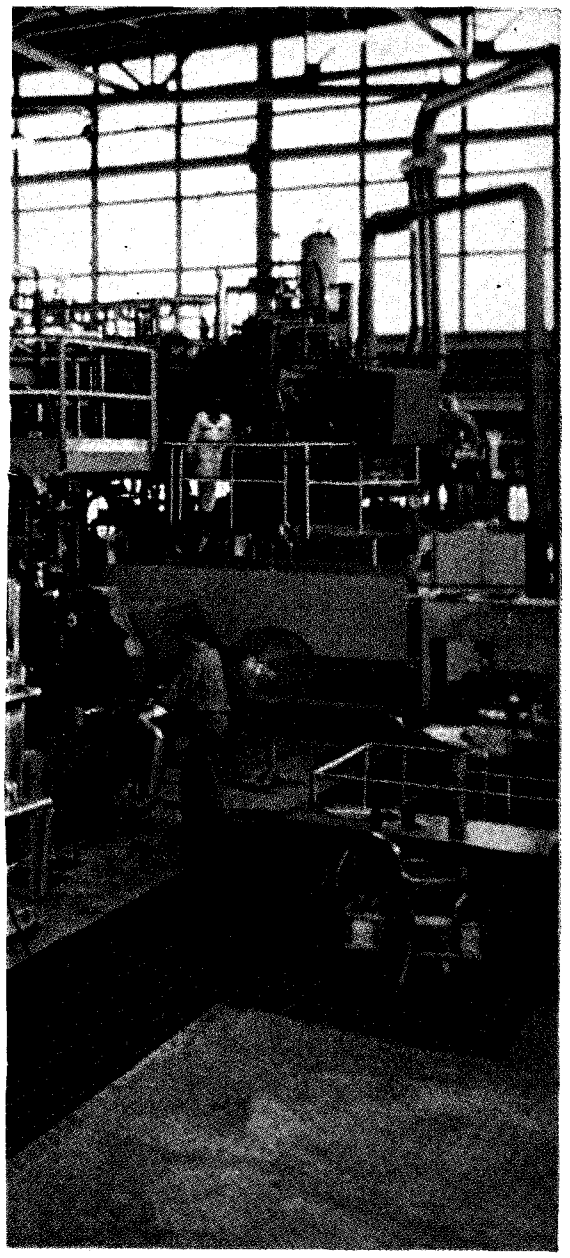
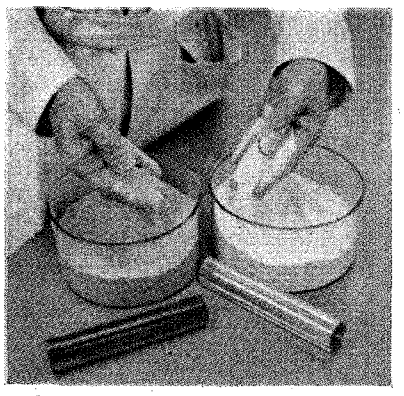


...one for sale

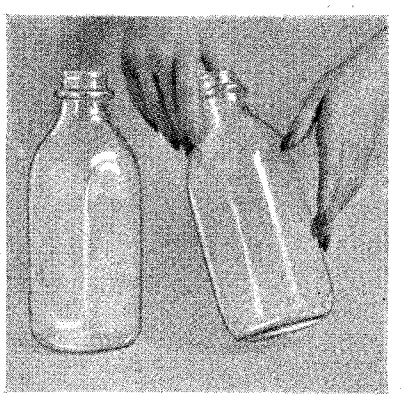
...ner O-I developments shown affect you less ...ectly. Stronger electrical insulators perfected Owens-Illinois help to keep power service con...uous. O-I improvements in corrugated ship...g boxes mean that more products make the ...uous journey from manufacturer to you with... damage.

...You can't buy the products that are being made ...the Tech Center today. We're not satisfied yet ...t they are ready for you. But they're exciting, ...l you can be sure that when they *are* ready, ...y will represent progress, just like all the ...ical Owens-Illinois products listed below.

Duraglas containers • Metal and plastic closures
...nble laboratory glassware • Libbey Safedge glassware
Plastic containers and fitments • Glass block
Kimble television bulbs • Plywood
Kaylo insulation • Kimble vials and ampuls
Kimble and Hemingray insulators



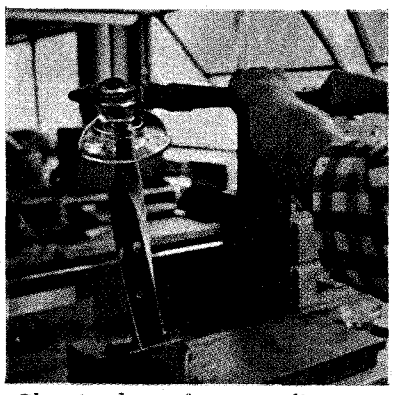
The purest sand is needed in order to make fine glass. Owens-Illinois' methods for removing impurities from sand are unsurpassed, thanks to continuous research on the problem.



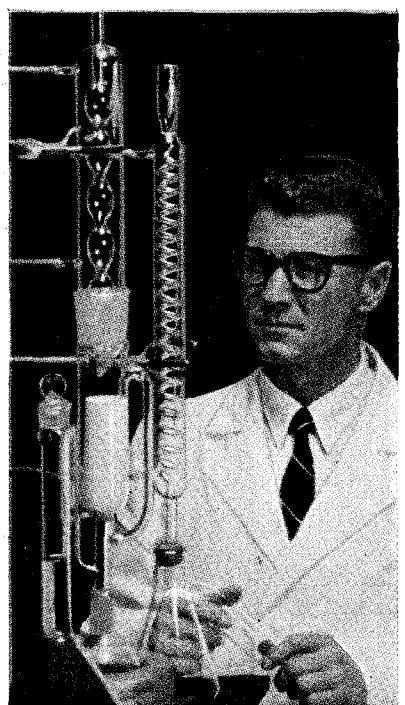
Surface protection to help Duraglas bottles withstand abuse has been offered for 22 years. Newest treatment is Duracote, exclusively developed by Owens-Illinois research.

Cartons that stay stacked because of the non-skid "treads" on tops and bottoms are among the great many Owens-Illinois developments in corrugated shipping containers.

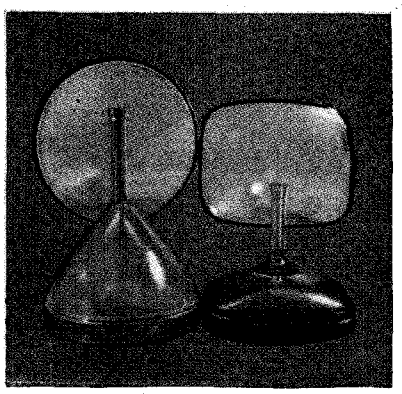
High temperature insulation effective from 0° to 1800° F. has just been introduced by Owens-Illinois. This lightweight, hydrous calcium silicate material (not glass) is called Kaylo 20.



Glass insulators for power lines are becoming popular because Owens-Illinois developed techniques for tempering them—to add great strength to their other advantages.



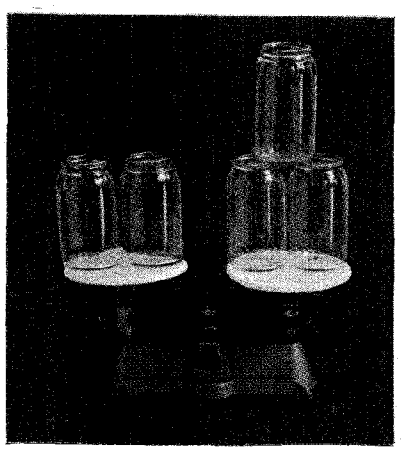
Glass tubing is made into thousands of different products. Owens-Illinois' Kimble Glass Company makes 200,000 miles of tubing a year, using processes perfected by its own research.



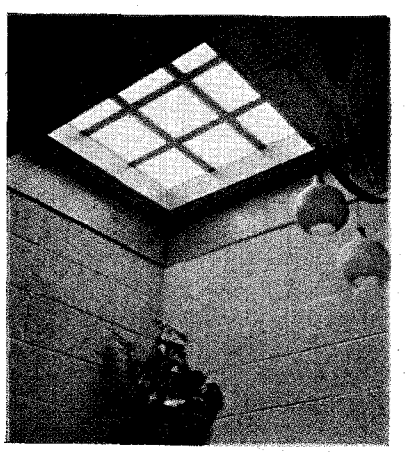
Television bulbs with rectangular picture areas and short stems were pioneered by Owens-Illinois' Kimble Glass Co., leading to larger television pictures and smaller cabinets.

Better-sealing caps mean fresher foods, more convenience. For easy removing or resealing, no other cap equals Vapak, designed and engineered by Owens-Illinois.

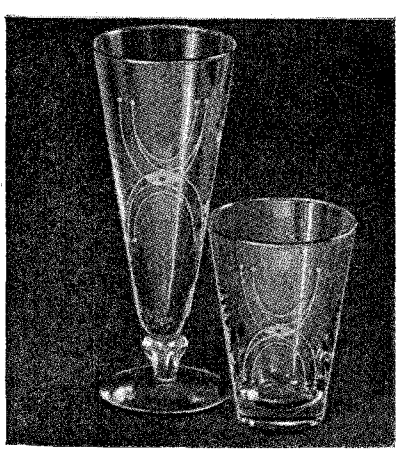
Glass tubing is made into thousands of different products. Owens-Illinois' Kimble Glass Company makes 200,000 miles of tubing a year, using processes perfected by its own research.



Glass containers, stronger, yet lighter than old types, are now mass-produced because Owens-Illinois research designed and built machines different from anything seen before.



Daylight from the ceiling is a practical reality because of new Owens-Illinois Toplite panels of prismatic glass block, which protect against weather while they control light.



Permanent color decoration, not only for Libbey table glassware (shown here) but also Duraglas containers, was pioneered and perfected by Owens-Illinois. We call it ACL.

MAKERS OF (O-I) PRODUCTS

OWENS-ILLINOIS
GENERAL OFFICES · TOLEDO 1, OHIO

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Editorials

Why Don't Unions Want a Vote on "Right to Work" Laws?

The state of Washington has been so long a soft touch for labor-union bosses that it is something of a mystery why they went into such a tizzy last summer at the mere suggestion that the voters might be permitted to vote for or against a "right to work" law. There are some fifteen different varieties of "right to work" law in force in as many states, but the standard type simply forbids employers to deny employment to any person "because of membership in, affiliation with, resignation or expulsion from, or refusal to join" a labor union. Such a statute is to be voted on in Washington State in November, after a last-ditch struggle by the leaders of organized labor to keep the question off the ballot.

The struggles of David Pollock and his Washington Right to Work Committee to give Washington voters a chance to vote on this question provide an extraordinary case history of union (and "liberal") activity in politics. No punches were pulled. The International Teamsters Union admitted that it had sent $100,000 into Washington to aid the campaign to prevent people from signing the petition to place Initiative 198 (the "right to work" question) on the ballot. This required 50,000 signatures, and, in view of the pressures, it is remarkable that anybody had the nerve to stick out his neck. Indeed, few political leaders or office holders did.

Those who signed the petition, or urged others to do so, were under constant fire from the start of the campaign. Businessmen who signed the petition were threatened with boycott; petitions were burned in mailboxes. One solicitor of signatures was approached by a goon who said, "If I see you here this afternoon, I'll smash your face!" Petitions sent out by mail were assailed as "that monster in your mailbox" which the workingman was urged to ignore lest he be sold into slavery! Another device was to slip a sheet of lead, a flattened tin can or some crushed glass into the "return-postage-paid" envelopes accompanying petitions, so that it sometimes cost the "right to work" committee as much as four dollars to accept a single envelope!

In the end, Mr. Pollock and his fellow workers got the required 50,000 signatures plus 14,000 extra. This success, however, was the signal for a new campaign; this time to persuade those who had signed the "right to work" petition to strike their names from the roll. This maneuver flubbed and the people of Washington have the right, on November sixth, to answer the simple question: Should the right to work be confined to members of labor unions? Whatever the merits of the proposed law, it is certainly extraordinary that so much effort should be spent to prevent the people of a sovereign state from expressing their views on the matter.

Doubtless some supporters of "right to work" laws have hoped that the statute would curb union organization, although the record in most areas is reported to be just the opposite. The usual experience seems to be that men do not need to be forced to join unions when convinced that it is to their interest to join. Many critics condemn "right to work" laws as "reactionary." On this point, Mr. Warren Shaw, who defeated Governor Hall, of Kansas, for the Republican nomination in a campaign which emphasized the "right to work" issue, is eloquent.

"Reactionary!" exclaims Mr. Shaw. "I call 'right to work' laws liberal. When you free a man from the domination of other men, even when they are union leaders, that's liberal!"

At any rate that was the view in the days when liberals were liberals and not totalitarian statists.

Party Ties: When Should a Politician Decide to Rise Above Them?

Everybody is becoming so nonpartisan these days that defections from former political associations are often treated as virtues rather than as evidences of disloyalty. But the conduct of Sen. Wayne Morse, of Oregon, who got himself reelected in 1950 as a Republican and switched to the Democrats during the Eisenhower campaign of 1952, imposes a strain on tolerance.

That there is little consistency in public attitudes on such matters is indicated by criticism which has been directed against Democratic Gov. Frank Lausche, of Ohio, who has been quoted as hinting that, if elected to the United States Senate, he might vote to permit the Republicans to organize that body. Statesmen who were delighted to welcome Senator Morse as he scrambled into the camp of the enemy screamed to high heaven against Governor Lausche for having said that he might do the same thing.

A little attention to what the Ohio governor actually said would make it clear that his concept of party responsibility has no relation to the irresponsibility displayed by Senator Morse. The latter voted to permit the Democrats to organize the Senate when there was a Republican President in the White House. This tended to create confusion in administration, divided responsibility and general frustration. What Governor Lausche had in mind was precisely the opposite. He said, "If the Senate were evenly divided and a Republican President had been elected, I would consider the possibility of voting to permit the Republicans to organize the Senate. In my opinion, it is frustrating, not only for the President but for the American people, to have the administration of government so split between the political parties that a virtual stalemate exists."

That is far different from Senator Morse's decision to put control of the Senate in the hands of the party which does not also have the presidency. Only the narrowest political partisanship could describe these two attitudes as in any way of a piece. The consequences of Senator Morse's act may explain Governor Lausche's statement that he would not wish to cause the kind of confusion which the Morse decision created.

Healthy Skepticism Has No Relation to Cynical Inside Dope

A healthy dash of skepticism has always added spice to the American character. The average American sums up this national trait in such catchwords as the old "I'm from Missouri," the turn-of-the-century's elegant "Do tell," or the perennial "Oh, yeah?" While this reserved attitude has been for the most part humorous and even kindly, it has probably served as well as anything else to cut pretense down to size and keep public figures from adding up wrong.

A form of skepticism is now abroad in the land, however, which is far from funny, not kindly at all, and undoubtedly responsible for many potentially valuable public servants heading for the woods at any suggestion that they put their necks out and render some service to their country. This latter-day skepticism depends on the assumption that every politician is a plunderer, every clergyman a hypocrite, every businessman a ruthless bushwhacker and every actor bereft of moral sense.

It is characterized by the wise-guy, inside-dope superiority, which attributes sinister motives to anyone credited by the naïve majority with good or even admirable motives. Some keyhole columnists have made a brash career of guarded and insinuating "exposé" techniques, and recently there has been a rash of writing which blatantly purports to give the public the "confidential" inside story about the world and its wife—almost invariably sordid or contemptible.

Another group of skeptics are those who pontificate—on political matters usually—with high intellectual phrases and low minds. These, too, adopt the gambit that if everything seems to prove a man's integrity, it just can't be so; and if some public action seems right and reasonable, it wasn't. It is understandable that many good men won't take public office and that officials are often reluctant to take action.

On the whole, perhaps there's not too much to worry about. Americans brought up in the skeptical tradition of Mark Twain, Finley Peter Dunne, Robert Benchley, James Thurber and scores of others are likely to become pretty skeptical about merits of the present gang of confidential inside-dope peddlers.

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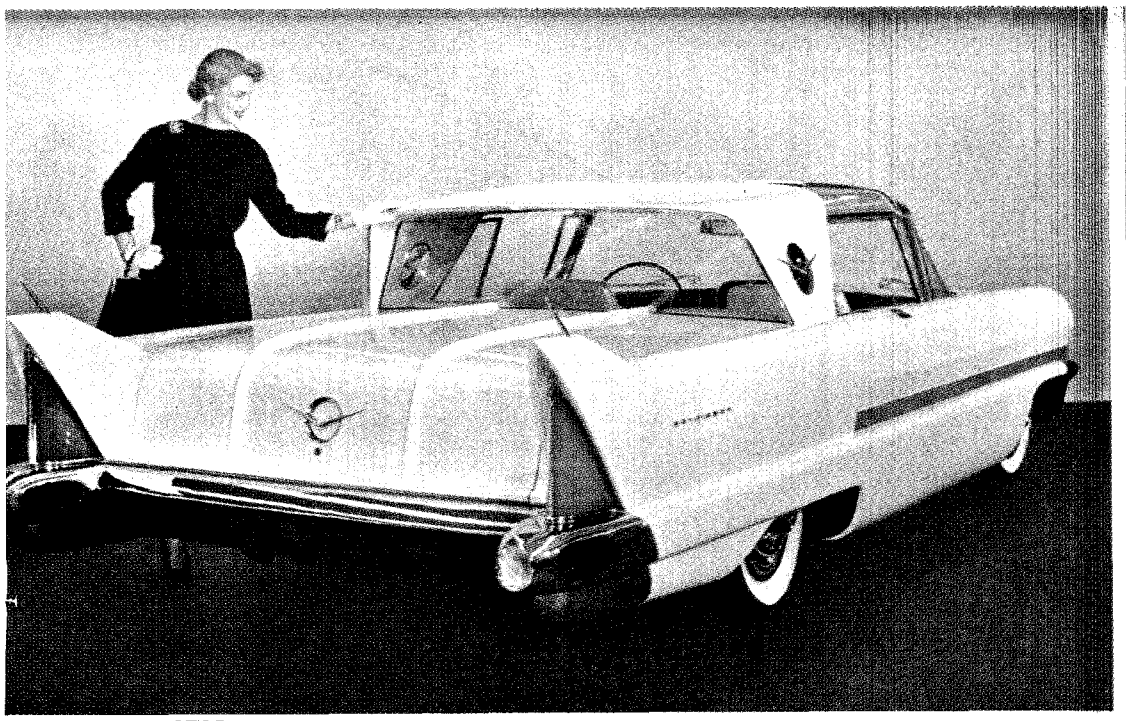
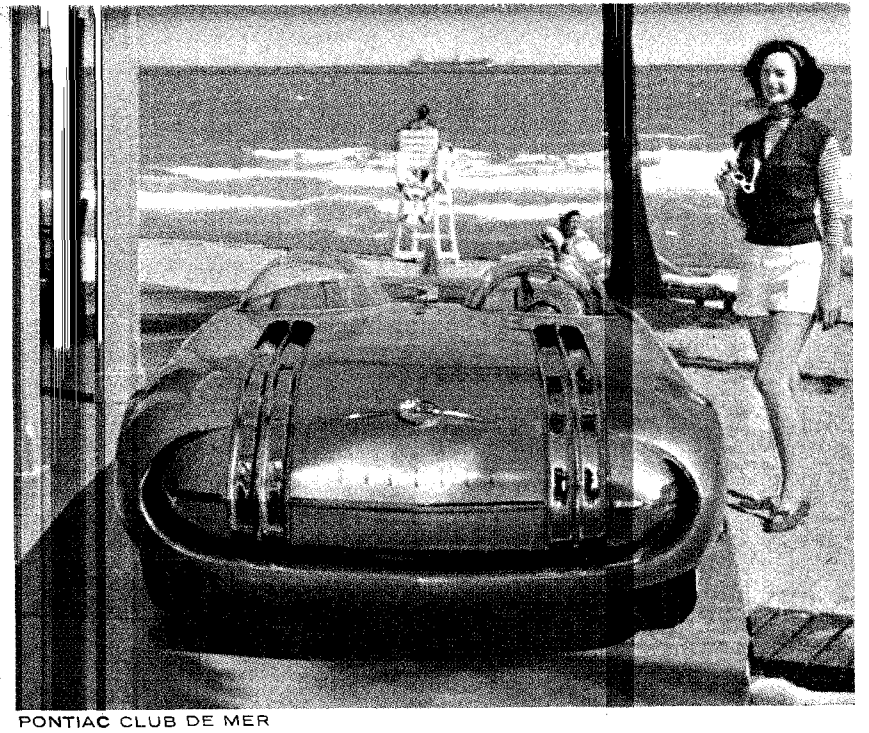


'ACKARD PREDICTOR



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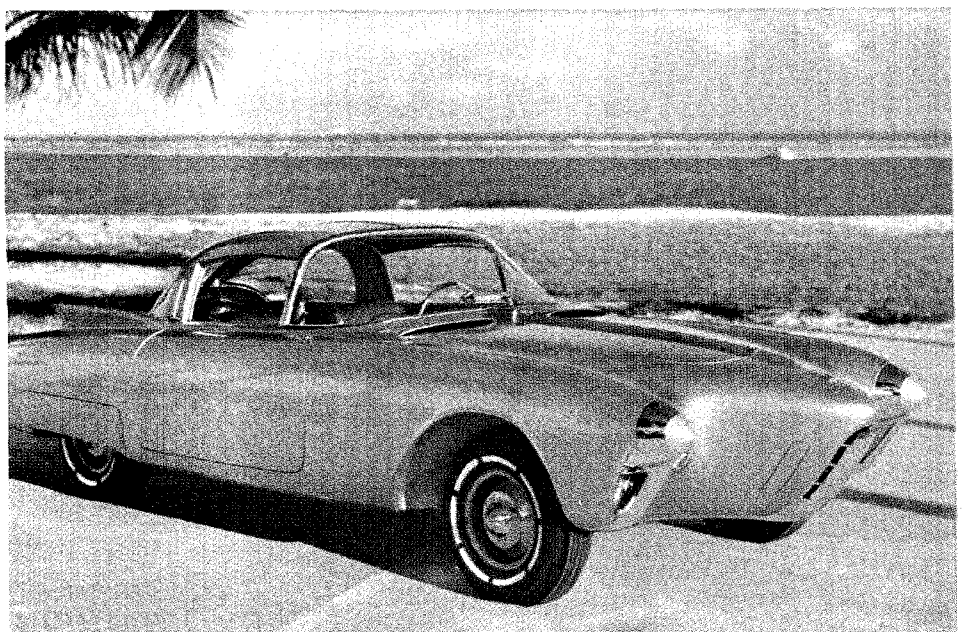
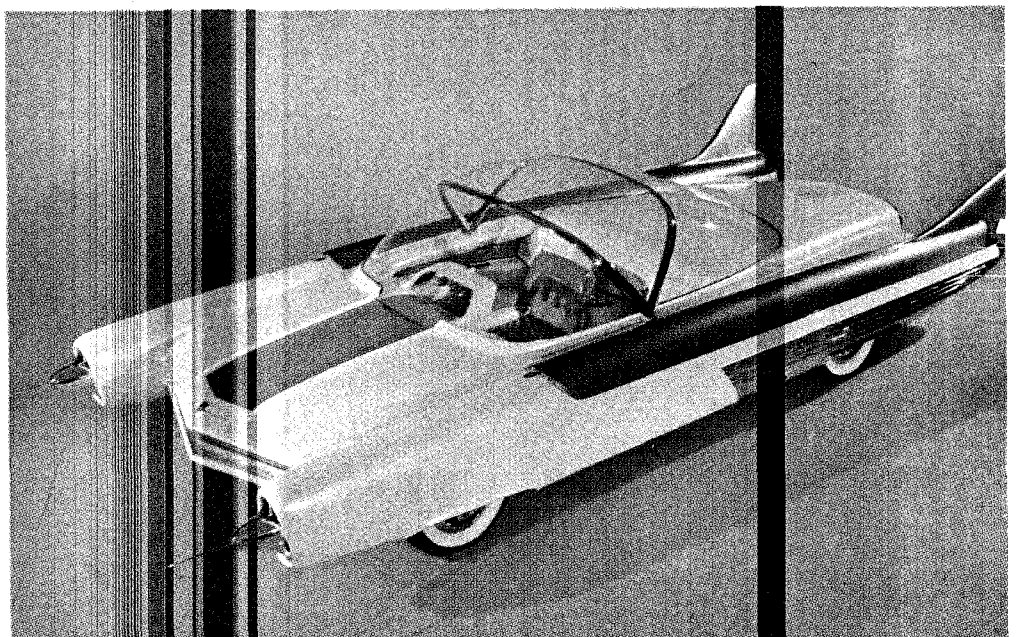


OLDSMOBILE GOLDEN ROCKET



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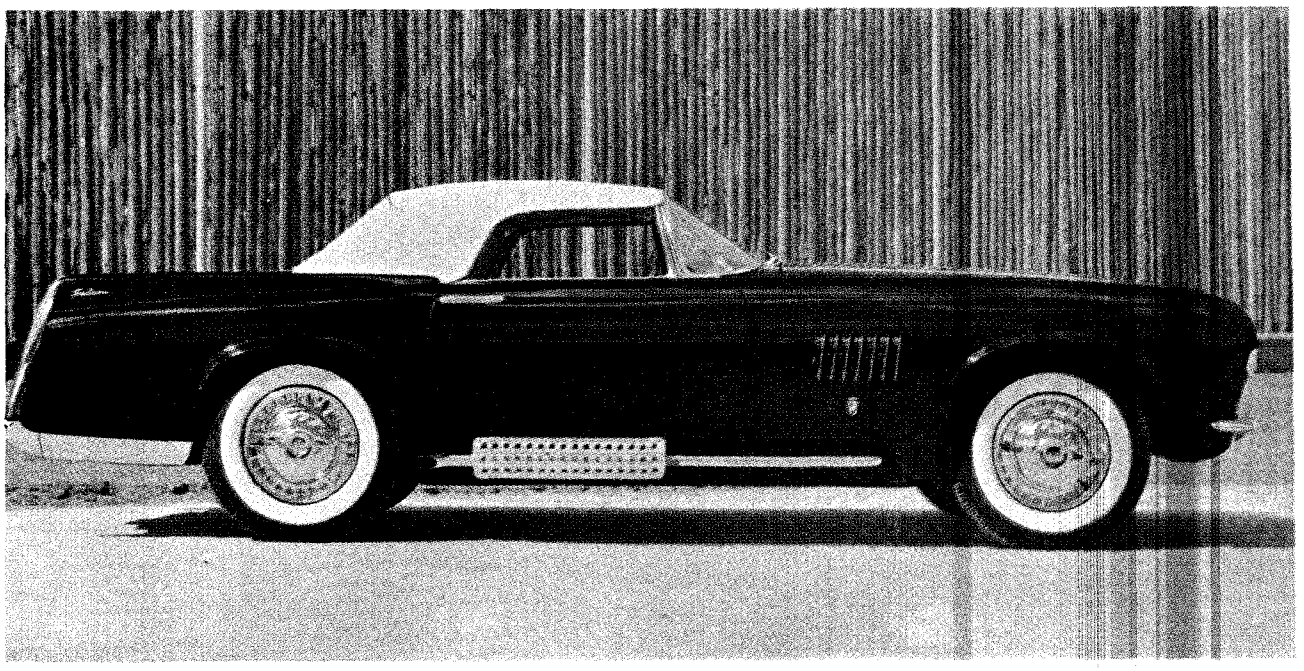

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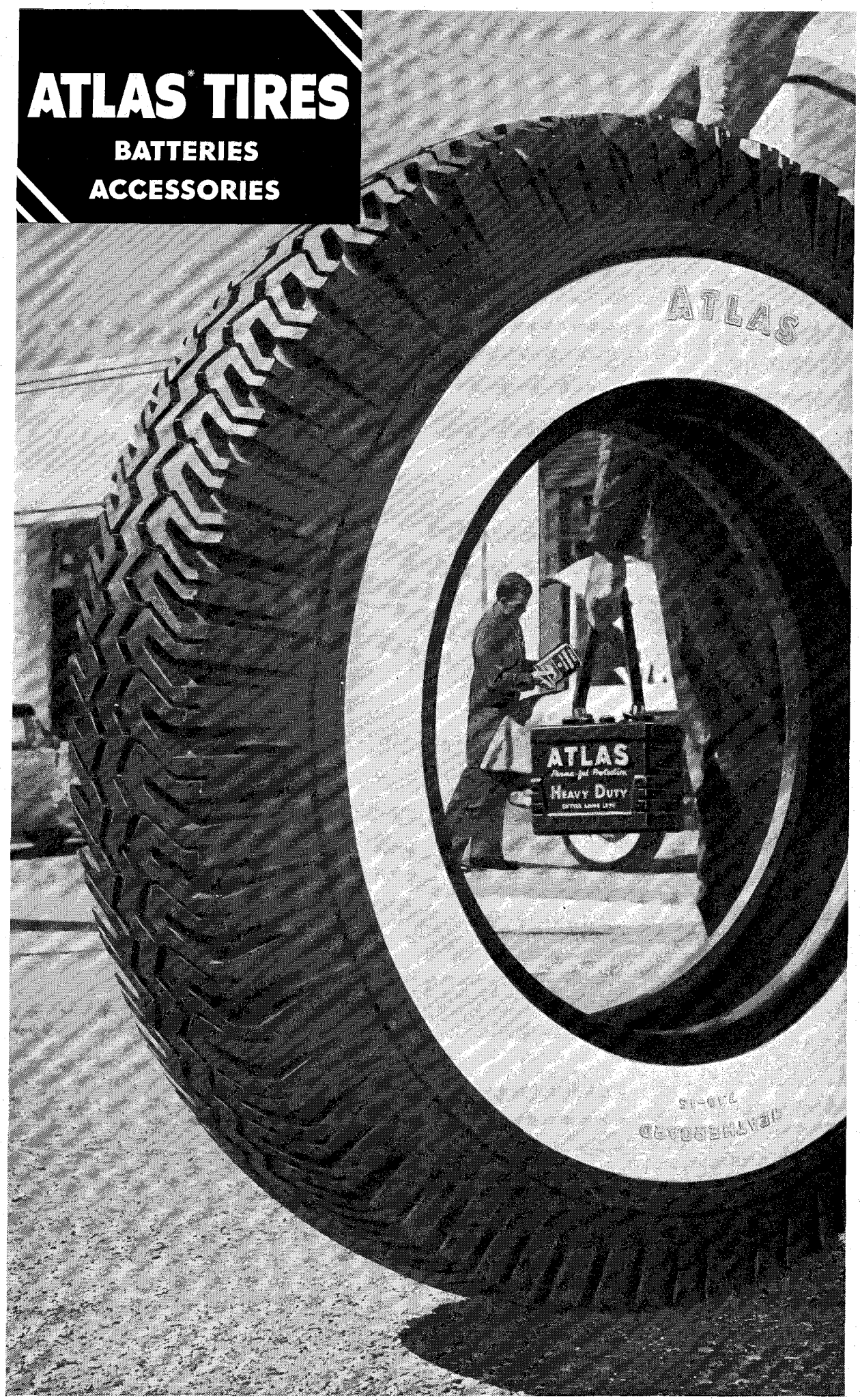

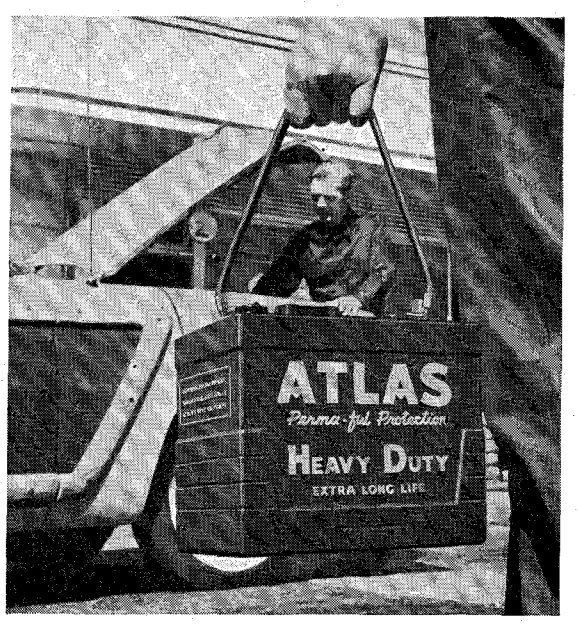

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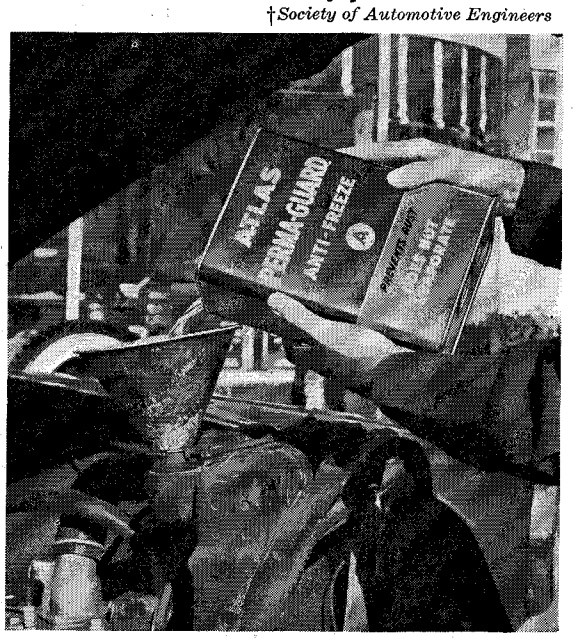

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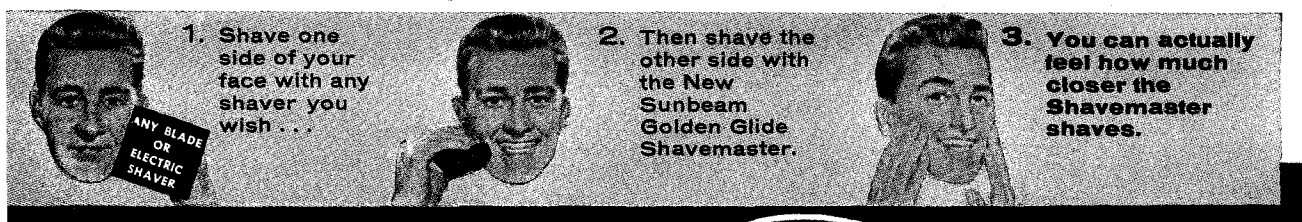
ANY BLADE OR ELECTRIC SHAVER
1. Shave one side of your face with any shaver you wish . . .
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SUNSWEET *Peaches are flavorful California Freestones.*

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More energy in these special prunes and raisins because they're sunshine-sweetened all the way to full ripeness. Then cured by a process that not only preserves but *concentrates* their nutritional riches.

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Treat your family to SUNSWEET Prunes and SUN-MAID Raisins often.

SUN-MAID *Puffed Seeded Muscats are moist and chewy.*

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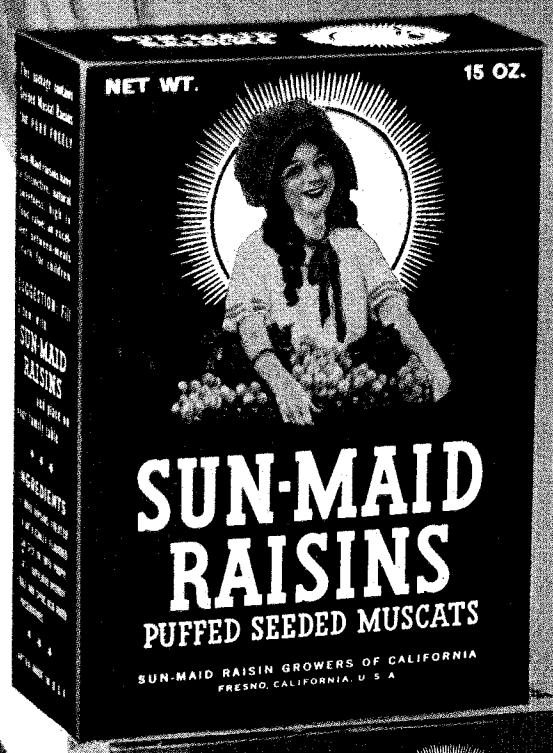

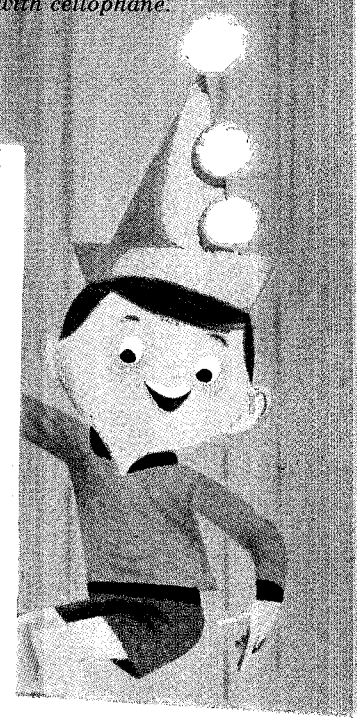

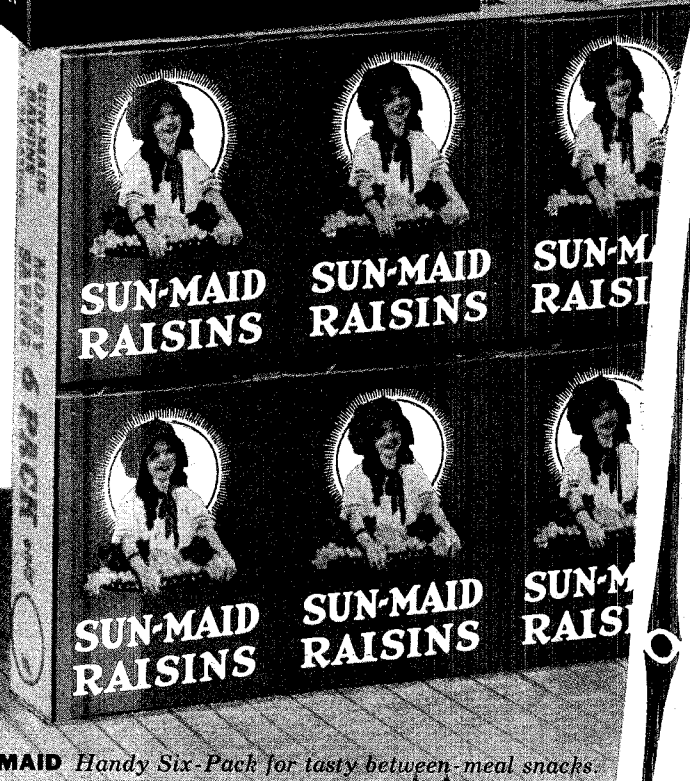

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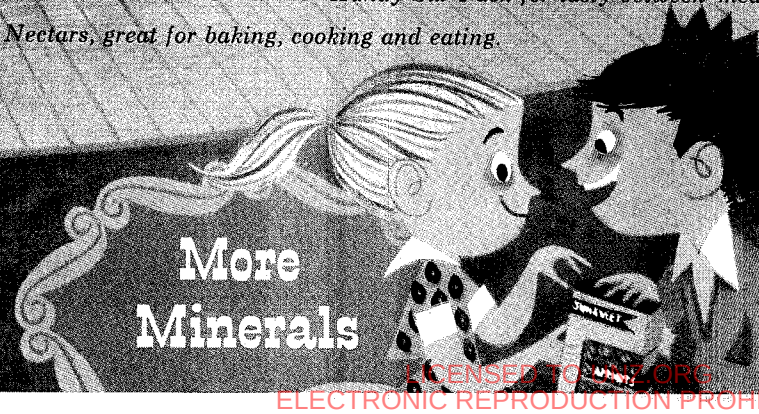

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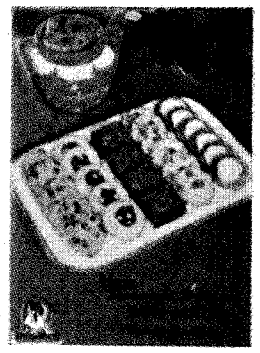
Both books are full of easy-to-serve ideas for SUNSWEET Prunes and SUN-MAID Raisins. Each recipe is carefully tested to insure perfect results and good eating. Treat your family to the best with these energy-producing California fruits.



Mail to **SUNSWEET,** *Box 11, San Jose, California*

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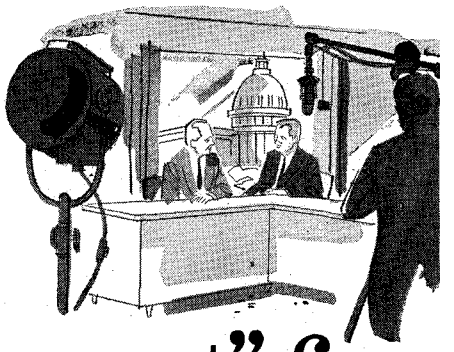

A cooler platform or a "fresh air seat" for

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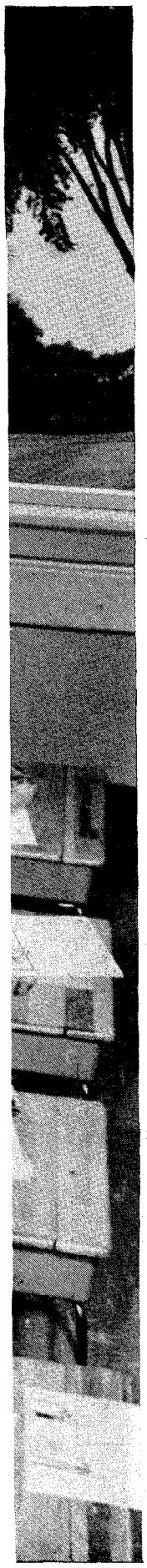
for a congressman every pupil in the room...

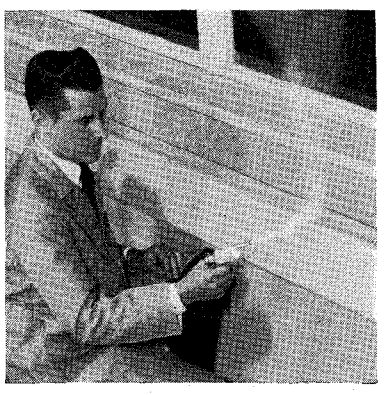


Trane changes climates to your order!

When your congressman wants to make a TV film for showing in his home state, he comes to the television studio in the House Office Building . . . stands before the camera and records his message. Even under the intense heat of the TV lights, the honorable gentleman keeps cool*—because TRANE Air Conditioning is at work taming the 100° temperature, providing a cool, pleasant "climate" in every season of the year!

And in the schools and classrooms of America, TRANE provides a "fresh air seat" for every pupil in the room! TRANE equipment has solved two major school heating and ventilating problems: icy drafts created in winter when room air is chilled by contact with today's big walls of windows . . . and stuffy classrooms with dead air spots caused by uneven ventilation. TRANE Unit Ventilators *stop cold window down-drafts before they start* with a rising wall of warmed and tempered air all along the entire length of outside wall or window. This upward-rising wall of air circles the room . . . gently bringing even warmth *and* ventilation to every child, no matter where he is seated. There are no sleepy corners . . . no stale air spots . . . no drafts! Every pupil in the classroom has an ideal climate for learning!

Every day, in widely divergent fields, TRANE equipment is changing climates to your order—air conditioning buses and trains, ships and planes, giant office buildings and modest corner stores. TRANE equipment heats and cools factories and schools, hotels and homes—serves everywhere that you find air. For human comfort or industrial processing—*for any air condition*—turn to TRANE. See your nearest TRANE Sales Office or write TRANE, La Crosse, Wisconsin.



The smoke test shows how TRANE Unit Ventilators are solving the window down-draft problem with *positive* protection. A column of upward rising tempered air *stops* cold window down-drafts before they enter room! This column of air rises from wall-to-wall extensions shown in the large illustration on opposite page—*not just at one point.* Action is *continuous*—even when the thermostat has shut off room heat. Result: perfect ventilation in every corner of the room, every minute of the day!

For heating, cooling, ventilating...For <u>any</u> air condition, turn to

TRANE

MANUFACTURING ENGINEERS

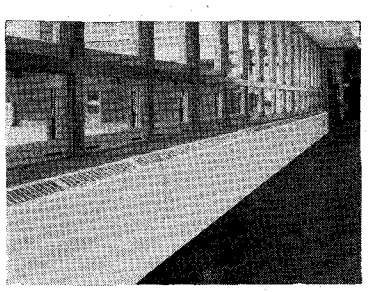
The Trane Company, La Crosse, Wis. • Eastern Mfg. Div., Scranton, Pa. • Trane Company of Canada, Ltd., Toronto • 90 U.S. and 19 Canadian Offices

skilled in all 4 related fields of

*AIR CONDITIONING

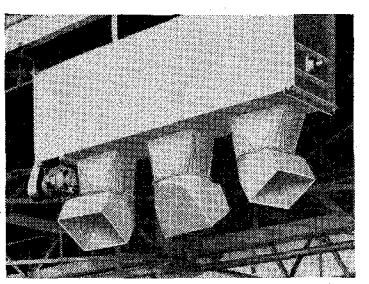
A packaged air conditioner similar to type shown here cools the House TV Studio. The same units are ideal for cooling offices, stores and shops. For larger jobs, TRANE produces a complete line of air conditioning equipment.

HEATING



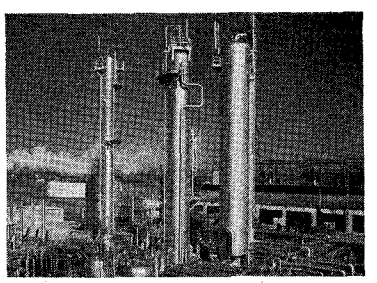
Offices, schools, stairwells and corridors are heated by TRANE Convectors. Efficient aluminum-copper heating element provides gentle, even warmth . . . saves fuel. TRANE Convectors come in sizes and models for every job.

VENTILATING



Space heating and ventilating in schools, commercial and industrial buildings can be done more effectively with the TRANE Torrivent heating-ventilating units. Torrivents deliver a large volume of warmed, tempered air.

HEAT TRANSFER



Modern chemical plants use lightweight, compact TRANE Brazed Aluminum Heat Exchangers.

TRANE equipment *everywhere* tailors temperatures to fit the needs in homes...offices...shops ...schools and factories!

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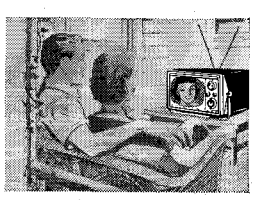
Emerson

CREATOR OF MIRACLES IN PORTABLE ELECTRONICS

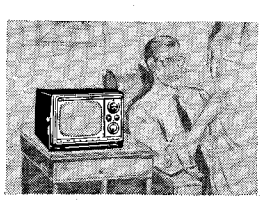
ALL-IN-ONE **Emerson PORT-O-RAMA**

WORLD'S FIRST 5-WAY

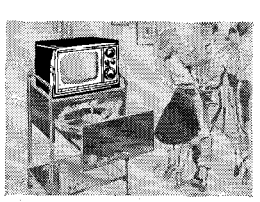
PORTABLE TV-PHONORADIO



PORTABLE TV



PORTABLE RADIO



PORTABLE PHONO†

FOR USE IN CAR OR BOAT*

UNDER PILLOW OR PRIVATE EAR LISTENER*

There's never been anything like the new Emerson Port-O-Rama! It's a portable TV set! It's a portable radio! There's a phono-jack and switch for record playing! It plugs into a car! It plays on a boat! There's even an under-pillow or private ear listener that gives you personal performance without disturbing others.

And Port-O-Rama has its own built-in telescopic antenna *plus* a glare-free picture tube. You get sharp, clear pictures anywhere.

Visit your Emerson dealer today. See the new all-in-one Port-O-Rama. Flick it from radio to TV. Set it up for phonograph. With Port-O-Rama, your favorite kind of entertainment goes with you anywhere! Available in UHF-VHF tuning.

Choose from 3 smart color combinations: Antique White with either Forest Green, Sunset Red or Charcoal Grey.

†Carrying case and built-in record player optional.
*Optional equipment.

ATTENTION CAR and BOAT DEALERS!
Write for additional information.

Complete as illustrated above, including built-in antenna and carrying handle.

$134 *prices slightly higher in South and West*

Emerson Radio & Phonograph Corp., Jersey City 2, N. J., Makers of Television, Radio, Phonographs, Hi-Fi and Air Conditioners

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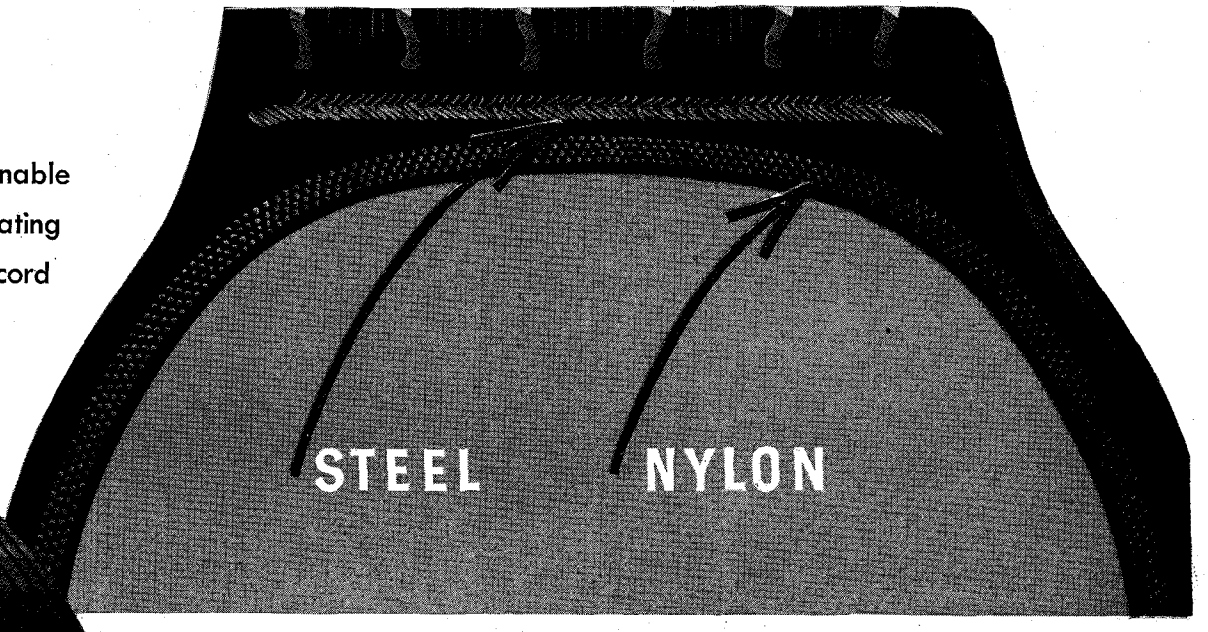
October 20, 1956

Here's why a combination of Steel and Nylon makes this—the safest, most indestructible of tires

It's by U.S. Royal

● The cross section view at right shows the "safety crown" of 18,000 threads of flexible steel which form an almost impregnable barrier to cuts, ruptures, and blowouts. Floating between the extra deep tread and nylon cord body, it allows the nylon sidewall to flex freely for the smoothest possible ride.



This exclusive combination of special flexible steel and resilient nylon makes the new Safety Age U. S. Royal Master the **Safest Tire Ever Built.** Because this protection is matched by extreme mileage performance, so much safety has never before cost so little.

Your U. S. Royal Dealer or new car dealer will gladly give you all the facts. Ask him particularly to show you the new, smart "Star Streak" design or conventional whitewalls in your choice of colors, both with the exclusive Curb Guard® protective rib.

US RUBBER

United States Rubber

ROCKEFELLER CENTER, NEW YORK 20, N. Y. • IN CANADA: DOMINION RUBBER COMPANY, LTD.

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"You're the third
Jane, to save
"Isn't this portable mixer a beauty, mother? I got it by saving S&H Green Stamps."
"Your grandmother and I have gotten many things the same way, dear—and they didn't cost us a penny."

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generation in our family, S&H Green Stamps."

FOR 60 YEARS MILLIONS OF THRIFTY WOMEN HAVE RECEIVED WONDERFUL THINGS FOR THEIR HOMES—WITHOUT PAYING A PENNY FOR ANY OF THEM

MOTHERS, daughters, granddaughters, ALL AGREE . . . saving famous S&H Green Stamps is one of the most satisfying things you'll ever do.

You can take your choice of over 1500 nationally famous products for your home, your hobby or your favorite sport. All are 1956 models and designs . . . made by the most prominent manufacturers in America. And not one of them will cost you a penny!

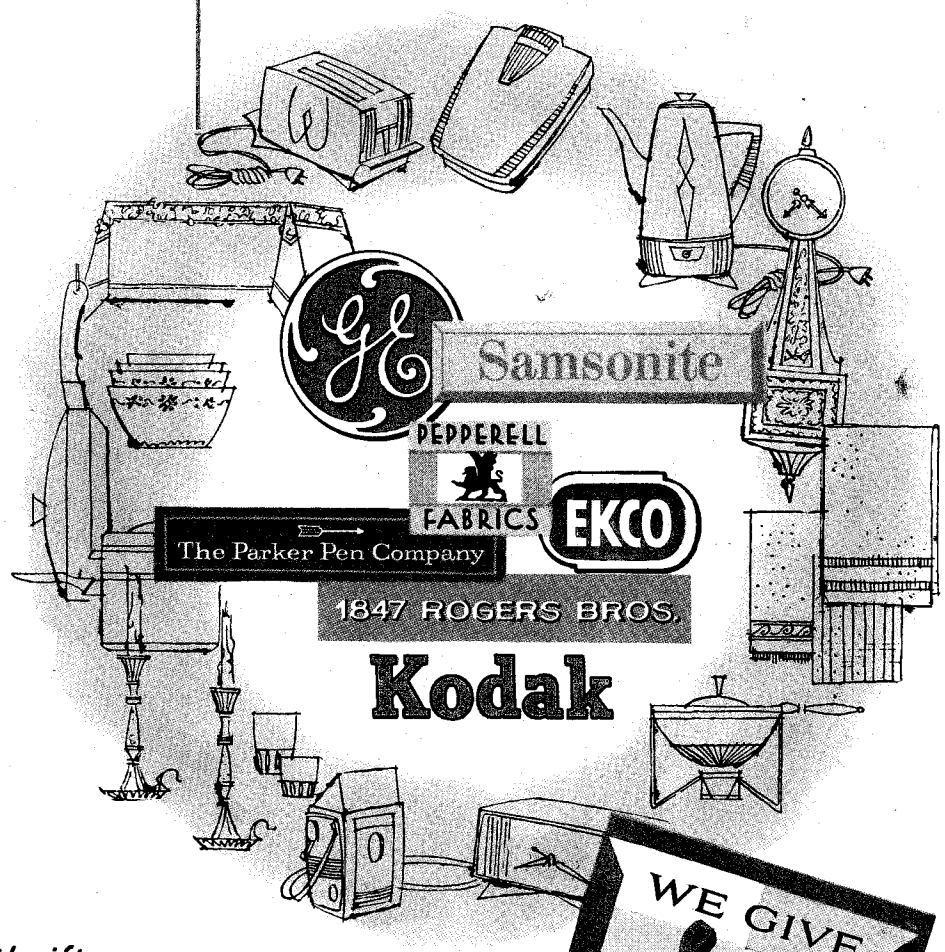
You don't even need to ask for S&H Green Stamps. They are handed to you with your change. They're your discount for paying cash.

Save As You Spend. Just do all your shopping at stores that give S&H Green Stamps. Food stores . . . filling stations . . . department stores . . . drug stores . . . more than 70,000 stores of all kinds across the nation give S&H Green Stamps. Over 20 million women are already saving them. And you're sure to get what you want. S&H, you know, is the oldest and largest stamp plan in America. For over 60 years—3 generations—S&H Green Stamps have been known as the stamp of quality.

Start now. Visit the S&H Redemption Center in your town and see all the magnificent things you can get by saving S&H Green Stamps. It's easy. It's thrifty. It's smart.

Your choice of over 1500 items—

—all nationally known products such as General Electric, Hickok, Pepperell, Cannon, Ansco, Silex, Samsonite and a host of others. Shop where you get S&H Green Stamps —the stamp of quality.



Join the 20 million thrifty women who shop where they see this sign . . . . . .

S&H GREEN STAMPS

AMERICA'S ONLY NATIONWIDE STAMP PLAN

opyright 1956, The Sperry and Hutchinson Company

THE SPERRY AND HUTCHINSON COMPANY—SINCE 1896. NOW CELEBRATING ITS DIAMOND ANNIVERSARY.

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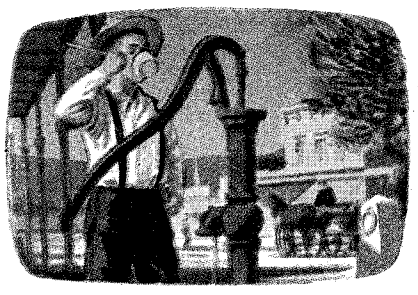
Important Milestones in Modern Medicine: **1796**—Triumph Over Contagious Diseases. First inoculation by Dr. Jenner. **1846**—Triumph Over Pain. Dr. Morton's demonstration of ether. **1929**—Triumph Over Bacterial Infections. Fleming discovers penicillin.

Now—1956—Procter & Gamble proudly announces . . .

TRIUMPH OVER TOOTH DECAY

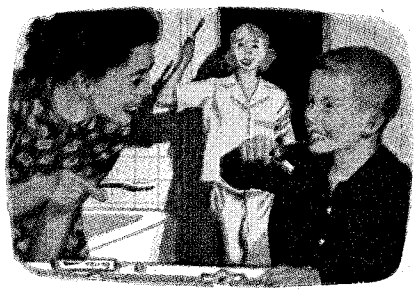
Crest Toothpaste with Fluoristan strengthens teeth themselves. You brush Crest on... it builds strength in... and locks decay out

Fluoristan® is Procter & Gamble's exclusive stannous fluoride formula —proven the greatest decay-preventive in any toothpaste.



Miracle of the Towns Without Toothaches. For years, children growing up in certain Western towns were virtually without cavities. Then science learned why: nature's decay-preventive, *fluoride,* was present in their drinking water!

Science Long Tried to Capture Fluoride—only medically-approved preventive of decay—in a toothpaste. At last, after years of research, university scientists discovered *Fluoristan*—the greatest decay-preventive in any toothpaste.



Fluoristan Makes Possible Crest. Without Fluoristan, you cannot get maximum protection against tooth decay with a toothpaste. You brush Crest *on* . . . it builds strength *in*...and locks decay *out,* for adults and for children, 6 and over.

Dentists Tested Crest for three years with 5,673 people. No toothpaste stops all decay—but Crest set decay prevention records *never approached by any other toothpaste.* Thus Crest marks a new era . . . triumph over tooth decay everywhere.

IMPORTANT

Crest with Fluoristan is the only toothpaste ever developed that makes possible a major reduction in tooth decay for everyone, everywhere, by strengthening tooth enamel. Thereby, Crest marks a turning point in man's age-old struggle against this almost universal disease.

You brush Crest *on* . . . it builds strength *in* . . . and locks decay *out.* Each time you brush Crest *on* your teeth, Fluoristan builds new resistance to decay *into* tooth enamel. In this way, Crest actually *fortifies* and *strengthens* teeth to lock out cavities—the only toothpaste proved to do so. With Crest, your family approaches the long dreamed-of day of healthy, decay-free teeth.

COMMENDED BY THE CONSUMER SERVICE BUREAU OF PARENTS' MAGAZINE ADVERTISED THEREIN FOR ADULTS AND CHILDREN OVER 2

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Fluoristan® is a trademark for Procter & Gamble's exclusive fluoride tooth decay fighter

NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE PREVENTS DECAY LIKE ***CREST!***

©1956, The Procter & Gamble Co.

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

Coast to Coast Without a Stoplight

Our amazing new Federal highway program promises 41,000 miles of billboard-free, possibly toll-free, superroads. And it will cost fifty billion dollars.

By Richard Thruelsen

On last June twenty-ninth, with President Eisenhower's signature, one of the most astounding pieces of legislation in history quietly became a law. Public Law 627, known as the Federal-Aid Highway Act of 1956, represents such a monumental conception of national public works that its accomplishment will literally dwarf any previous work of man. In addition to the size and scope of this heartening program to rehabilitate our major highway systems (heartening because here, at long last, America's wealth and resources will implement a project to aid Americans), Public Law 627 is an inspiring example of democracy at work. Torn to pieces by partisan, sectional and pressure-bloc attacks in one session of the 84th Congress, the legislation passed both houses of a subsequent session of the same Congress with but one dissenting vote. That should answer any questions, in any language, as to who really runs this country.

Though it is by now apparent that practically every American wants and is willing to pay for better highways, few of our citizens outside the highway agencies involved understand just how the new legislation will bring this about. The Eisenhower Administration's general approach to the problem—as recommended by the President's Advisory Committee on a National Highway Program—was described in The Post—THE CASE OF THE OBSOLETE HIGHWAYS, February 5, 1955—when it was first offered to Congress last year. The present law is the original administration bill with a few modifications and changes. The American public has approved—and is already paying for—the Federal-Aid Highway Act of 1956. Now let's see what we are going to get for the approximately $50,000,000,000 in use taxes we shall be paying into the Federal-aid highway program during the next fifteen years.

First, the provisions of the legislation. Briefly, the 1956 act can be divided into four sections. Three of these sections designate work to be done; the fourth provides the money to pay for the work.

The first work-to-be-done section of the new legislation increases regular Federal aid to primary and secondary roads throughout the country (some 700,000 miles of them) by about 20 per cent over the next three years. This augmented Federal aid, which is matched dollar for dollar by the states, will undoubtedly be continued by future Congresses. Total three-year expenditure—about $5,000,000,000.

A second work-to-be-done section allocates increased Federal funds to national park and forest and Indian-reservation roads. These so-called (Continued on Page 54)

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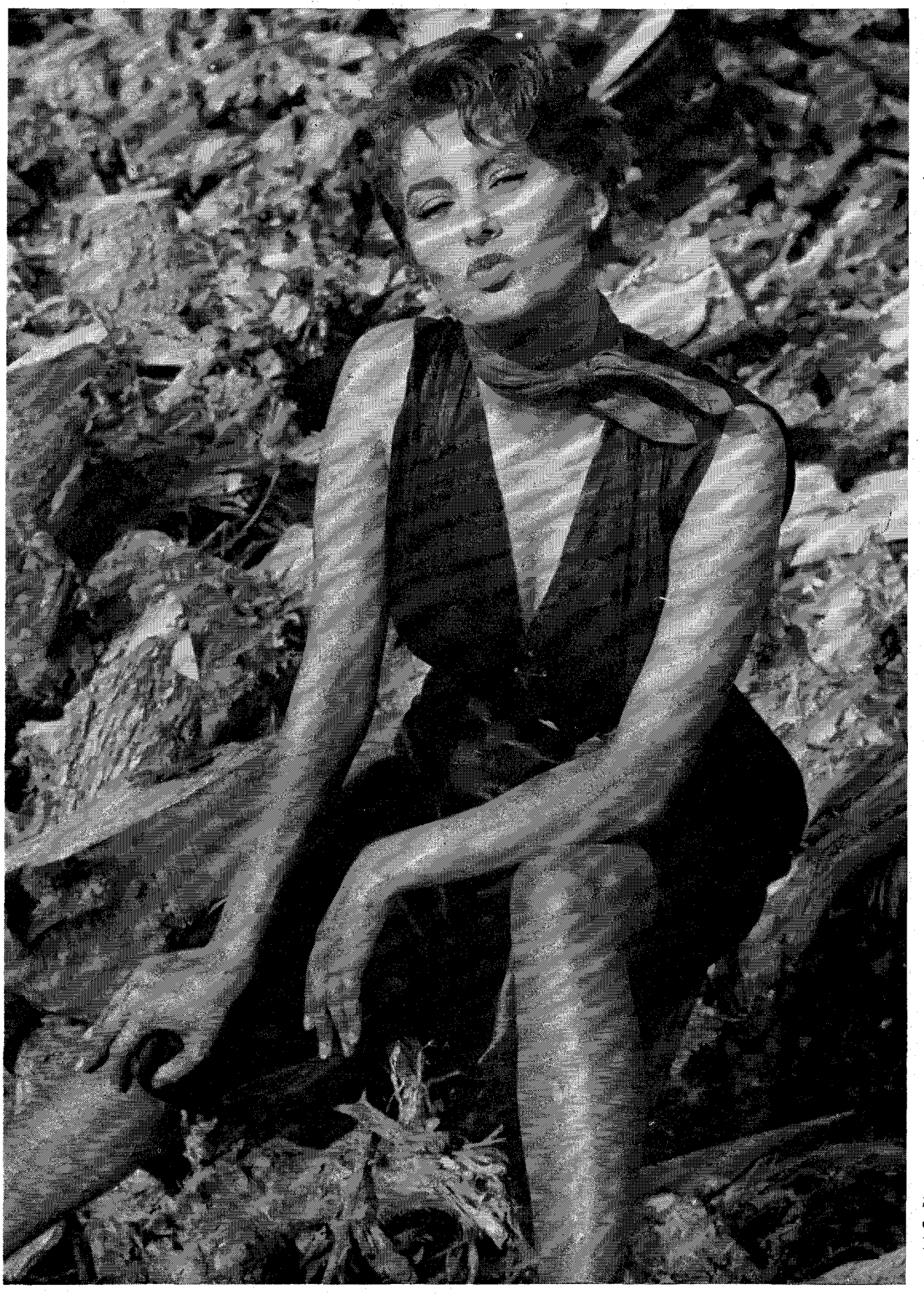
From Starvation to Stardom

By JOHN REESE

Thirteen years ago Sophia Loren was a ragged Italian war waif, begging food from GI's. Today she's a fabulous movie star, but still hungry.



Somewhere in the United States, probably scattered all over it, is a group of ex-GI's who would be shocked speechless if they knew what became of their mascot in Naples. Boys, I've got news for you. The pathetically homely little girl of nine who shared your rations and imitated your boogie-woogie is now Europe's most popular movie star, and soon you'll see her in a $3,000,000 American picture.

But, boys, you won't recognize her. The swarthy, skinny, sassy imp that you knew has turned out to be Sophia Loren, a green-eyed, sultry, tawny-skinned blonde who measures an incredible 38–24–38. But it's not her startling physical proportions that made her the toast of the Continent, although let's face it—they helped. People who couldn't possibly remember Duse and Bernhardt are citing them anyway, to document the oddly haunting originality of this twenty-two-year-old girl's talent.

And if the GI's find this hard to believe, so does Sophia.

"I worry," she told me in El Escorial, Spain, where she was working on her first American film, Stanley Kramer's The Pride and the Passion. "You see, I can't act 'cold.' When I must be sad, I think of something sad that happened to me, or I can't cry. When I must laugh, I remember something funny. That is not acting, and I wonder if I will fail when I get up there among the big professionals."

Since her costars in Kramer's picture are Frank Sinatra and Cary Grant, one wonders how much higher Sophia intends to go.

The truth is, she does not understand our American star system, never having set foot in the United States. For all her look of sexy Continental sophistication, this girl has a streak of coed naïveté a foot wide. What she really meant was that this was too good to be true—that sooner or later someone would rise and say, "Go home, Sophia! We were only kidding. Back to Naples for you!"

Three years ago Sophia was strictly nobody. Today she has twenty-seven Italian films to her credit, about a third of them fantastically profitable major productions in which she starred.

When she finishes The Pride and the Passion, she is signed to make two pictures for Hecht-Lancaster and three for Paramount. Between them, she must squeeze in the three pictures she still owes her Italian producer under an old contract there.

This schedule will take her to the end of 1959. By then, she (Continued on Page 125)

Sophia as a sexy smuggler on the set of The River Woman, one of twenty-seven Italian films she romped through in three years.

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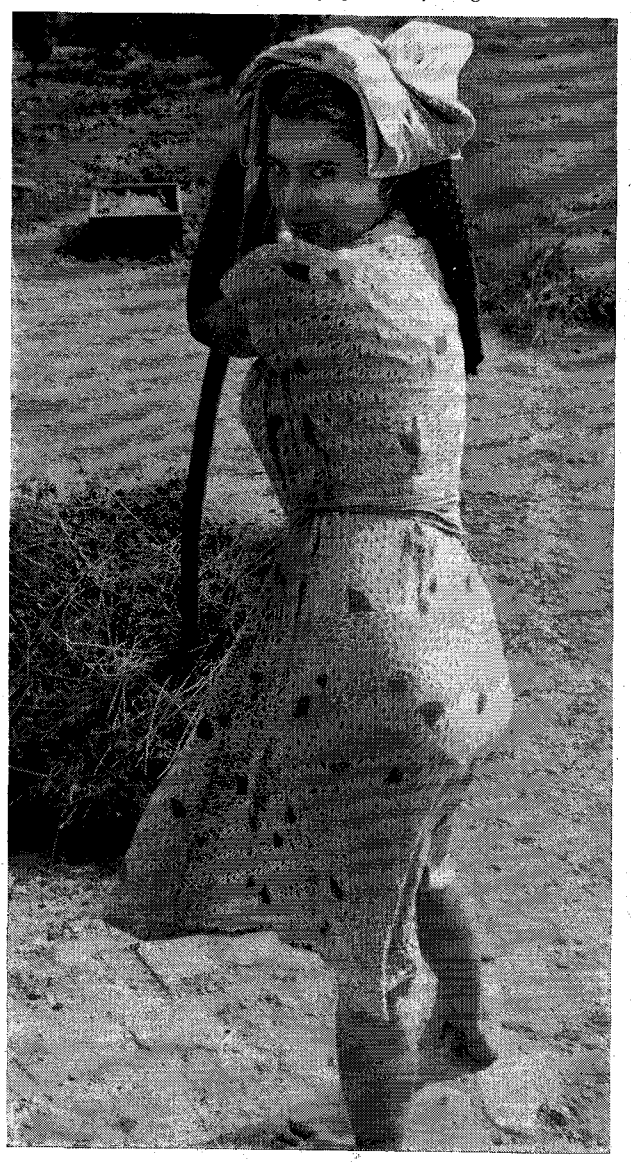
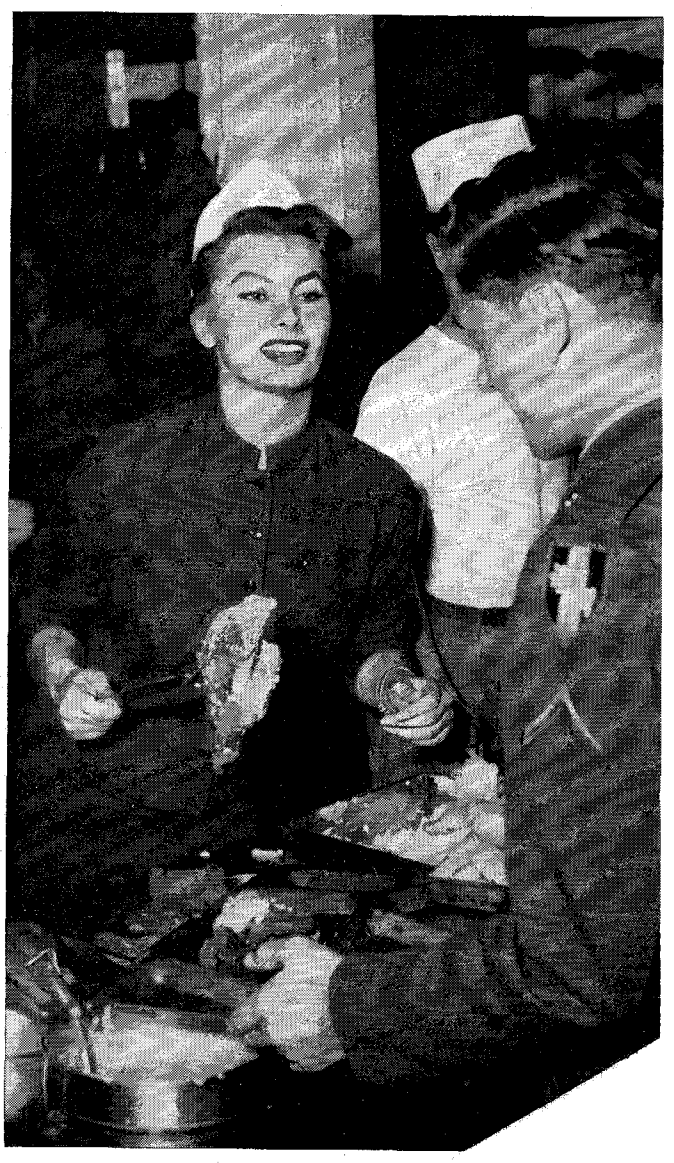
In her school days, spindly Sophia was called The Stick. But at 15, "I stopped growing taller and began to grow the other ways."

In her first U.S. film, The Pride and the Passion. Costars: Frank Sinatra and Cary Grant.

Sophia's specialty is "the down-to-earth role of the ordinary working girl or young wife."



The ex-mascot of GI's was guest of honor at the opening of a service club in Livorno (Leghorn), Italy.



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A POST NOVELETTE COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

The Cowardice of Sam Abbott

By JOHN and WARD HAWKINS

What do you do when you see a drunken brute molest a helpless girl? Rush in and be a hero—and get your head bashed in?

There was enough excitement in the moment to choke up the voice of a young lad of fifteen, enough anticipation to set him squirming like he had a shirt full of mice. Sam Abbott looked sideways at the dim outline of his son and grinned. If the boy lived to be a hundred, he'd never feel it this way again.

Andy had been watching the pale streak above the rim of hills to the east that was the first light of day. The past half hour of listening to the waking gabble of mallards, the whistling of pintails and the faraway, despondent cry of geese had been bad enough, but now the birds were taking the air, moving out in their morning search for food, and ragged strings of them had begun to appear against the streak of day.

"Holy torpedo, pa! Look at 'em!"

"Up to the advance billing?"

"Is it ever! How long've we got now?"

Sam didn't have to consult his watch. It was the tenth time Andy had asked the question in the last ten minutes. "A half hour, shy a couple of minutes," he said. "Can you stand it?"

"Gosh, no!" Andy said.

Sam thought, laughingly, there was reason to doubt that he could stand it. Sam hadn't been hunting in ten years and he was thirty years past fifteen, but he hadn't forgotten his first shoot and the excruciating torment of waiting the last half hour until shooting time opening day. The swift swish-swish-swish of wings passing overhead in the darkness set your hair crawling, the explosion of water and wings as a flock took the air, close by, rammed your heart into your throat. For a boy, or a man, it was fun beyond bearing. And Sam was glad, deeply glad, that they had come.

The idea had occurred to him in the middle of August. He had come home, hot and dog-tired, to find Andy sitting silently on the front steps. A lean, tall boy, thin with growing; red hair, crew cut, freckles. The freckles were standing out against a pallor, though Sam didn't notice it at the time. He did notice he got no answer to his, "Hello, son."

Inside the house, he dropped his coat on a chair and headed for the kitchen and a drink. He drank half of it before he spoke to his wife, who was busy at the sink.

"Hi, kid." He went over and kissed the back of her neck. "How'd the day go?"

She didn't answer.

"By me, it was terrible," he said. "Y'know something? I'm a lousy salesman—let's face it. Three prospects came my way on the lot today. All red-hot. And I lost 'em; didn't sell a car."

He filled his glass again before he realized that something was very much amiss. "What goes on here? Just because I can't make a livin', is that any reason to give me the brush? You and Andy. He doesn't even say hello to me."

Clara turned from the sink. She was a tall woman with dark

(Continued on Page 104)

Illustrated by Robert Moore

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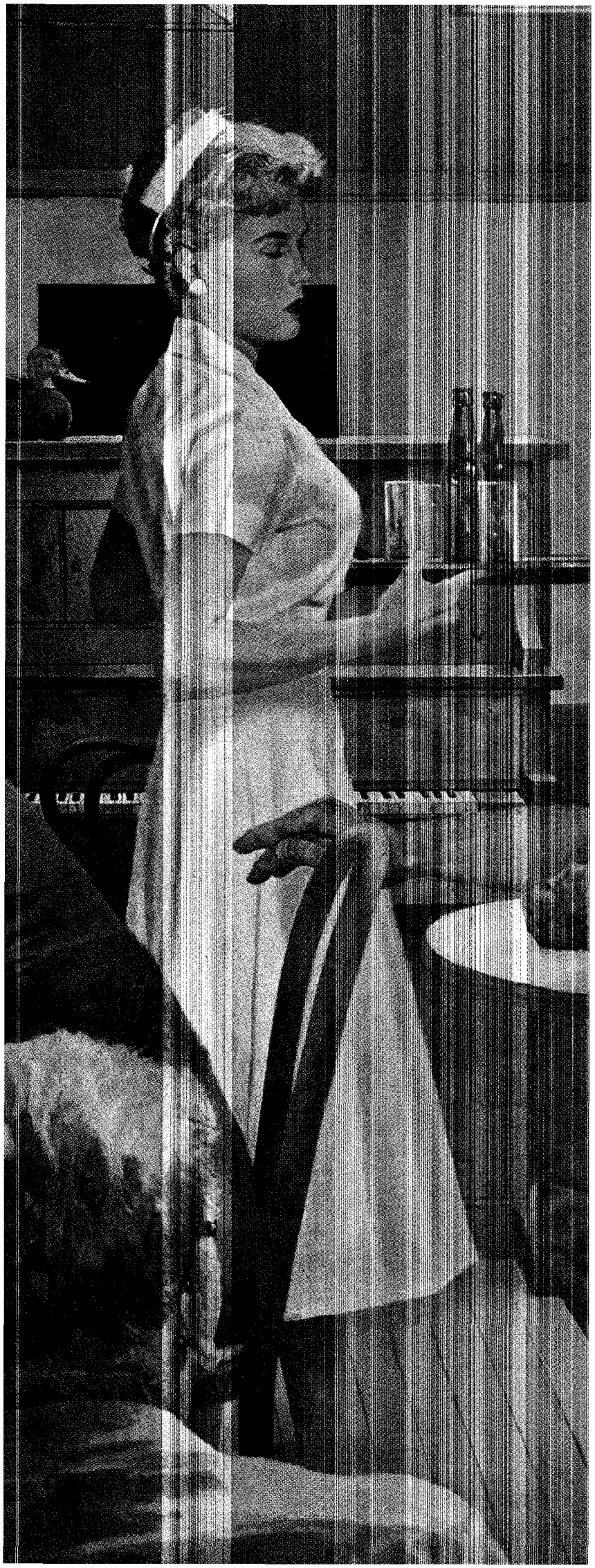

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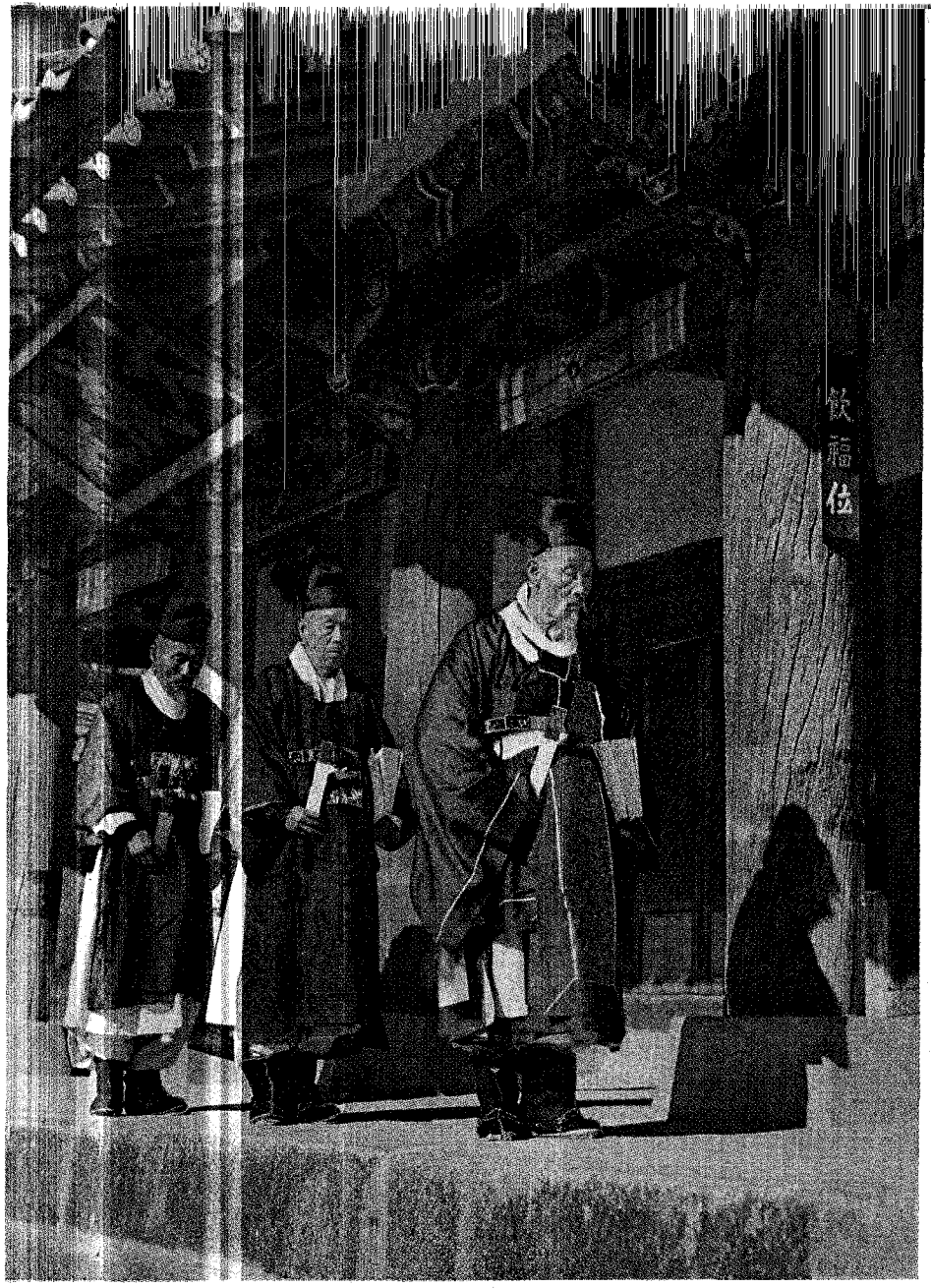
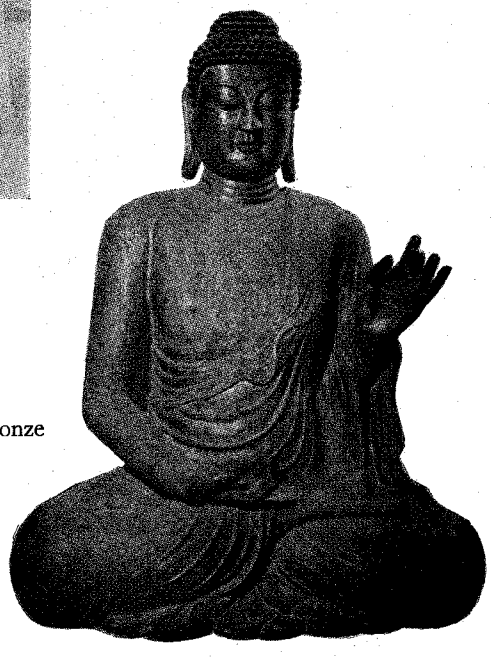
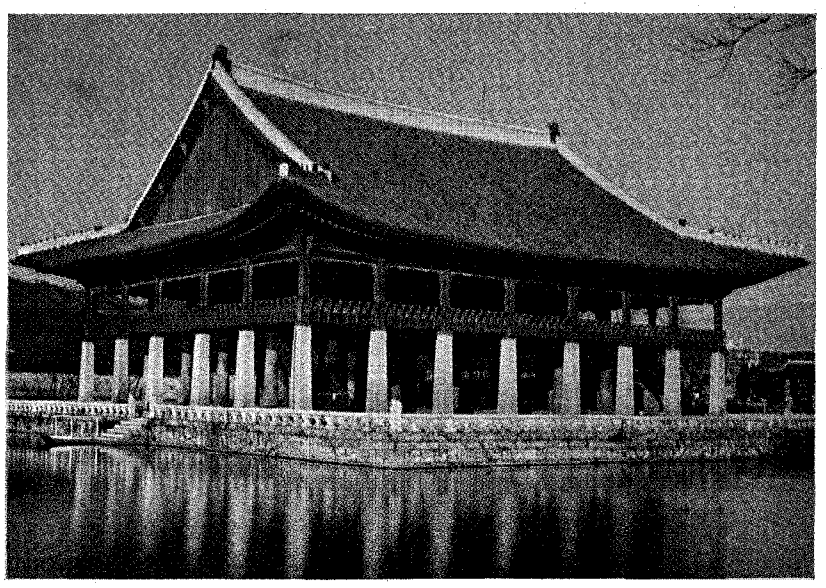


Confucian priests still hold their ceremonies in this rustic shrine built more than four-hundred years ago, when Korea was sort of an ideal Confucian state.

At the Haein-sa, Buddhist monks guard the world's greatest collection of ancient printing materials: 81,258 beautifully carved woodblocks used to print Buddhist scriptures in the 13th century.



This life-sized bronze image of Amida, "Buddha of the western paradise," is ten centuries old.



Kings of the Yi dynasty, which ruled Korea until 1910, wined and dined in this stately banquet hall on the grounds of Kyongbok Palace, in Seoul.

The Other Korea

Our fighting men considered Korea a filthy nightmare, and generally they had no chance to see this side of the ancient "Land of the Morning Calm."

By Edwin O. Reischauer

SEOUL

To most Americans, Korea meant little or nothing until June 25, 1950. Since the beginning of the Korean war it has meant many things—some bad and others worse. Korea was soggy heat or biting cold. It was pitted, bone-shaking roads, dreary, war-ravaged towns and steep, heart-pounding trails. It was gnawing fear, boredom and homesickness, beggars and thieves, filth and nauseous smells. It was the suspicion, resentment and even contempt of two very different peoples for each other, forced together by a common enemy, but sharing no common language of the tongue or heart. Above all else, Korea meant death for many Americans and heartbreak for still more.

But there is another Korea. Though not much in evidence to the 1,533,000 Americans who served in the Korean war or even to the many thousands still there, it is very real to the Koreans. This is the Korea of ancient cultural brilliance and of glorious historical traditions. It is the Korea that justifies the name of "Land of the Morning Calm," first applied to a Korean kingdom more than 2000 years ago.

Precisely because of the harsh realities of the present, Koreans cling all the more (Continued on Page 123)

A Buddhist monk (left) and two rura patriarchs meditate on the path leading to th three-storied pagoda of Hwaom-sa, i the remote mountains of Southern Korea

Photographs by Dimitri Boria, U.S.Army.

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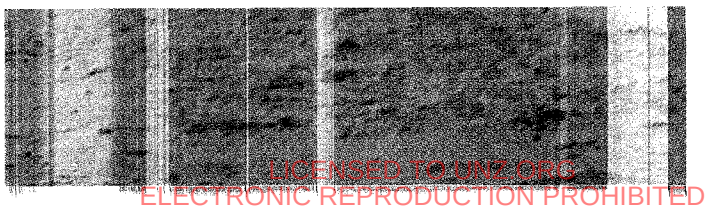

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The Day All Traffic Stopped

By ROBERT W. WELLS

The story of the woman who brought every car in Chicago to a standstill.

Mrs. Pepitone walked into Judge Augustus' courtroom wearing a blue knit dress and a tiny afterthought of a hat. In view of the first hysterical reports about her, she looked astonishingly normal. She was in her middle thirties, rather tall, still slender enough, as poised as though she were a casual bystander instead of the woman who was accused of bringing Chicago's vehicular life to a stop. She ignored the whispered comments that greeted her and took a seat at the mahogany table next to her lawyer, a young man with glasses whose name was Jim Carmichael. The reporters jammed the benches on the left side of the room. There was barely room for half the witnesses in the remaining seats, and the others stood glaring at her from the aisles.

Ordinarily, it takes weeks for a criminal to be brought to trial, but in Edith Pepitone's case public opinion was in no mood for shilly-shallying. The events of Sunday, August nineteenth, demanded quick, implacable action. When a metropolitan area with six million persons has been brought to the brink of chaos by what was being widely described as one woman's criminal stupidity, it was obvious that the matter must be disposed of at once. The police had traced her only this morning to her ranch house at Myopic. Their helicopter had set down hurriedly in her rose garden, and when she had come bursting forth, protesting, two patrolmen had hustled her aboard, giving her a chance for only one final word with her husband, whose startled face had appeared at a window.

"John, dear," she had cried above the noise of the rotor, "there's that cold roast in the refrigerator and the washer is running and the kids are at the Meinholtzes'! Carry on! I shall return!"

"For dinner?" John had shouted, waving his arms, and Edith (Continued on Page 136)

Mrs. Pepitone marched back and threw her keys into the taxicab.

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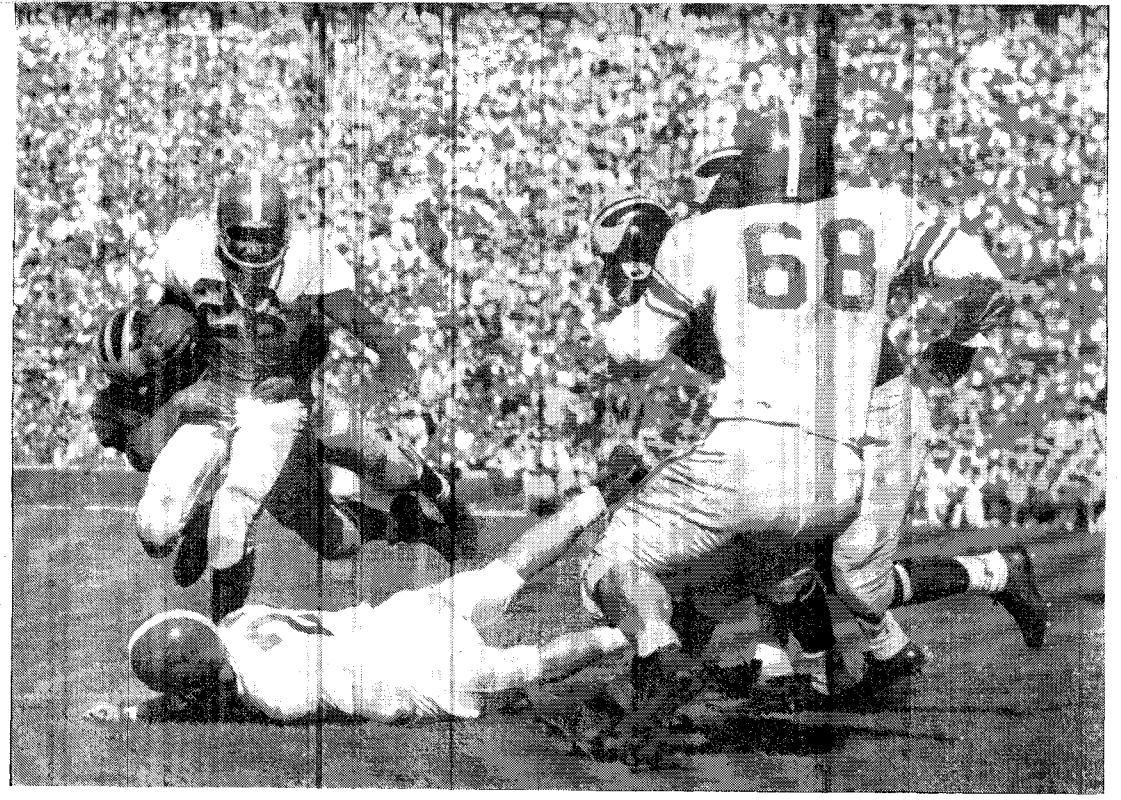


Ron Kramer came from behind to make this bone-rattling tackle on Michigan State halfback Clarence Peaks (26) in a 1955 Big Ten clash. Michigan stopped the Rose Bowl-bound Spartans, 14–7.

TERROR OF THE BIG TEN

By HARRY T. PAXTON

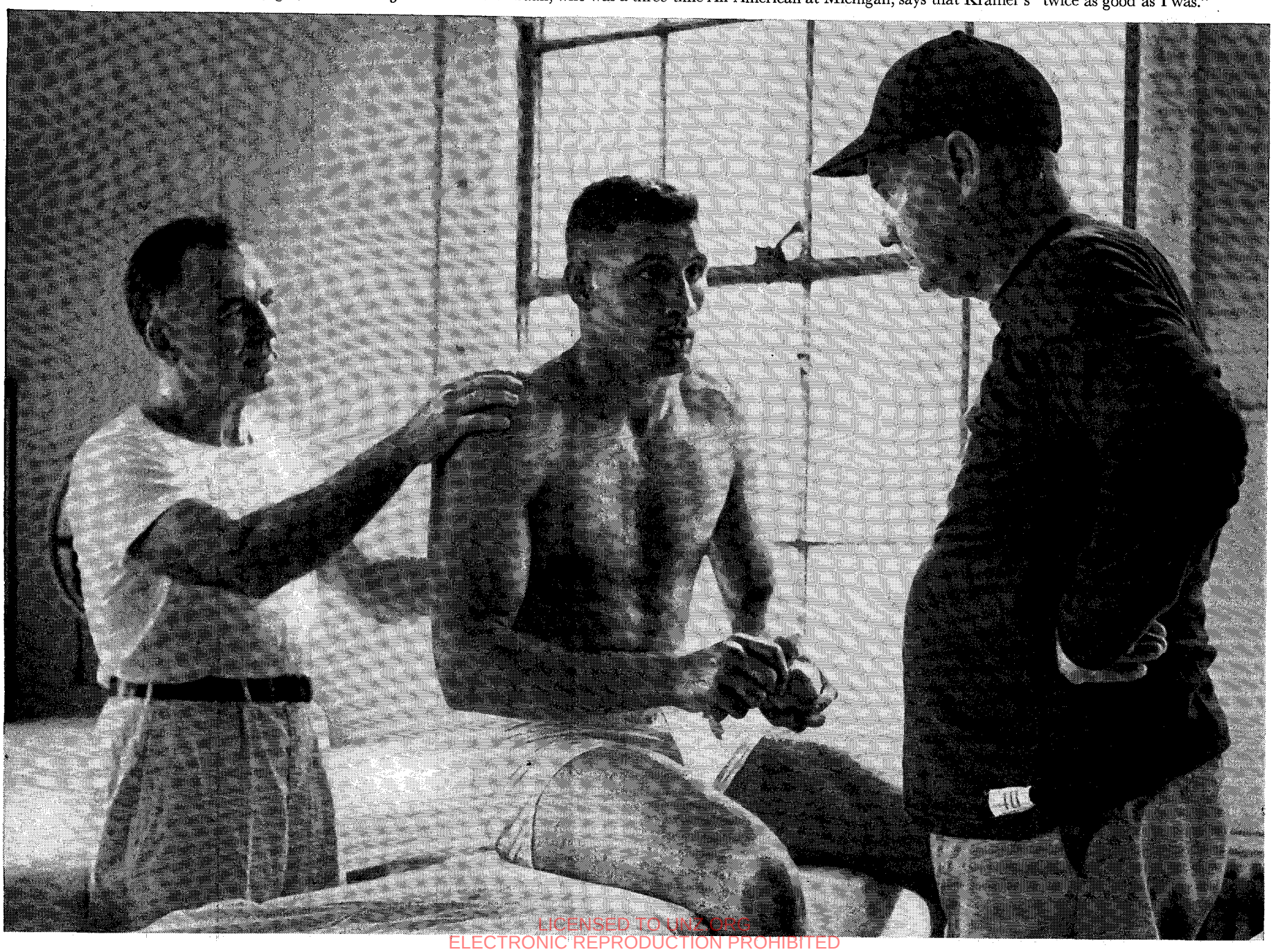
The real story of one of America's greatest college athletes: Michigan's Ron Kramer, who "plays defense so violently as to disturb unborn future generations."

In big-time college sports these days, there isn't much room for the old-fashioned all-round athlete. It used to be normal for a collegiate star to compete around the calendar, changing uniforms with the seasons. Now there's a lot of overlapping in the major sports, and a man's first obligation is to the team for which he originally was recruited. By the time one squad finally calls it a year, few athletes are able, or even willing, to move right into the next season with a team that has been drilling for a month or more.

At the University of Michigan, a big, serious-minded young man named Ronald John Kramer is proving that this still can be done. Ron Kramer's achievements in high-powered Big Ten competition make him just about the most remarkable college athlete in the country today. Best known as a football player, he also is high in the esteem of the basketball and track coaches. In both his sophomore and junior years he won letters in all three sports, giving him a perfect score to date of six major letters.

All this has brought Kramer much glowing attention, which tends to make him squirm. He has also, to his pained surprise, become a somewhat controversial figure. Although he is the quiet type who (Continued on Page 117)

Ron with coach Bennie Oosterbaan (right) and trainer Jim Hunt. Oosterbaan, who was a three-time All-American at Michigan, says that Kramer's "twice as good as I was."



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ANNIVERSARY QUARREL

She said:
"Who reminded you
to come to the wedding?"
He said:
"I don't know, but he
didn't do me any favor."

By EUGENE PAWLEY

Illustrated by Lynn Buckham

In an ordinary community the Newton quarrel would have gone almost unnoticed; but at Happy Acres it was like an innocently thrown firecracker that blows up a block of buildings.

The Newton quarrel, like most quarrels, had two levels: the real, deep, hidden one, and the superficial. The latter was definitely Johnny Newton's fault, because he forgot so readily.

Johnny looked slightly like a boy wonder, having unruly reddish brown hair and faraway blue eyes, but his forgetting such items as where he parked the car was not due to his being a young genius. Rather, his mind was like a perverse Mary's lamb, and everywhere that Johnny went, his mind was somewhere else.

"I declare, Johnny," his mother had said countless times in his youth, "you'd forget your head if it wasn't fastened on." This remark, repeated about four times a day, invariably irritated Johnny, and he felt something close to joy when he got away by enlisting in the United States Air Force to escape the compulsory military training. There he happily remained a private for the duration of his enlistment—a feat of gigantic proportions, as all Air Force personnel were made at least staff sergeants at the end of basic training.

Johnny came back as forgetful as ever, and his mother picked up the refrain again. He reciprocated by staying out nights in pursuit of pleasure, his main activities centering around Ethel Burris, a bright-eyed little blonde whose angles had somehow softened into curves while he was away.

They were married after a two-year courtship. Mrs. Burris cried. Mrs. Newton tried to. Everyone said Ethel was a lovely bride. Johnny said "I do" in all the wrong places—forgetting, as usual.

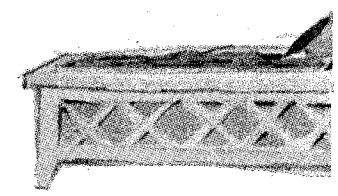
The wedding gifts were left at the elder Newtons' house until the happy couple would return from the honeymoon and move into a furnished apartment subleased from some people whose marriage was almost on the rocks and who were going on a long trip to try to patch it up. Everyone said Ethel and Johnny were sure lucky to get the sublease, housing being practically nonexistent.

Johnny and Ethel got back from their wedding trip to find that the sublease people had decided a divorce would be cheaper, and that the woman was going to stay in the apartment. There was nothing for the younger Newtons to do but move in with the gifts.

Not being friendly with any apartment-house owners, having no maiden aunts with two-family houses, and not being able to afford a fast five hundred dollars under the table, Johnny and Ethel were forced to stay on with the elder Newtons. After a year of this in-law living, Ethel picked up her mother-in-law's most distressing habit—the one concerning Johnny's losing his head. Of course, Ethel smiled when she said it, but even so, life became difficult to Johnny.

At this dark hour, the blazing genius of F. William Harte burst upon the bleak housing horizon. It was announced in the newspapers that Harte, Incorporated, would build a 100-unit project, to be called the Furnace Brook Housing Development. It was to be the kind "our boys fought for in the last war. . . . Happy homes . . . on rolling acres." After reading the publicity, prepared by a promising young man on his staff, F. William had a sudden feeling of awkward sentimentality—which he never publicly regretted—and changed the name to Happy Acres. He went even further and altered the street names on the blueprints from A, B, C, and so on, to Paradise Plaza, Joy Boulevard, Happiness Street, Opportunity Avenue, and the like.

Now this, in the language of another era, was a trifle "corny," but it showed good instincts, which are more important than education or sophistication. Harte, who never reached the seventh grade, was a big, bluff, self-made man, who was not cursed—as are so many self-made men—with the need to remind everyone of that fact. He despised details, and left them to the college graduates his large firm employed. His mind thought "big," and before the Happy Acres project was started, he (Continued on Page 133)



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WHO WILL TAKE CALIFORNIA?

A political expert who recently canvassed the state predicts how California will go this November, and tells why the vote will go that way.

By Samuel Lubell

The author interviews Agnes Platt, of Huntington Park, Cal. She is registered as a Democrat ("My father was a Confederate veteran."), but regularly votes Republican.

Early in 1864 the hustling frontier community of Sacramento received the astonishing news that Congress had moved the Sierra Nevada Mountains twenty-five miles to the city's doorstep. As might be expected, the announcement inspired whoops of derision in Sacramento drinking places. But it also brought solid comfort to at least one group of residents, the builders of the Central Pacific Railroad.

Under its contract with the Federal Government, the Central Pacific was to get $16,000 for every mile of track laid in the flat valley, and $48,000 for each mountain mile. Bogged in the valley by financial troubles, the railroad's heads undertook to convince Congress that the beginning of the Sierras should be determined not by the land level, but by where the reddish soil characteristic of the mountains appeared and the darker valley soil left off. Yielding to this argument, Congress proclaimed that Arcade Creek, now a Sacramento suburb, was to be considered officially as the foot of the Sierras.

Today, Californians like to recall this magic moving of the mountains as proof that the bizarre and freakish have characterized California politics virtually from infancy. Certainly no state has contributed more to our national lore of political acrobatics and shenanigans. What with fathering such Utopian enthusiasms as the Townsend and Ham-and-Egg

The recent strength of Republicans in California is embodied in such leaders as Vice-President Richard Nixon, Gov. Goodwin Knight and Senate leader William Knowland.

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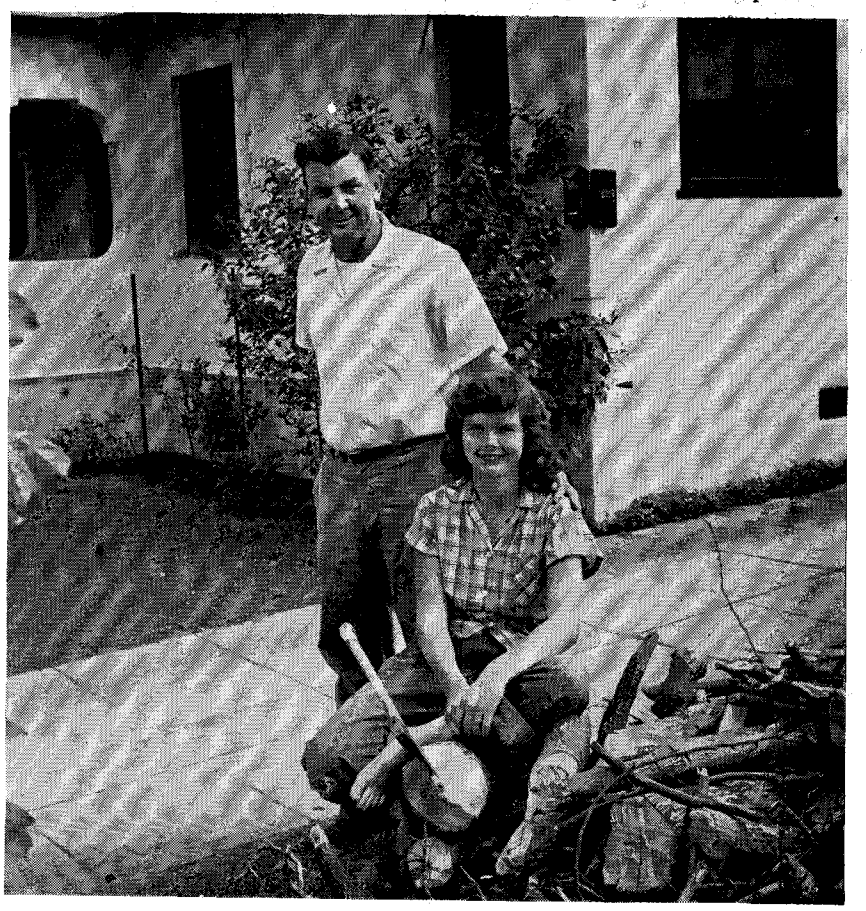
Roy Kotoff and his wife, Bettie, are stalwart Democrats. "The Democrats are the labor party," they told Lubell, summing up the attitude of many California workers.

Housewife Marie Perez has always voted Democratic, and has no intention of changing parties this year. "My husband is a workingman," is her ready answer.

Irven Naiman voted for Truman in 1948, Eisenhower in '52. He's backing Ike again this year because, "the Republicans are running the country so much better."

Workingman Tom Wallis, with his daughter, Carolyn, is a Republican convert. Wallis has become convinced that the G.O.P. is no longer "just for the capitalists."



pension schemes, and a system of cross-filing which gives its primaries the flavor of a college panty-raid, California has long been advertised as our prime example of dizzy, topsy-turvy politicking.

In the face of all this, it may seem brash to report that the big political news from California these days is that the state is rapidly becoming normal. The fact is a two-months grass-roots survey convinces this writer that California, which has not backed a presidential loser since 1912, has become quite predictable in its voting. Far from being "the Great Exception" among American states, it provides an almost ideal locale for studying the forces realigning both parties through the entire nation.

As was shown by last June's primary fight between Adlai Stevenson and Estes Kefauver, California has become an extremely sensitive testing ground in the struggle for racial and religious tolerance raging within the Democratic ranks. Its phenomenal economic boom also provides a virtual preview of what must happen if the Republicans are to regain their status as the nation's majority party.

Long overdue, this advent of normalcy in Golden California should be welcome news to the rest of the nation. Eccentricity may be entertaining when displayed by a small state, but not when exhibited by one which comes close to holding the balance of power in both parties. When Stevenson routed Kefauver in California, he really clinched the presidential nomination—a striking example of the state's importance.

On the Republican side, California not only has produced its vice-presidential candidate, Senate leader and (Continued on Page 120)

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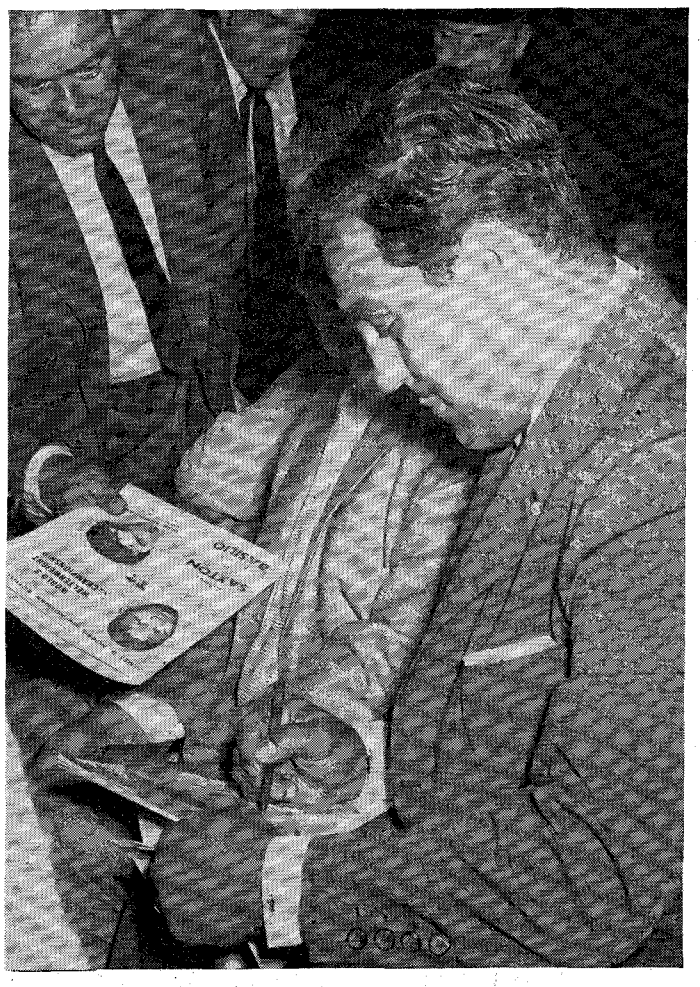
I Fought All the Way Conclusion



"I was a nobody," admits Rocky. "In the ring I became a somebody." Here, he autographs programs at the recent Basilio-Saxton fight in Syracuse, N.Y.

It Was Worth It

By Rocky Marciano

as told to Milton Gross and Al Hirshberg

Rocky tells how much he earned in the ring.

But the championship meant a lot more to him than mere money.

While my autobiography was being prepared after I retired as undefeated world's heavyweight champion, I went back with my collaborators to show them the house on 80 Brook Street where I grew up in Brockton, Massachusetts. We went in the back yard where the *bocce* bowling courts used to be and where I did pull-ups on a cherry tree. The neighbors started coming as if somebody blew a whistle.

I only live across town now, but they were all so glad to see me, like I'd been away a long time. And I was so glad to see them too. There was one old man in particular—Dominic Alfieri, who is eighty years old. He was my grandfather's buddy. He almost ran through the bushes between his house and my old one, and he stuck both hands out to hold mine.

"Rocky, Rocky, *'e bello vederti,*" he said in Italian, which means, "It's wonderful to see you." He had tears in his eyes, and I couldn't keep them from mine, because this little minute in my life showed me again what my whole boxing career has meant. It was like somebody asked me, "What did it all mean to you?" And I could say it meant this—that old Dominic and so many other people from Brockton got a little happiness out of their hard-working lives because of my success, and gave me happiness too.

There's an old widow lady who lives in the Italian district I grew up in. When I first started fighting—maybe I'd won nine or ten of my forty-nine victories by then—this widow gave one of my friends a few bucks she'd saved. "Bet this money on Rocky," she said. She didn't know anything about fighting. She only knew me as a kid around the block, but in our neighborhood (Continued on Page 147)

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The Marcianos at their home in Brockton. "A new kind of life is beginning for me and my family," says Rocky, "and I expect to enjoy every minute of it."

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Mr. Means took his boat close in alongside the erupting geyser of sparks.

Ship Afire!

What was the sinister meaning of this flaming wreckage in the Chesapeake?

By JACOB HAY

It was a shameful, shocking thing. From Baltimore to Norfolk it was a scandal and fit subject for rude laughter, the way that Capt. Samuel Bates was making a pure fool out of Careful Martin.

A slick article, Sam Bates, blond, jovial and chunky, fresh come from the Fall River Line to command the brand-new steamer Hussar. With Sam and the Hussar, the Virginia Steam Navigation Company planned to drive a mighty big hole in the business of the Chesapeake Steam Packet Line.

Could be you've never heard of those two companies, but there was a day when they were reckoned big and powerful corporations, and their ships were the royalty of the Chesapeake Bay, queening it over the little side-wheelers that nosed up the Choptank and Wicomico on Maryland's Eastern Shore or touched the lazy landings along Virginia's Northern Neck. Big, beautiful ships they were, 1800 tons or thereabouts, with three decks rising above their long, slim hulls, and painted sparkling white, like yachts, with touches of brass and gilt. The bay liners, making the long run between Baltimore on the Patapsco and Norfolk; and their captains were held considerable men.

Even Careful Martin. You comprehend that Careful was not his rightful Christian name, which was Nathaniel, but bay humor is not subtle and it was widely alleged that young Nat Martin would come to half speed in a heavy dew, and anchor for a mist. And that was hardly fair, for the owners of the Chesapeake Steam Packet Line were careful men and Nat's ship, the Governor, was flagship of their fleet. Her master sailed under standing orders to take no chances, and so they called him Careful. A tall young fellow, with a lean, soberly friendly look about his face, not handsome, but tanned and fit.

Perhaps it was this deceptive calm that finally began to annoy Amy Cooper, who was twenty-two and slender, green of eye and auburn of hair—with a temper to match—and fair of feature as the Italian cameo Nat had given her just before he'd asked her to marry him. A proud girl, Amy Cooper, and the daughter of a bay captain, she heard the talk and she was not pleased. (Continued on Page 141)

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The Face of America

Jam Session

An infernal racket to some, but a sublime pattern of sound to others, hot jazz is America's most distinctive contribution to music. In each generation its freewheeling rhythm attracts new devotees. They respond not with the rapt silence of symphony audiences, but with the open exuberance of this crowd listening to some solid sending by the Jive Bombers at Charles Wade's Airport Inn in Troy, New York. As at any concert, a few of the customers obviously aren't with it; they are wondering what other people see in this sort of stuff, anyway. Jazz originally evolved during the scandalously Gay Nineties in French-settled New Orleans, where unschooled Negro musicians applied their bounce and inventiveness to the French popular tunes of the day. Jazz moved after World War I to Chicago and spread over the land and across the Atlantic, being hailed by some of the most high-domed European intellectuals as a new creative art form. Its flavor has been the basic ingredient in the success of some of the biggest dance bands, under jazzmen such as Benny Goodman and the Dorsey brothers and the late Glenn Miller. However, the most down-to-earth jazz generally comes out of "jam sessions" by small groups like this four-piece combo: Clarence Palmer, bass; Earl Johnson, sax; Pee-Wee Tinney, drums; Al Tinney, piano. © Photograph by Jim Burns

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The young beavers had begun to enjoy themselves, and worked faster and faster, all in time.

The Lazy Beaver

Gnaw down trees, build dams? Strictly for the birds. This beaver had better things to do.

By ROBERT MURPHY

It was late in the summer of his second year, when he was nearly grown, that Ahmik's vocation came upon him. Up to that time, he had been a perfectly conventional member of society; a little dreamy, it is true, but not dreamy enough to attract any special attention. He still played a little, as was expected of him, but worked most of the time with the other young beavers of the pond. They cut sticks from trees felled by their elders and took them to the sunken winter woodpile near the lodge, and brought up mud from the bottom to pat into the dam. His father, the other old beavers and even The Head himself looked upon him in approbation when they had time. The trouble was that, being beavers, they were always busy; a quick, absent-minded glance was all any of them could give him, and as it turned out, that wasn't enough.

It was the mud-patting business that started it, and probably the evil had been in him ever since birth, latent, just biding its time. On this particular day he felt no intimation that it was going to happen to him; nothing was different at first. He dived to the bottom, as he had done so many times before, tucked a ball of mud under his chin, and swam up to the face of the dam, dropped his load and began to work it into place with his forefeet.

Either the mud was more resonant than usual or he patted it harder—no one will ever know—but in any event a sort of rhythm was born. At this, something happened within him—something warm, delicious and powerful. He cocked his head and tried again. He changed the rhythm a little and a shiver went up his back; he began to sway. He forgot the work that should be done, his training and his instincts; staring into space, bemused and lost, he experimented with the rhythm and changed it a little more. He swayed and jumped and swayed anew. He was a bit clumsy and repetitious at first, but as he warmed to his work his inventiveness increased. Presently he was hammering out a march; he dropped it off, *diminuendo*, into a lullaby, brought it back *con brio*, and, when he reached his finale, he was carried completely out of himself and lost his sense of responsibility. He raised his flat and scaly tail and brought it down on the water behind him with a resounding crash.

Now, this slap of the tail is the beaver signal that danger approaches, and is never used for any other purpose; every beaver in the colony immediately left what it was doing and ran for the water. Several of them slapped as they dived, to send the signal on, but Ahmik didn't notice it. He had made music, he had created something; and as the full significance of this dawned on him, he stood, full of wild surmise, upon the dam, like stout Cortez upon a peak in Darien.

He was still sitting there when his father, who had been looking frantically everywhere for him, eased his head above the surface close at hand.

"Ahmik," his father whispered urgently. "Ahmik. Come in. Didn't you hear the signal?"

Ahmik roused from his dream. "Signal?" he asked. "Sig—— Oh. I made it, dad."

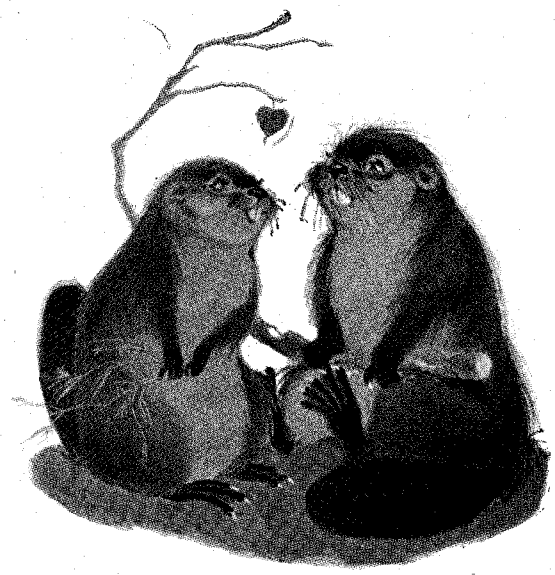
"You made it? What did you see?"

"I didn't see anything," Ahmik said.

The old beaver climbed up beside him. "You didn't see anything?" he asked unbelievingly. "Why did you do it, then?"

"I ——" Ahmik began, and then gave the answer that has brought parents to the edge of mental instability since the world began: "I don't know." (Continued on Page 128)

He was touched, and really saw her for the first time.



Illustrated by Robert Jones

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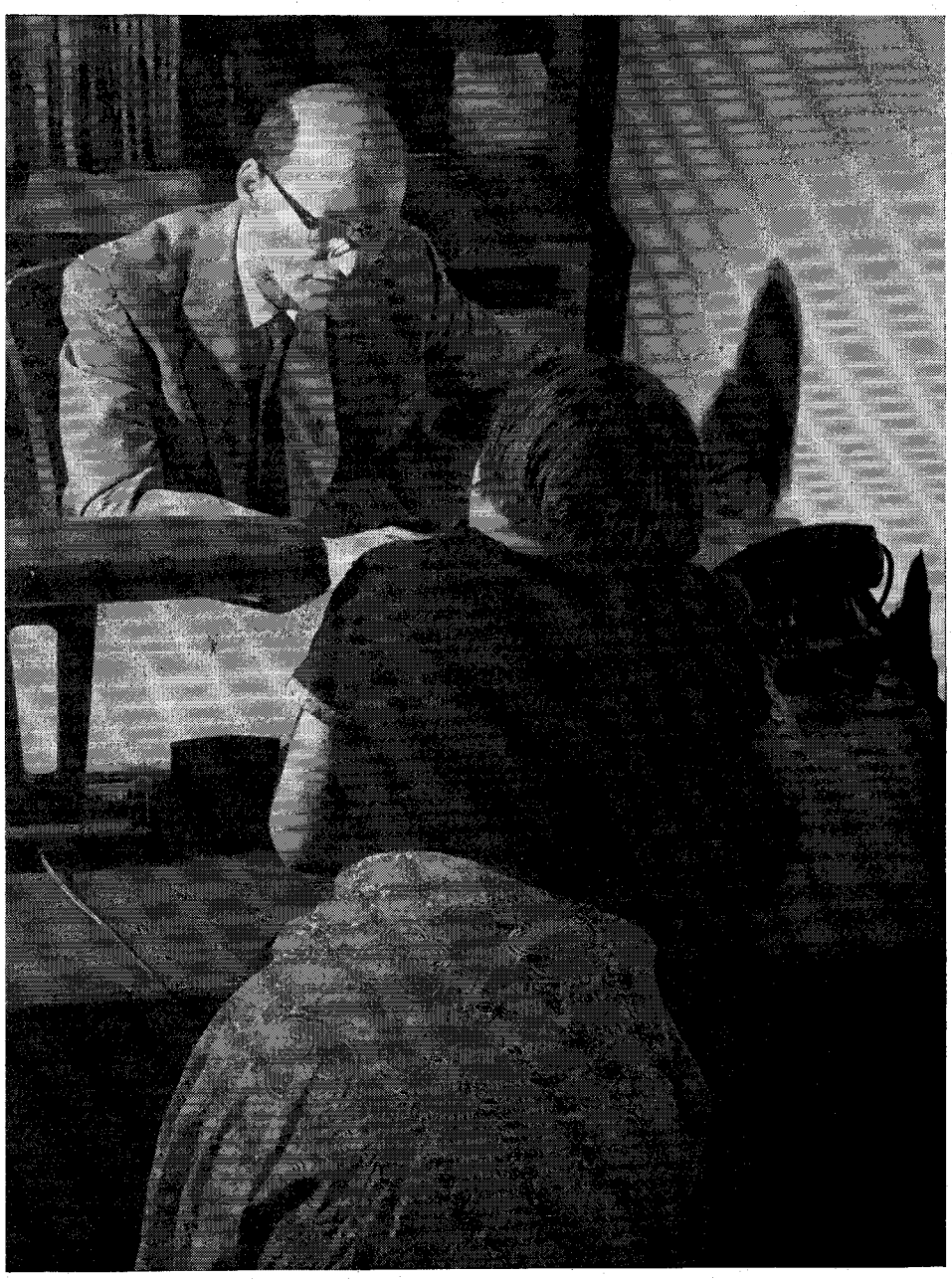
Inside the Asylum Part Three

"WE'LL NEVER MAKE HER WELL"

Sally Bennett is young, attractive and a hopeless victim of schizophrenia, the split-personality disease. This is her case history, mostly in her own words.

By John Bartlow Martin



Dr. Benjamin Kovitz heads the medical staff at Ohio's Columbus State Hospital. Gently, incisively, he probes the mind of a patient who, like "Sally Bennett," lives in her own private world.

Photographs by Larry Keighley

At noontime one day recently, in an echoing corridor of Ohio's huge Columbus State Hospital, all the doctors were talking about a newly admitted patient they had just seen at staff meeting. We'll call her Sally Bennett. "She is a girl," one said, "who can really show you what it's like to be schizophrenic."

Since the mysterious disease called schizophrenia lies at the heart of the whole problem of mental illness, accounting for half the patients in all American state hospitals, let us study this girl closely. How does the schizophrenic seem, not only to the doctors but to herself?

At the staff meeting, Sally Bennett had interested Dr. Benjamin Kovitz greatly. Doctor Kovitz, a rather slight man of forty-two with a bald head and a shy smile, is the Clinical Director—head of the medical staff—at Columbus State Hospital. He also treats a few patients by psychotherapy, and it is likely that when he went to Ward 13 to see Sally Bennett, a few days later, he did so as much to consider her for psychotherapy as to demonstrate her case for the education of a visitor. Kovitz, son of a Lithuanian immigrant, is quiet and gentle. He has a precise, skeptical, analytical mind.

He climbed the walled-in steel stairs to the second floor, unlocked the door, stepped onto the ward, relocked the door and moved swiftly down the long hall. Women were sitting in rockers and on benches. One, an old woman in a gray dress, touched Kovitz's sleeve; she wanted to talk to him, but he said he was sorry, she couldn't now. He found Sally in the living room, reading a magazine.

She smiled at Kovitz and walked ahead of him to the nurse's bright, tiled office, moving gracefully, almost gliding. (She was too tall for most boys, and in high school had had no boy friends.) She sat down and composed herself, hands in lap, a willowy blond girl of twenty-three who didn't miss real beauty by much. Her face, a doctor once wrote, was "the kind one sees on Red Cross posters." She was the daughter of a successful businessman and a mother who "dedicated her life" to her children.

"How have you been feeling?" Kovitz asked.

"All right. I'm eating well and I'm sleeping well."

"What is your difficulty, as you see it?"

"It's all a lie, a loss of memory."

"Do you feel as though someone is interfering with your life?"

(Continued on Page 85)

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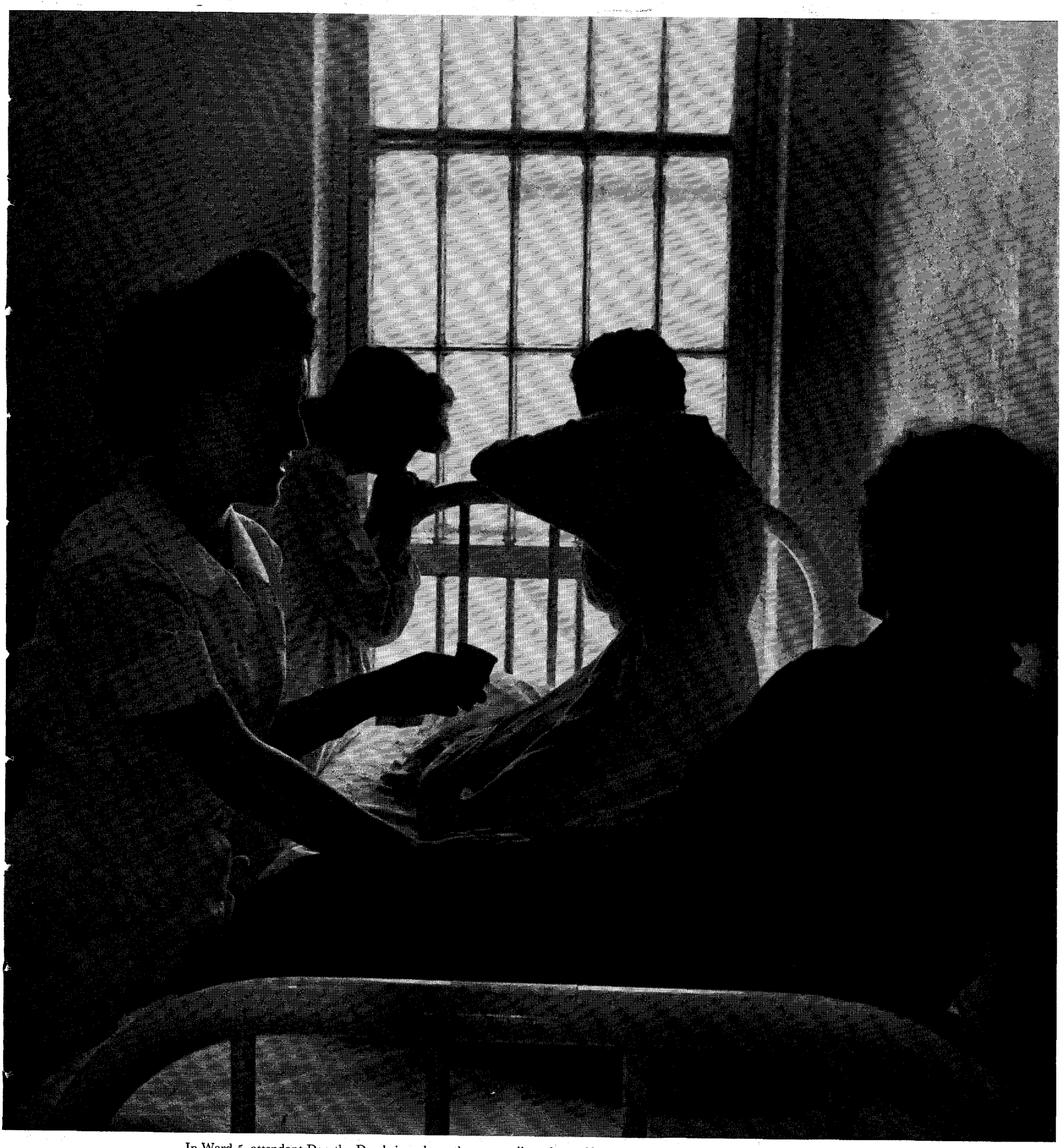

In Ward 5, attendant Dorothy Day brings drugs that may relieve three of her patients' symptoms—but have little chance of curing them. Sometimes the hospital itself helps more than the pills, simply because it acts as a haven from the world the patients couldn't face.

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THE GUNS OF NAVARONE

Dive bombers! This was more than Captain Mallory had bargained for.

By ALISTAIR MacLEAN

It was just after four o'clock in the morning when Capt. Keith Mallory and his party were captured. Casey Brown, who had been standing guard at the mountain cave, was clubbed unconscious, and the Germans took over without opposition. "You move and you die," promised the German commander, Lieutenant Turzig, as he woke Mallory.

Mallory felt the gray bitterness of defeat wash through him. He knew that if he failed to accomplish his mission, 1200 British soldiers would die. The Royal Navy had hoped to evacuate these soldiers from the nearby island of Kheros, off the Turkish coast, before the island was obliterated by the Germans. But such an operation was doomed to failure as long as the guns of Navarone controlled the sea approaches to Kheros.

The mangled leg of Navy Lt. Andy Stevens had slowed the party considerably. Fortunately, to lighten their load, they had secreted their explosives in the mountains. Although the demolitions expert, Cpl. Dusty Miller, was now a prisoner, there remained a chance that Louki and Panayis, the Navaronian resistance fighters, could use the explosives to wreck the big guns.

Mallory's right-hand man, a huge Greek named Andrea, had appeared fearless up to the time of his capture. Now he begged for mercy and offered to divulge the British plans. Miller cursed Andrea. But Mallory sensed that something was up, and he listened carefully as the Greek told how the party had scaled the sheer cliffs of Navarone.

"The Allies picked the greatest rock climber in the world today. And this is the man they picked, Lieutenant Turzig!" Andrea said as he flung an arm out dramatically. "His name is Mallory—Keith Mallory, of New Zealand!"

V

Wednesday, 5:00 A.M.
to Wednesday, 4:00 P.M.

For almost ten seconds he stared into the New Zealander's averted, screwed-up face; then nodded his head in slow understanding.

"Of course," he murmured. "Mallory—Keith Mallory. Of course I know him. There's not a man in my outfit but has heard of Keith Mallory." He shook his head. "I should have known him; I should have known him at once." He stood for some time with his head bent, aimlessly screwing the toe of his right boot into the soft snow; then looked up abruptly. "Before the war, even during it, I would have been proud to have known you, glad to have met you. But not here, not now. Not any more. I wish to God they had sent someone else." He hesitated, made to carry on; then changed his mind, turned wearily to Andrea. "My apologies, fat one. Indeed you speak the truth. Go on."

"Certainly!" Andrea's round moon face was one vast smirk of satisfaction. "We climbed the cliff, as I said—although the boy in the cave there was badly hurt—and silenced the guard. Mallory killed him," Andrea added unblushingly. "It was fair fight. We spent most of the night crossing the divide and found this cave before dawn. We were almost dead with hunger and cold. We have been here since."

Illustrated by Al Muenchen

"There's no choice," Mallory said. "We either go, or we stay and get fried."

"And nothing has happened since?"

"On the contrary." Andrea seemed to be enjoying himself hugely, reveling in being the focus of attention. "Two people came up to see us. Who they were I do not know—they kept their faces hidden all the time—nor do I know where they came from."

"It is as well that you admitted that," Turzig said grimly. "I knew someone had been here. I recognized the stove—it belongs to Captain Skoda!"

"Indeed?" Andrea raised his eyebrows in polite surprise. "I did not know. Well, they talked for some time and ——"

"Did you manage to overhear anything they were talking about?" Turzig interrupted. The question came so naturally, so spontaneously, that Mallory held his breath. It was beautifully done. Andrea would walk right into it—he couldn't help it. But Andrea was a man inspired that night.

"Overhear them!" Andrea clamped his lips shut in sorely tried forbearance, gazed heavenwards in exasperated appeal. "Lieutenant Turzig, how often must I tell you that I am the interpreter? They could only talk through me. Of course I know what they were talking about. They are going to blow up the big guns in the harbor."

"I didn't think they had come here for their health!" Turzig said acidly.

"Ah, but you don't know that they have the plans of the fortress. You don't know that Kheros is to be invaded on Saturday morning. You don't know that they are in radio contact with Cairo all the time. You don't know that destroyers of the British Navy are coming through the Maidos Strait on Friday night as soon as the big guns have been silenced. You don't know ——"

"Enough!" Turzig clapped his hands together, his face alight with excitement. "The Royal Navy, eh? Wonderful, wonderful! That is what we want to hear. But enough! Keep it for Captain Skoda and the commandant in the fortress. We must be off. But first, one more thing. The explosives—where are they?"

Andrea's shoulders slumped in dejection. He spread out his arms, palms upward.

"Alas, Lieutenant Turzig, I do not know. They took them out and hid them. They would

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As the Stuka pulled sharply out of its dive, its load of incendiaries rained down.

not tell me where." He looked bitterly at Mallory. "These Britishers are all the same. They trust nobody."

"Heaven only knows that I don't blame them for that!" Turzig said feelingly. He looked at Andrea in disgust. "More than ever I would like to see you dangling from the highest scaffold in Navarone. But the commandant in the town is a kindly man and rewards informers. You may yet live to betray some more comrades."

"Thank you, thank you, thank you! I knew you were fair and just! I promise you, Lieutenant Turzig ——"

"Shut up!" Turzig said contemptuously. He switched into German. "Sergeant, have these men bound. And don't forget the fat one! Later we can untie him, and he can carry the sick man back to the post. Leave a man on guard. The rest of you come with me; we must find those explosives." He wheeled abruptly and climbed swiftly up the bank. Two minutes later only a solitary soldier was left on guard.

For the tenth time Mallory shifted his position uncomfortably, strained at the cord that bound his hands together behind his back; for the tenth time recognized his futility; the man who had tied these knots had known his job too well. Mallory wondered irritably if Turzig and his men meant to spend all day searching for the explosives; they had been gone for more than half an hour already.

He relaxed and looked thoughtfully at Andrea, who was sitting upright just in front of him. He had watched Andrea, with bowed head and hunched and lifting shoulders, making one single, titanic effort to free himself, the fractional slump of his shoulders as he gave up. Since then the giant Greek had sat quite still and contented himself with scowling at the sentry in the injured fashion of one who has been grievously wronged.

A masterly creation, Mallory mused, all the more remarkable for its spontaneity, its improvisation. Andrea had told so much of the truth, so much that was verifiable or could be verified, that belief in the rest of his story followed almost automatically. And at the same time he had told Turzig nothing of importance, nothing the Germans could not have found out for themselves—except the proposed evacuation of Kheros by the navy. Escape for them all quite clearly depended upon how thoroughly Andrea managed to convince his captors that he was all he claimed, and the relative freedom of action that he could thereby gain—and there was no doubt at all that it was the news of the proposed evacuation that had tipped the scales with Turzig.

It was all very complicated—too complicated for the state his head was in. Mallory sighed and looked away from Andrea toward the other two. Brown and a now-conscious Miller were (Continued on Page 92)

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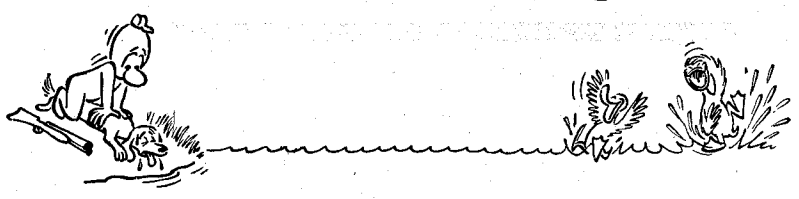
Post Scripts



Give a Man Enough Rope

Now that election is nearing,
Forgive me if I misquote:
A woman is only a woman,
But a good cigar is a vote!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

Prototype

The only wife yet known who could declare:
"Darling, I haven't got a thing to wear,"
And found her husband willing to believe
Was Eve.

NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

I'm Sorry I Even Asked

"How am I feeling these days? Actually, better than I've felt in years. Of course, I believe that the fact that I changed doctors has a great deal to do with it. Remember those dizzy spells I used to complain about all the time? Well, this stupid Doctor Brinkwell was giving me red pills, green pills, white pills, orange pills—pills, pills, pills! Things weren't doing me the slightest bit of good. Well, sir, I ran into old Harley Thorndyke on the street one day, and old Harley said something about why in the world didn't I have a talk with his doctor, so ——"

"The capital of Florida? Well, let's see—Miami, I suppose. Somehow, it doesn't seem as though that's right, does it? Tampa doesn't seem right either. Actually, I should know the capital, because I learned all of them in school. I know that Dover's the capital of Delaware, but, of course, that doesn't help us much with Florida, does it? Let's see, now—Florida—Florida—Florida. I know it couldn't be St. Petersburg because ——"

"How's my new TV picture tube working? Just fine and dandy! Tuned in that quiz show last night called Ask Me a Question, and it came in as clear as a bell. Real educational program too. Had some question on there about the Caspian Sea, and I certainly learned something I'd never known before: The name Caspian Sea actually is a misnomer. You see, oceanographers classify the thing as a land-locked lake, so ——"

"Any trouble crossing Brisbane Pass? Not one bit. However, I can't say the same for the time, two years ago, when I crossed Coyote Pass. Just as I started up the pass, it began to storm, and guess what! My lousy windshield wipers wouldn't work! And anybody who's ever gone over Coyote Pass knows that it's no place to be during a bad storm, at best. Now, then, picture this, if you will: There I was, creeping up toward the summit—no windshield wipers, mind you—hanging like crazy out the front door ——"

VERNON H. KURTZ

Ad Mission

I'm getting the feeling
From ads which I see
That everything's wrinkle-resistant
But me.

IRENE WARSAW

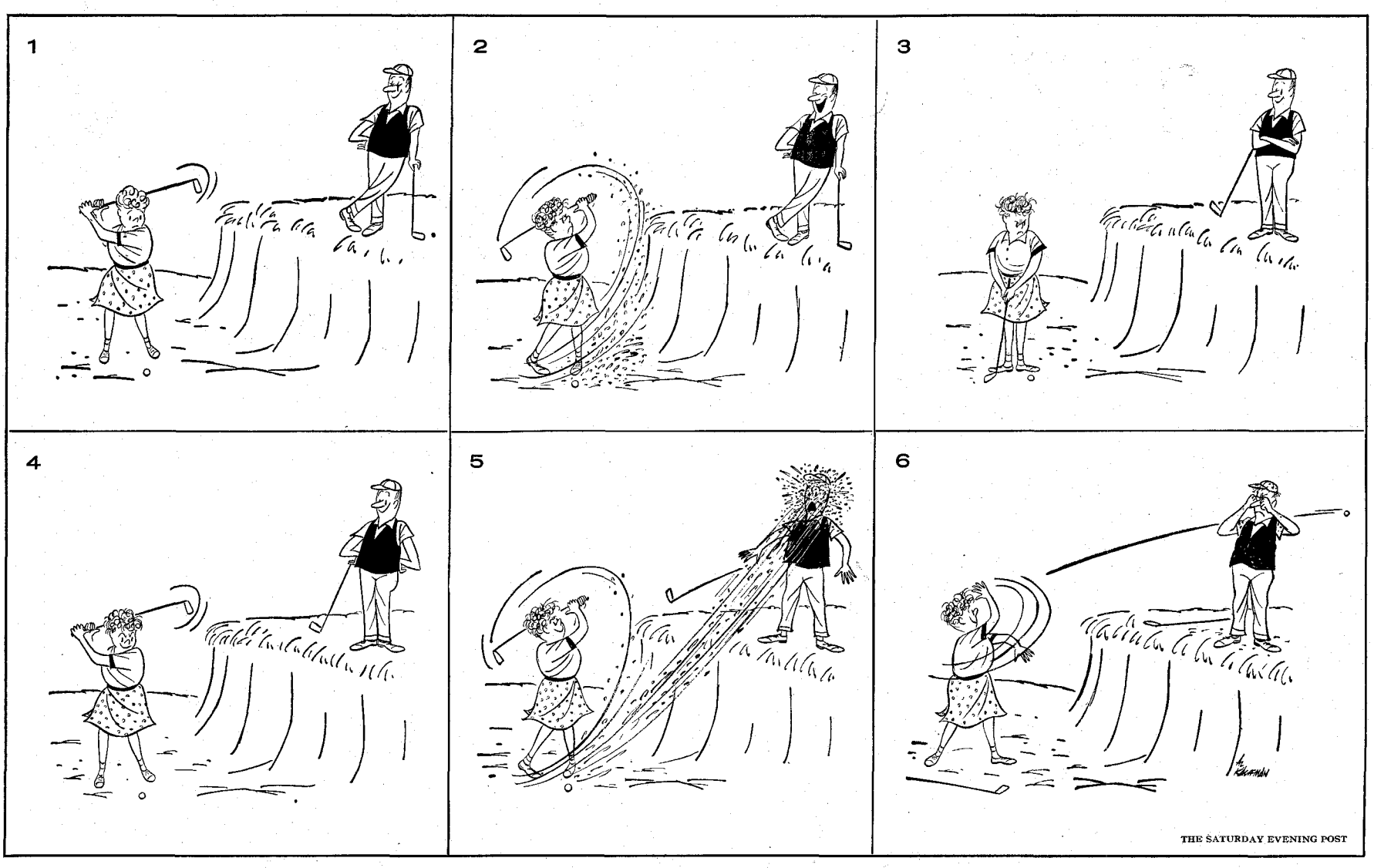
"I'd like to enroll."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Failure of Communications

I do not dig the teen-age prose.
The inner meaning, I suppose,
Is what it was when I was young,
But they don't sling the slang I slung.

JOYCE CARLILE



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Dreaming of a new car?

Any General Motors Dealer who uses the GMAC Thrift-Guard Plan can arrange thrifty terms at reasonable cost with considerate assistance if your circumstances change. There are over 290 GMAC offices to help you in emergencies away from home.

Enjoy the convenience of financing where you buy.

WISE CAR BUYERS KNOW...
The best way to buy "on time" is to pay down as much as you comfortably can—then pay the balance as soon as you can. Remember, the longer you pay, the more you pay.

GMAC
GENERAL MOTORS ACCEPTANCE CORPORATION
TIME PAYMENT PLAN

The Plan that has helped Millions buy cars "on time"

ASK YOUR DEALER in CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC new cars, and used cars of all makes; also FRIGIDAIRE • DELCO APPLIANCES

GENERAL MOTORS ACCEPTANCE CORPORATION

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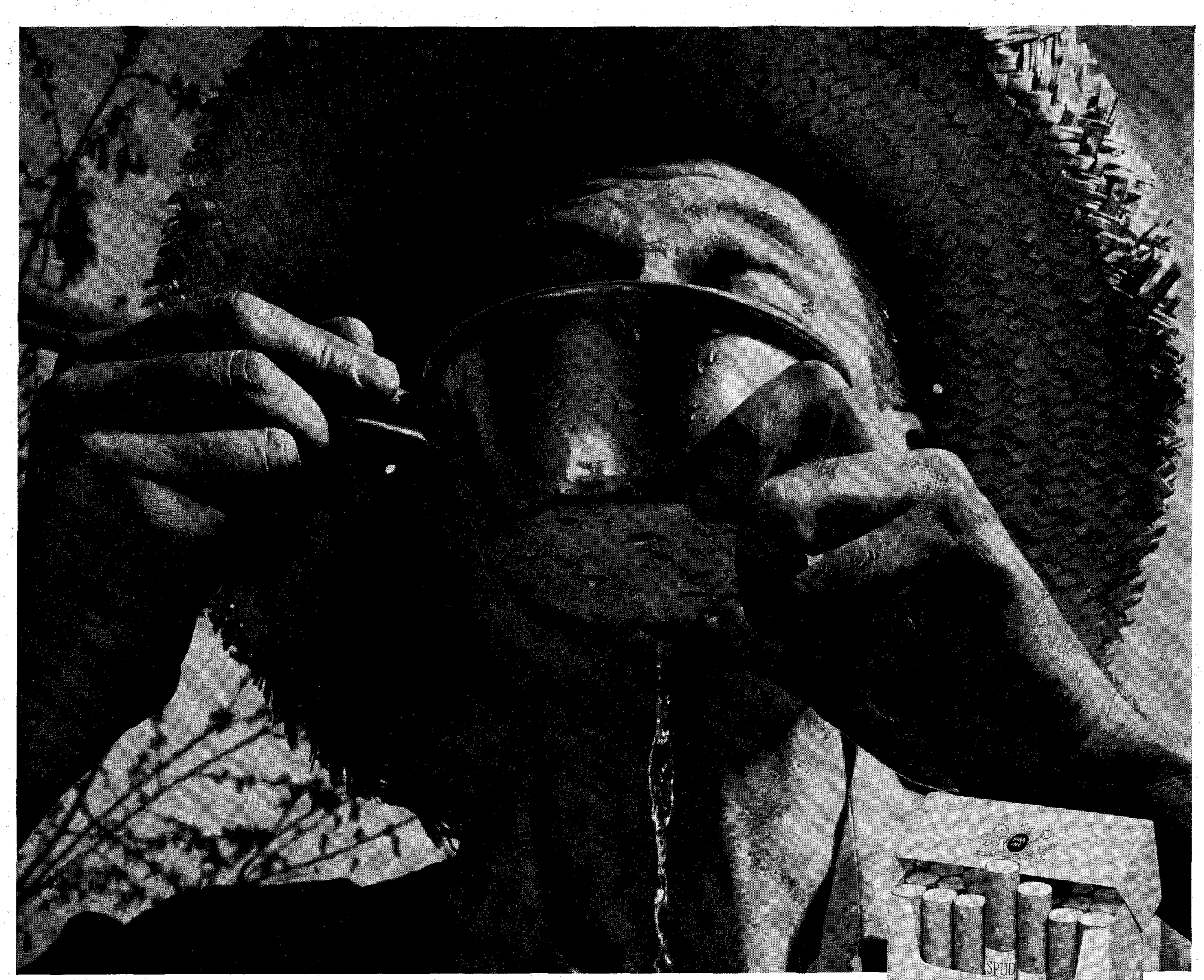
At last: a mentholated cigarette <u>everyone</u> can enjoy

NEW SPUD *WITH A <u>FILTER</u>*



This is how fresh and cool your mouth will taste after smoking NEW SPUDS. These filter cigarettes from Philip Morris have a light touch of menthol that *freshens the smoke—<u>something wonderful</u>!*

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CRUSH PROOF BOX • POPULAR FILTER PRICE

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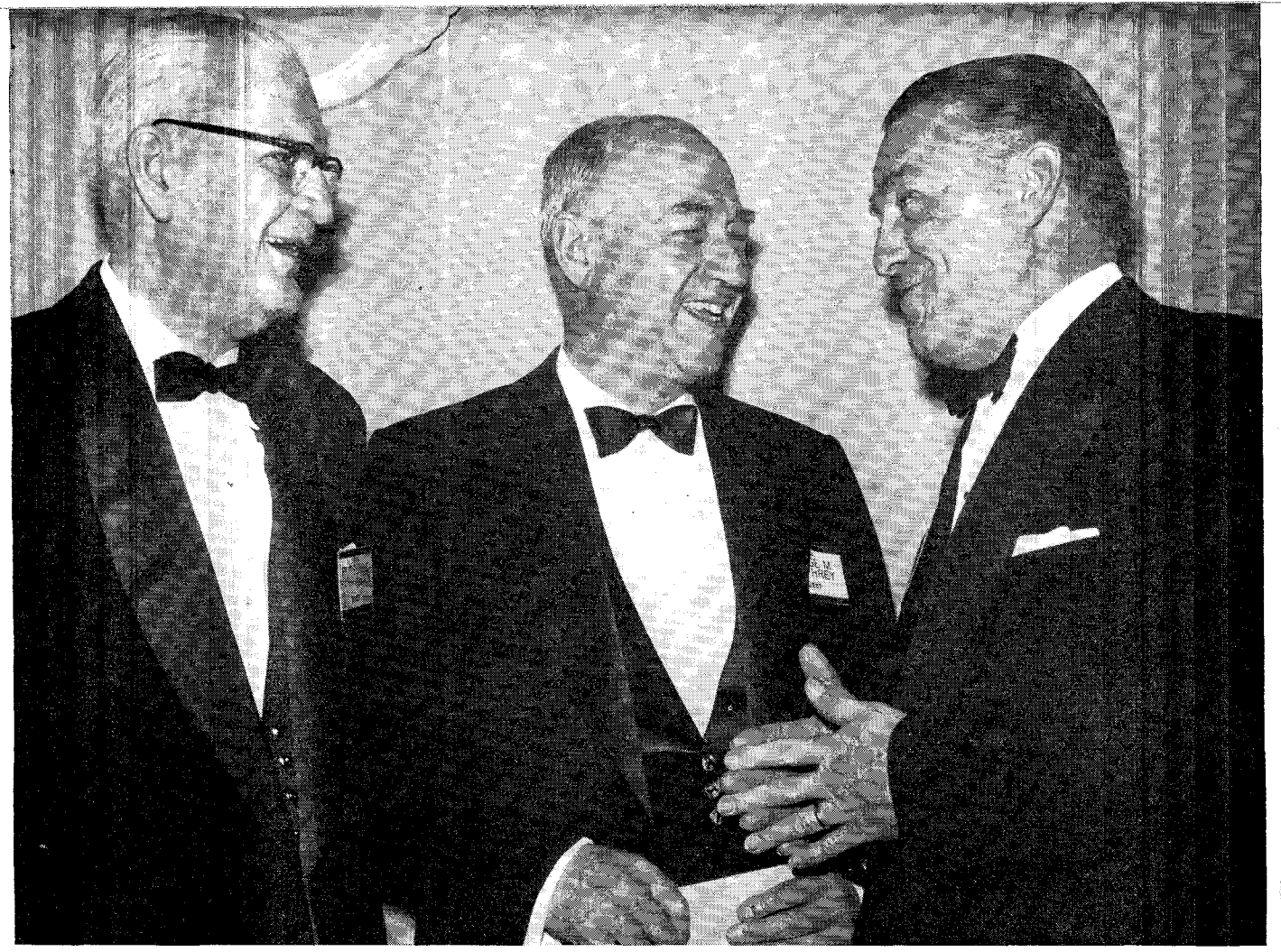

Commissioner of Internal Revenue Russell C. Harrington, Treasury Secretary Humphrey, and former Commissioner T. Coleman Andrews, who is running for President on a third ticket since he quit tax collecting.

The Things You Can Deduct!

Imaginative taxpayers have listed a daughter's debut, an African safari—and even the cost of living—as deductible business expenses. Once in a while Uncle Sam lets a citizen get away with it!

By ROBERT M. YODER

BEEF STEW 35¢
FRESH PIES
ONE CHEESEBOIGER WELL DONE, PAL" AND A CUPPA CAWFEE
MEMO
Expenses
Lunch with client at El Ritzo
$8.75
ERSATZ CONFETTI CO.
ASK ANY SALES MANAGER···THEY'LL DO IT EVERY SWINDLE SHEET···
THANX AND A TIP OF THE HATLO TO JAMES E. MACDONALD, 111 SOUTH 10TH ST., PHILA. 7, PA.
JIMMY HATLO
9-12
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Cartoonist Jimmy Hatlo, in They'll Do It Every Time, illustrates one way to manipulate "expenses" for profit. The art was perfected by traveling salesmen, but now millions of taxpayers are adepts.

A Midwestern undertaker made out his income tax return and looked it over with real pleasure, a mighty unusual reaction. His was an unusual return. He had ground that tax down to a reasonable figure, an amount a man could afford to pay. What millions yearn to do he had accomplished, by hitting on a couple of fine ameliorating items of business expense.

The first was to deduct all he had spent during a two-week vacation. The second was sheer, soaring inspiration. He had found justification, he believed, for deducting his whole year's grocery bills—every pot roast, every potato and carrot—as an expense of conducting his business.

He was clearly pioneering. In the forty-three-year history of the present Federal income tax, no taxpayer ever has been allowed a deduction like that. The Internal Revenue Service can't recall that anybody ever had the audacity to try, until the optimistic mortician came along.

Expenses fall into two classes, as everyone knows. Business expenses may be subtracted from total income. Personal expenses may not. Therefore the agents asked the undertaker to visit their cheerless offices and explain his deductions.

He was ready. The vacation trip took on a business character, he said, because he carried a camera in order to make shots of well-tended cemeteries and desirable tombstones. He was keeping abreast, getting ideas, spotting trends.

To explain the grocery deduction took considerably more (Continued on Page 67)

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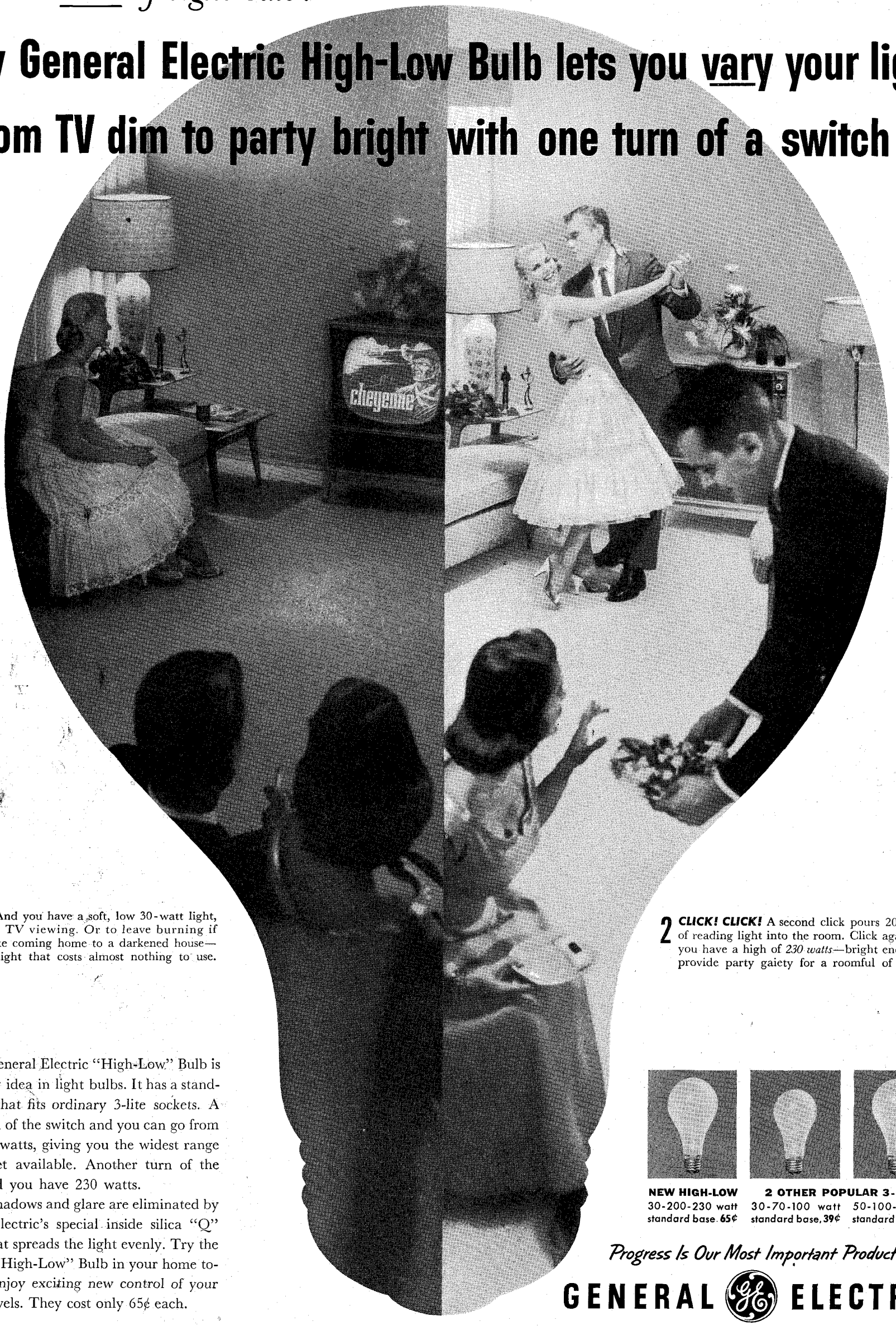
A new kind of light bulb!

New General Electric High-Low Bulb lets you vary your light from TV dim to party bright with one turn of a switch!

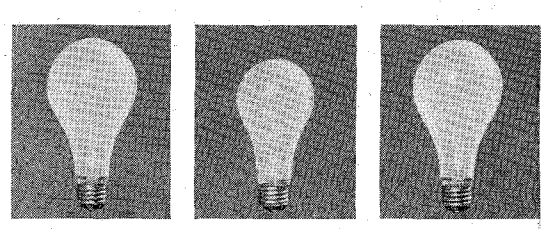


1 CLICK! And you have a soft, low 30-watt light, ideal for TV viewing. Or to leave burning if you dislike coming home to a darkened house—a night light that costs almost nothing to use.

2 CLICK! CLICK! A second click pours 200 watts of reading light into the room. Click again and you have a high of *230 watts*—bright enough to provide party gaiety for a roomful of people.

THE General Electric "High-Low" Bulb is a new idea in light bulbs. It has a standard base that fits ordinary 3-lite sockets. A single turn of the switch and you can go from 30 to 200 watts, giving you the widest range of light yet available. Another turn of the switch and you have 230 watts.

Harsh shadows and glare are eliminated by General Electric's special inside silica "Q" coating that spreads the light evenly. Try the new G-E "High-Low" Bulb in your home today and enjoy exciting new control of your lighting levels. They cost only 65¢ each.



NEW HIGH-LOW
30-200-230 watt
standard base. 65¢

2 OTHER POPULAR 3-LITES
30-70-100 watt
standard base, 39¢
50-100-150 watt
standard base, 49¢

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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The Case of the LUCKY LOSER

Perry Mason had seen two men falsely accused of murder. Now he named the real killer.

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

"Play the game my way, or you may get hurt," Banner Boles warned Perry Mason. Now Mason knew that Boles had not made an idle threat.

Mason was hired by the wealthy Balfour family to clear young Ted Balfour of the hit-and-run killing of Jackson Eagan. Later, the charge was changed to murder when the police discovered a bullet in Eagan's head.

Mason smelled a frame-up. The story he wrung from Florence Ingle confirmed his suspicions. Florence was a close friend of Ted's uncle, Guthrie Balfour. She reluctantly admitted that Guthrie was the killer.

Guthrie had learned that his wife, Dorla, was two-timing him. The night of the murder he had left for Mexico, then returned to follow Dorla to the motel where she met her lover. After Dorla left, Guthrie accosted her boy friend and shot him accidentally. He then fled to Mexico.

Dorla realized what had happened when she returned to the motel and found the body. She called Banner Boles, the Balfours' trouble-shooter. According to Florence's story they decided to frame Ted for a hit-and-run killing, to keep Guthrie from facing a first-degree murder rap.

Banner Boles later contacted Mason. His story was similar to Florence's, but varied in some vital details. Boles offered Mason $100,000 to prevent the truth from coming to light. Mason refused.

Mason knew the case was a time bomb, for he had learned that the real Jackson Eagan had died in Mexico two years earlier. The question was: What was the real identity of the murdered man?

At Ted's trial, Boles told a completely different story from the one he'd given Mason. Boles concocted a story about Ted shooting the man in self-defense in an argument about some gambling debts. Mason knew he would have a tough time getting the truth from Boles.

CONCLUSION

After court had been reconvened at two o'clock, Roger Farris said, "I have no more questions of this witness. You may cross-examine, Mr. Mason."

Mason said, "Do you remember an occasion a short time ago when you telephoned me at my office, Mr. Boles?"

"Perfectly," Boles said with affable good nature.

"You came up to my office and said you had something to tell me?"

"Yes, sir."

"And I asked you to talk to me in my office and you said you'd prefer not to do so?"

"Yes, sir, that's quite right."

"And we went out and rode around in a taxicab together?"

"Yes, sir."

"You remember that, do you?"

"Certainly, sir. I not only remember it but I took the precaution of jotting down the number of the taxicab so that the driver could bear me out in case you tried to confuse me on cross-examination or tried to deny that I gave you these papers."

"You gave them to me while we were in the taxicab?"

"That's right."

"And what did you tell me when you gave me the papers?"

"The same story that I have told on the witness stand today."

"At that time, didn't you tell me that Mr. Guthrie Balfour had told you that he had done the shooting and that the dead man had been someone who was in the Sleepy Hollow Motel?"

Boles looked at Mason with absolute, utter incredulity. "Do you mean that I told you that?" he asked.

"Didn't you?" Mason asked.

"Good heavens, no!" Boles said. "Don't be absurd, Mr. Mason. Why in the world should I tell you that? Why, Guthrie Balfour was—why, he was on his way to Mexico. I put him on the train personally."

"What about the company airplane? Wasn't that subsequently picked up in Phoenix?"

"Either Phoenix or Tucson, I think," Boles said. "But that was at a later date. One of the company employees flew down there on a matter of some importance, and then I believe left the plane, as he took a commercial airline on East. I don't know, but I can look up the company records, in case you're interested, Mr. Mason. I'm quite satisfied the company records will show that to be the case."

"I dare say," Mason said dryly.

There was a moment's pause.

"Did you go out to the Sleepy Hollow Motel on the evening of the nineteenth or the twentieth?" Mason asked.

Boles shook his head, and said, "I wasn't anywhere near there. No one knew anything about this car at the Sleepy Hollow Motel until I believe the police picked it up, through tracing a key. I don't know about those things. I think the police could tell you, Mr. Mason."

"When did you last see Guthrie Balfour?" Mason asked.

(Continued on Page 74)

With her free hand, she picked up the gun and shot him in the head.

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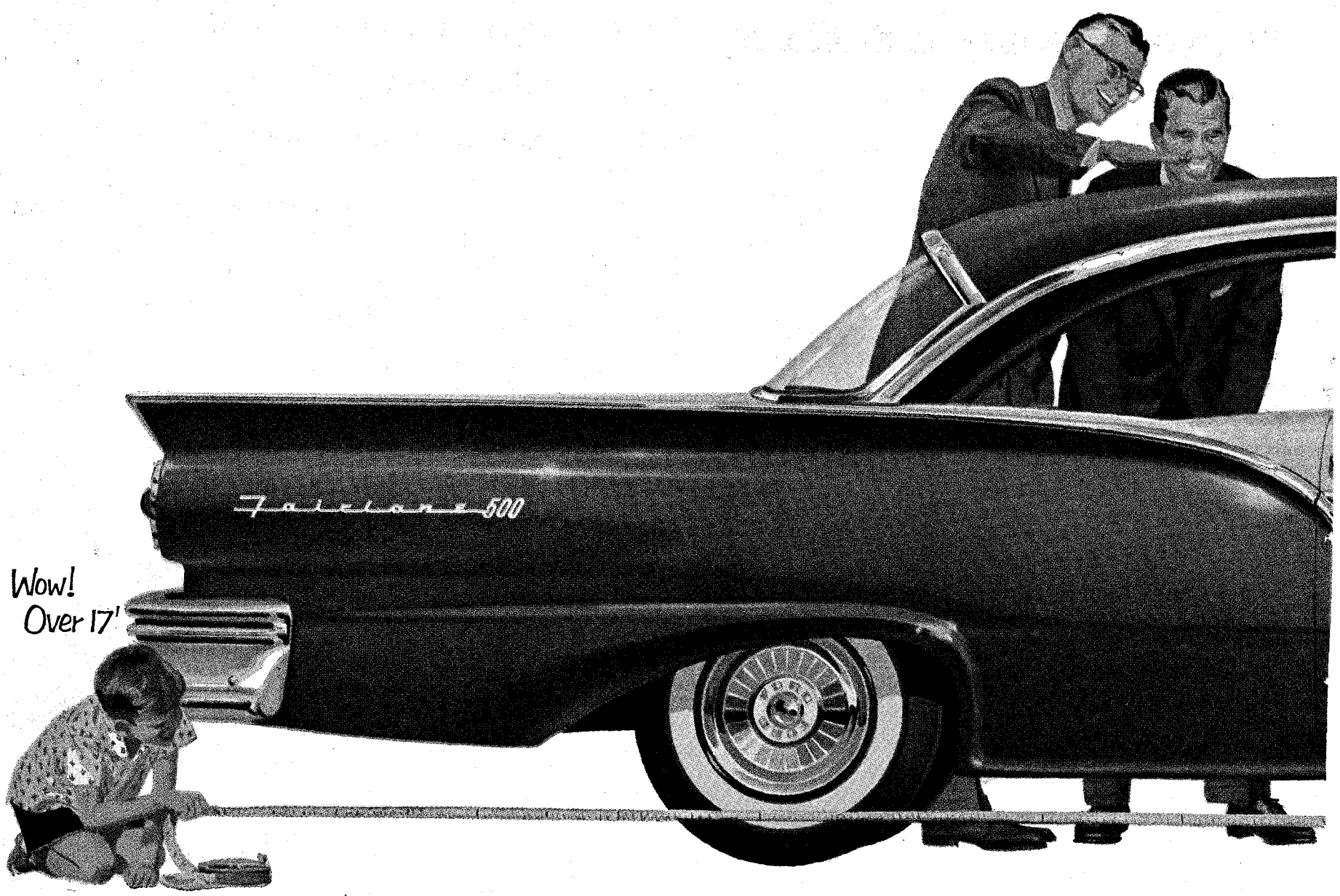
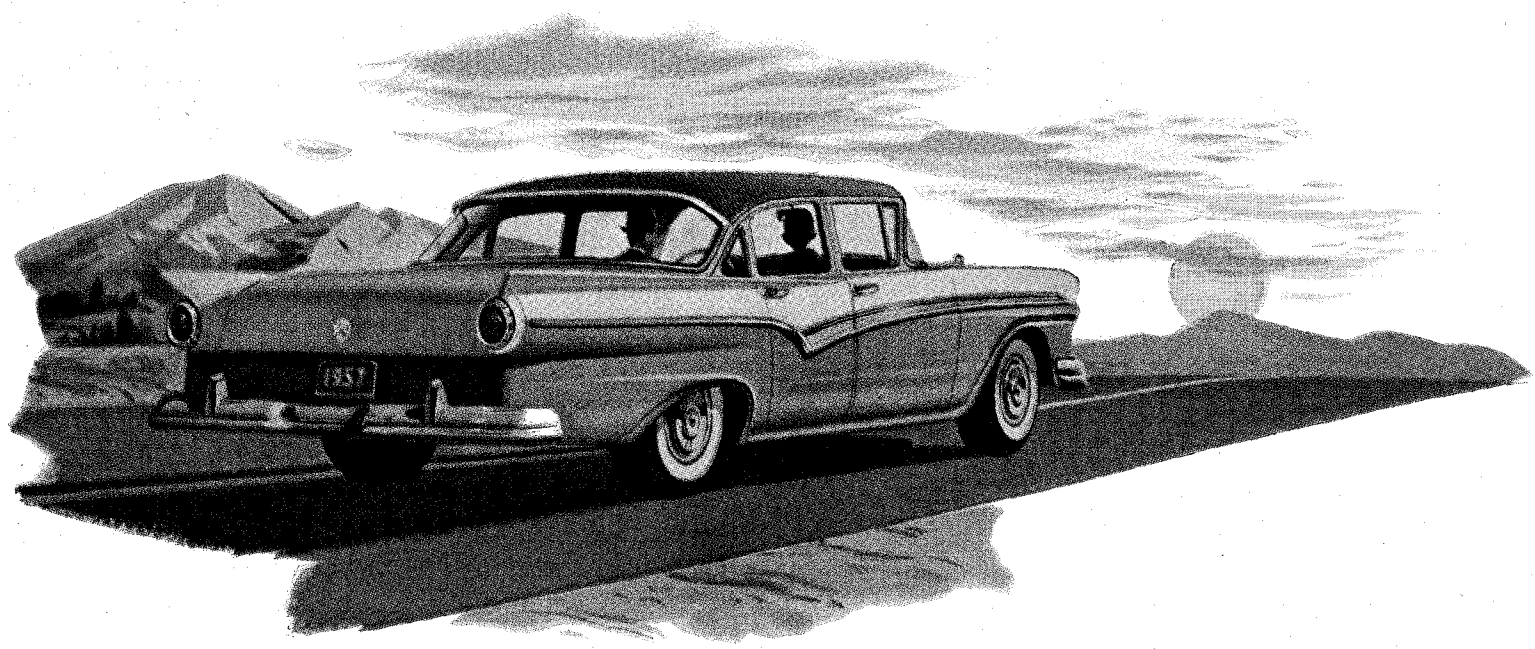


The Fairlane 500 Club Victoria: One of 9 Fairlane models in 2 series. All offer luxurious room for 12 knees, 12 elbows and six opera hats.

Picture yourself ir



The Custom 300 Fordor Sedan: Over 16 feet of steel and style, in the brilliant new color combinations. There are 19 new kinds of Fords in all—the *smartest* choice ever in the low-price field.

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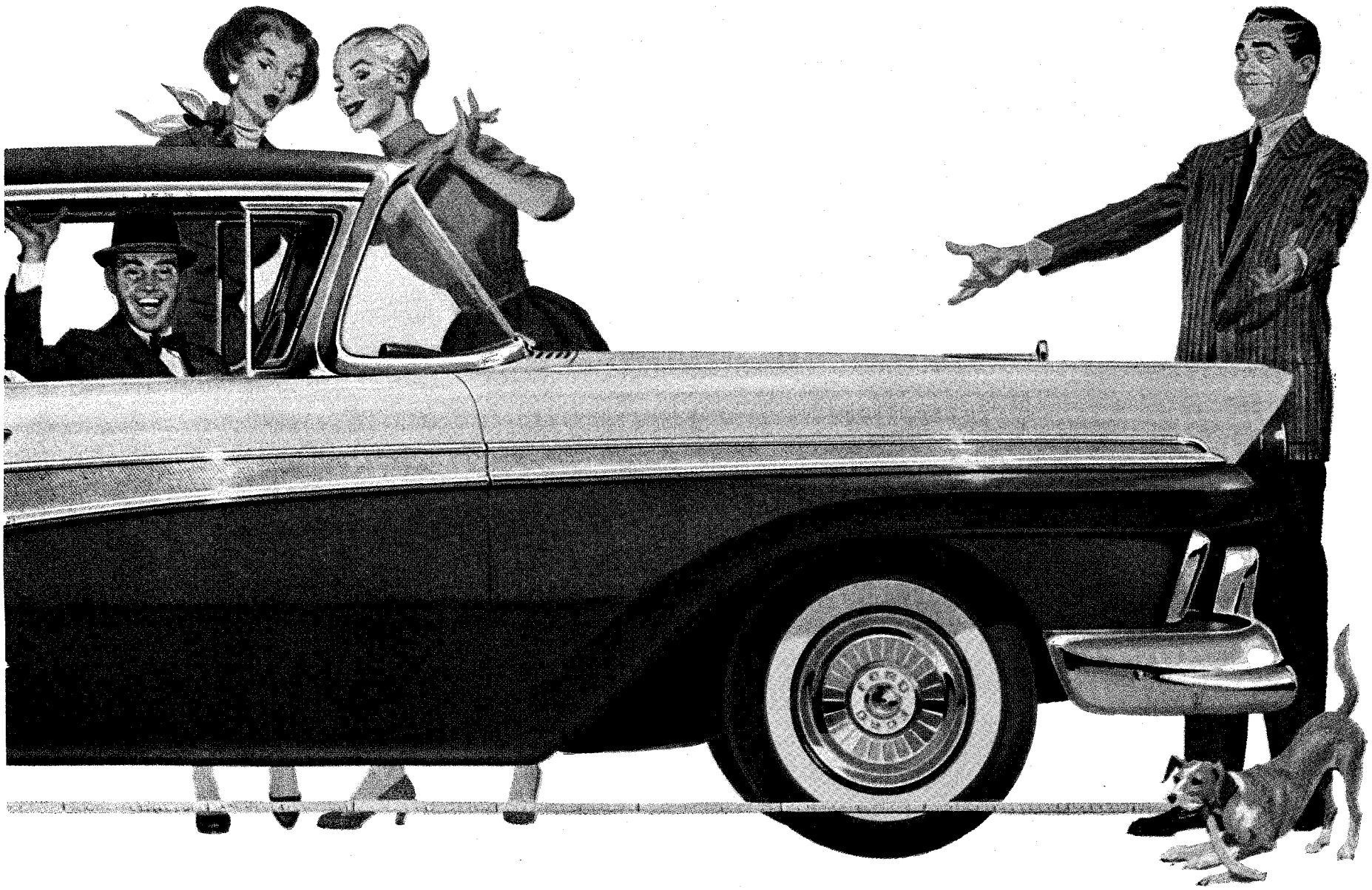

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You're the master of 245 horsepower, 245 brute horses that have been civilized by engineering into silk-soft obedience. You have the Thunderbird's own engine—the Silver Anniversary V-8 that turns figure eights around all other eights in its class. Or if you prefer Sixes, none is more modern than Ford's new Mileage Maker.

You're sitting in the glittering middle of a design that makes other cars look middle-aged. The New Kind of Ford has a hard lean honesty of design, the clear-cut stamp of leadership. It's very low: 4 feet, 8 inches. It's very wide: 21 inches wider than it is tall. It's very long: over 17 feet. But the measurements won't be in your mind when you see that scissors-sharp new shape, when you feel it move so gracefully and solidly through traffic. It's the perfect "escape" car—in which you can get away from it all—and then get back again, cruising along with effortless ease, thanks to a whole new "Inner Ford" which spreads a carpet over any road.

This is what *you* should have; this is what every home should have—at least one of the best Fords of our lives.

One great big point: you can have all this fun, all this beauty, all this power, at the traditional low Ford prices. Remember: even a five-car millionaire can only ride in one of his Fords at a time.

You can have Tomorrow's Car today. The way to begin is to go to your Ford Dealer—or call him for a test drive. You'll step right into the middle of tomorrow.

It's fun to go first in

THE NEW KIND OF FORD for '57

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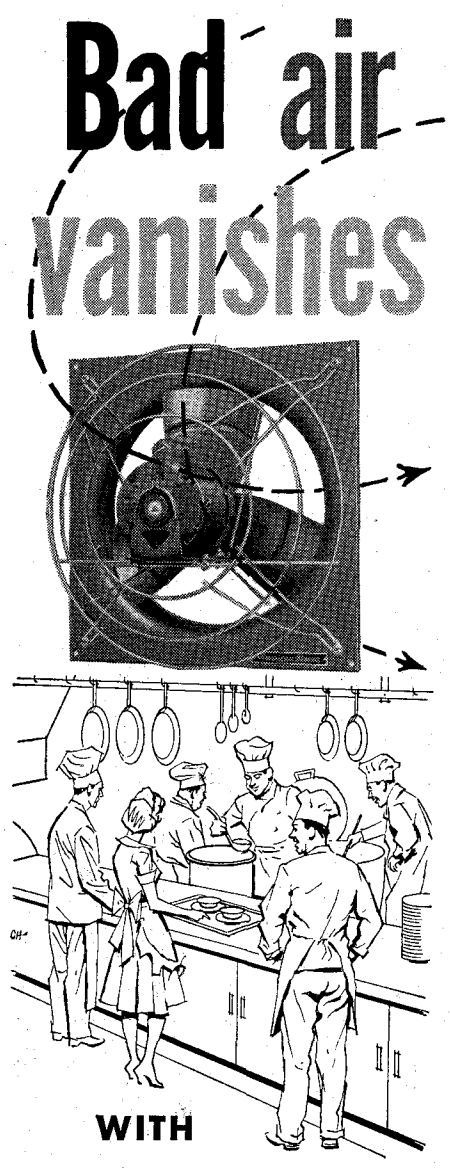

If you want to make stale air disappear from your business, office, or factory, check into American Blower Ventura Fans. These high-powered, ruggedly constructed fans are designed to give you years of trouble-free performance.

Nothing beats the quiet operation and effective ventilation they provide. Easily installed, there's a model to fit your exact needs. Certified ratings. For further information, contact your contractor or electrical supplier today.

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AMERICAN BLOWER

Division of AMERICAN-Standard

Coast to Coast Without a Stoplight

(Continued from Page 23)

housekeeping projects receive no state funds. Total Federal outlay for three years—$448,000,000.

The third work-to-be-done section—and this is the blockbuster!—recognizes 41,000 miles of our principal highways as the "National System of Interstate and Defense Highways" and directs that this system be completed to certain highway standards by the end of 1972. Federal-aid funds of $24,825,000,000 are allocated to this Interstate System development, to be matched by state funds of $2,875,000,000 at a 90–10 ratio.

Adding one billion to another, you get total certain Federal-state allocations for the fifteen-year program of $31,003,000,000—an increase of 125 per cent over the current rate of highway spending. Total probable Federal-state allocations for the same period—including future appropriations for section 1—will be about $50,000,000,000. These totals do not include highway-maintenance costs or the construction bill for non-Federal-aid roads.

If you are wondering what that $50,000,000,000 could buy in the form of other public works—just take the Panama Canal, the Grand Coulee Dam and the St. Lawrence Seaway and combine them into one tremendous construction project. You could finance twenty-nine such projects with the money we're going to put into our main highway system under this new legislation. Does fifteen years sound like a protracted work schedule to you? It took the Romans 500 years to build the 50,000 miles of their famous single-lane highway system; in the Interstate System alone we'll be building some 150,000 lane-miles of incomparably superior road in about one fortieth of that time. As for employment—by 1960, when the program reaches its peak spending level of about $8,000,000,000 a year for new construction, there will be a labor force of 900,000 working, either directly or indirectly, on the Federal-aid highways. This labor force, over the fifteen years of the program, will utilize 439,000,000 tons of steel, cement and bituminous materials. Nobody, but nobody, can estimate how much dirt will be moved. If the crushed stone to be used for the base of the roads constructed under the new program were to be dumped in conical piles, you could form 500 pyramids, each the size of Cheops'—four city blocks square and rising to the height of a forty-story building.

As this hog wallow of statistical superlatives suggests, the road-building program this country has planned for itself during the next fifteen years creates a new concept of the word "colossal." The projected improvement and reconstruction of our Federal-aid primary and secondary systems is, in itself, an enterprise of staggering dimensions; this, however, is just another road-building job when compared with the task we have undertaken in preparing the Interstate System for tomorrow's traffic.

That new title—the National System of Interstate and Defense Highways—tells the story of the road network which will receive the major portion of the brave new effort to get this country out of its national traffic jam. The Interstate System, first designated in 1944, is the 40,000-mile network of existing roads which comprise our trunk-line highways; it connects 209 of the 237 cities having a population of 50,000 or more, and serves the country's principal industrial and defense areas. A defense area, in this respect, is considered a strategic production center rather than a military base.

Though the idea of the Interstate System has been around for some time, the 1956 legislation, with a small phrase directing that local traffic needs be given an equal consideration with interstate commerce, has added an exciting new potential to the program. Spelled out, this means that the Interstate System will not only connect our major cities, it will also serve these urban centers with expressways which both bypass the built-up areas and tap the traffic sources of the city itself. This means that, for the first time, comprehensive planning and large gobs of Federal-aid money are being thrown into the fight to solve our urban-traffic tangles.

The 1956 act makes another quantitative change in the Interstate System, adding 1000 miles to the system's existing 40,000 miles of routes. This addition, for which no funds have as yet been allocated, will presumably be used to fill in certain gaps in the present system—gaps which will generate not only future traffic but also considerable political heat. Denver and Salt Lake City would like to have their connecting Route 40 in the system—making a fifth traffic corridor across the Continental Divide. Route 78, between Memphis and Birmingham, may also be added to the system. And there are six state capitals—Carson City, Annapolis, Dover, Pierre, Raleigh and Jefferson City—which are not on the Interstate System as it is presently laid out. The new urban complexes of expressways will also demand additional mileage.

Now for the $31,000,000,000 question: What sort of highways are we going to get for our money? The first fact to be noted is that the Interstate System will be built to accommodate our estimated 1975 traffic needs, plus a capacity for expansion after that date. In appearance, the roads of the new system will generally resemble the best of our present toll turnpikes. They will be broad ribbons of highways on rights of way varying from 150 to 300 feet wide, depending upon the terrain, the type of country and the number of lanes involved. Most of these rights of way will be fenced in and all will be reserved exclusively for highway use—which means there will be no billboards and none of the commercial development which flanks most of our present highway system. Service stations, motels and restaurants will be located either on frontage roads which parallel the highway or on the intersecting roads which lead to the interchanges. Most rights of way will provide space for future expansion, making the system a reasonably permanent development.

The built-in design speeds of the new system—fifty-to-seventy-mile-per-hour minimums in rural areas and a fifty-mile-per-hour minimum in urban areas—call for gentle grades and slow curves. Legal speed limits will be set by the states. Traffic lanes will have a minimum width of twelve feet, and all-weather shoulders will be from six to ten feet wide. The dividing, or median, strips on the multilane sections of the system will be at least thirty-six feet wide in rural areas and no less than four feet wide in built-up urban areas. Most of the access roads at the interchanges will merge with the traffic flow over speed-change lanes. Road surfacing will vary in the several states, but all of it will conform to the highest standards of modern highway construction. Serious consideration is now being given to the advisability of setting aside a nationwide broadcasting band (like Canelrod) so that local traffic information can be radioed to users of the Interstate System.

The planners of the new system—the forty-eight state highway departments and the Federal Bureau of Public Roads—currently estimate that some 28,000 miles of the new system will have four lanes—two in each direction, with a dividing median strip—and that 5000 to 6000 miles of the network will call for more than four lanes. Some 7000 miles of the Interstate's 40,000 miles of highway will be two-lane, without a median strip. These two-lane sections will occur in sparsely settled rural areas where the traffic flow will be, generally, less than 5000 vehicles a day in 1975. On such sections there will be some intersections at grade, but as most of these intersecting roads will carry fewer than fifty vehicles a day, they will create no great traffic hazard. As the construction program gets into high gear, new estimates of the future traffic flow on these two-lane sections will probably change some of them to four-lane highways. The two-lane sections will (Continued on Page 59)

"I believe Henry would like to get a word in."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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GREATEST GUY IN THE WORLD!

The man who takes his family OUT to dine!

A very popular fellow! With his Lady, because she still loves a date with him . . . and a meal she doesn't have to cook! Popular with small Daughter, who finds dining out a most sophisticated pleasure. And with Son, because—to him—a choice of different desserts makes it a party. It's the high spot of the week, *every* week. And, whether Dad takes 'em to a big hotel, famous restaurant or the friendly, local eating place, he's the man of the hour. The greatest guy in the world!

It's a happy family habit to eat out once a week!

IN COOPERATION WITH NATIONAL RESTAURANT ASSOCIATION

P.S. This very sincere compliment to the Food Service Industry comes with best wishes from the General Foods Institutional Products Division.

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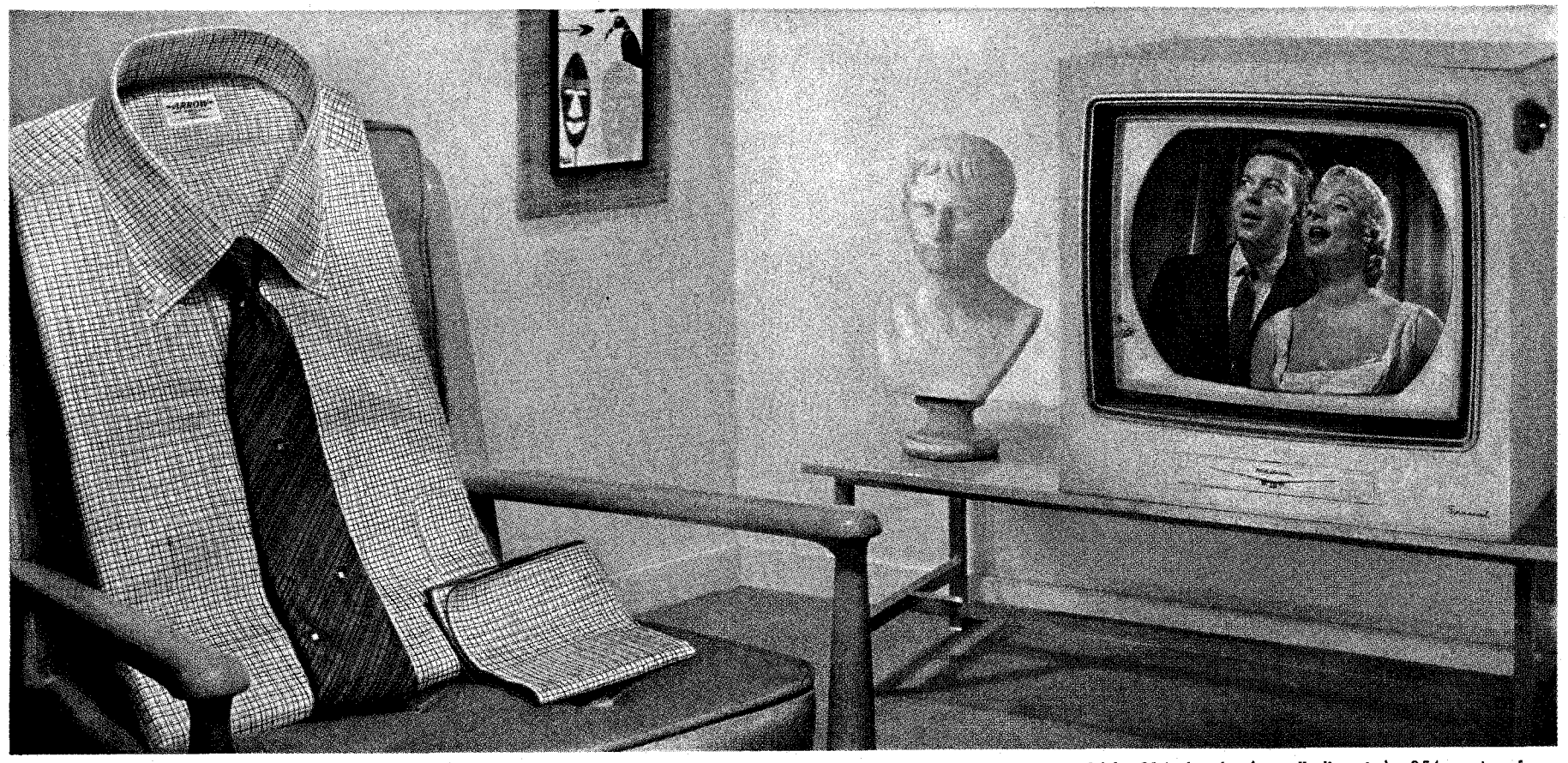
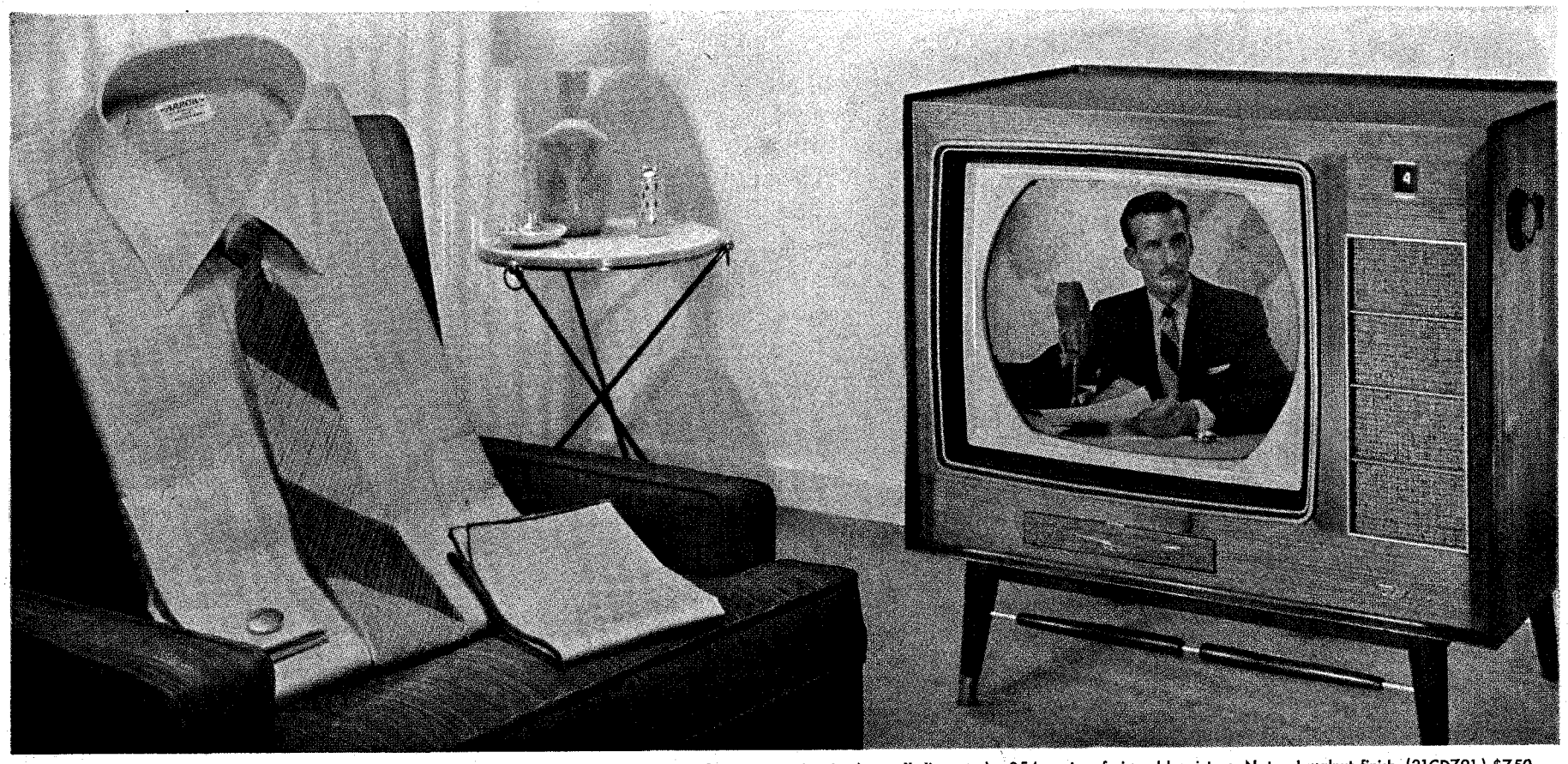
THIS IS THE LOOK OF



Arrow Shirts, $5.00, All-silk Ties, $2.50, Handkerchief, $.75

Aldrich. 21-inch tube (overall diameter)—254 sq. in. of viewable picture. Limed oak grained finish. (21CS781.) $495.



Arrow Shirts, $5.00, All-silk Ties, $2.50, Handkerchief, $.75

Asbury Deluxe. 21-inch tube (overall diameter)—254 sq. in. of viewable picture. Natural walnut finish. (21CD791.) $750.

Compatible Colors to wear by ARROW...

You won't have to decide what colors to wear together with this exciting new Compatible Color group by Arrow. These shirts, ties, and handkerchiefs were color-styled to go with each other . . . and to harmonize perfectly with almost any suit you own. And all are Arrows, through and through. Shirts are carefully tailored to fit you *exactly,* "Sanforized"-labeled, to stay that way. And . . . you can't buy a longer-wearing shirt. *Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.*

ARROW first in fashion

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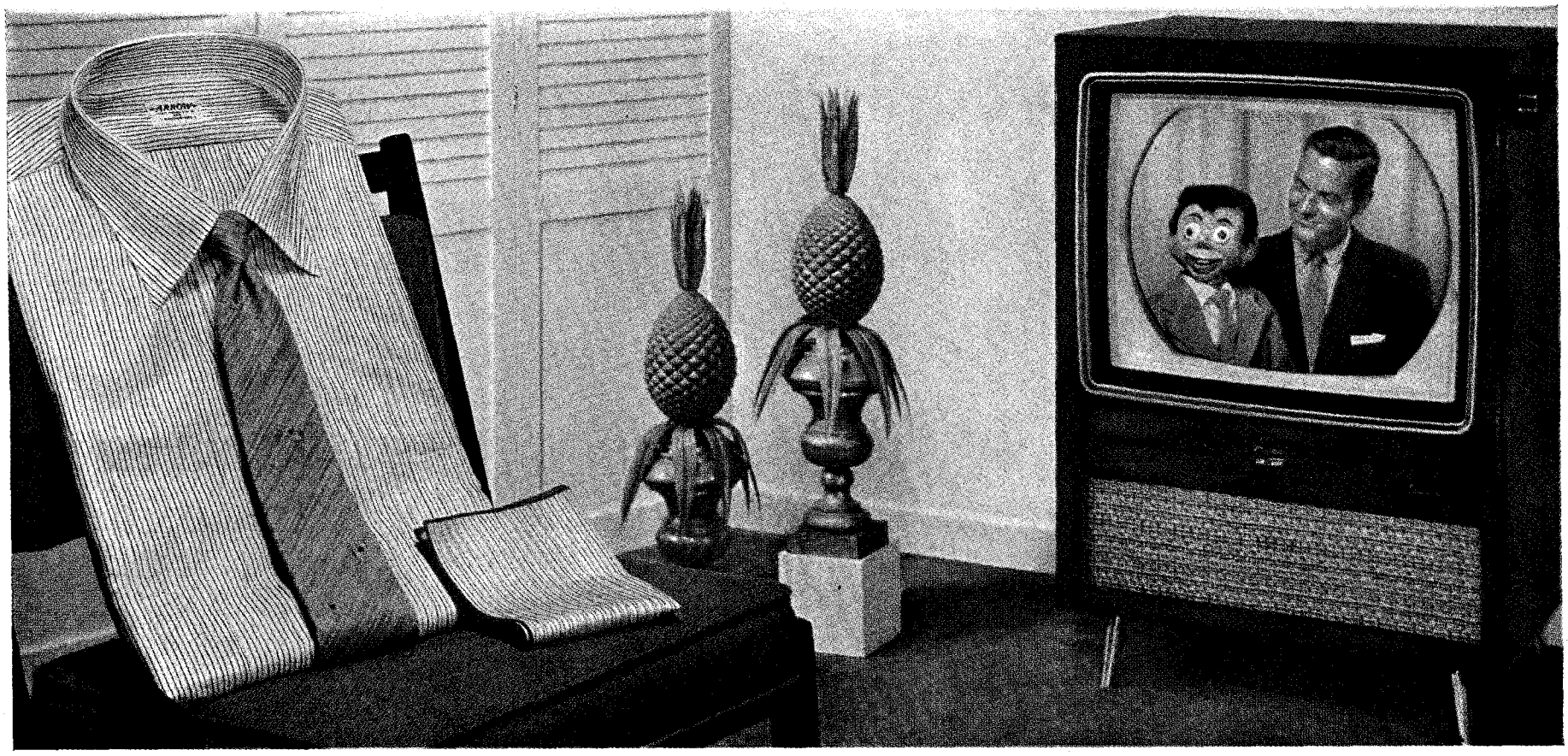
COMPATIBLE COLOR

Arrow Shirts, $3.95, All-silk Ties, $2.50, Handkerchief, $.50

Arliss Deluxe. 21-inch tube (overall diameter)—254 sq. in. of viewable picture. Genuine mahogany veneers and solids. (21CD797.) $850.



Arrow Shirts, $5.00, All-silk Ties, $2.50, Handkerchief, $.75

Westcott. 21-inch tube (overall diameter)—254 sq. in. of viewable picture. Mahogany grained finish. (21CT785.) $595.

Compatible Colors to see by RCA VICTOR

Don't wait! Starting this Fall you can see TV shows in "*Living Color*" *every night of the week*—see regular black-and-white programs, too—on the same set! It's new RCA Victor Compatible Color TV—now as low as $495 . . . a price once paid for black-and-white TV alone. Ask your RCA Victor dealer for a demonstration and about easy credit terms.

SEE TOP SHOWS IN COLOR and black-and-white over NBC-TV: "The Perry Como Show," Sat., Oct. 20; "Saturday Color Carnival," Oct. 27. Co-sponsored by RCA Victor. Manufacturer's nationally advertised VHF list prices shown. UHF opt., ex. Some sets slightly higher far West, South, Canada. Specifications and prices subject to change.

Symbol of RCA Victor Compatible Color TV

RCA VICTOR RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

RCA PIONEERED AND DEVELOPED COMPATIBLE COLOR TELEVISION

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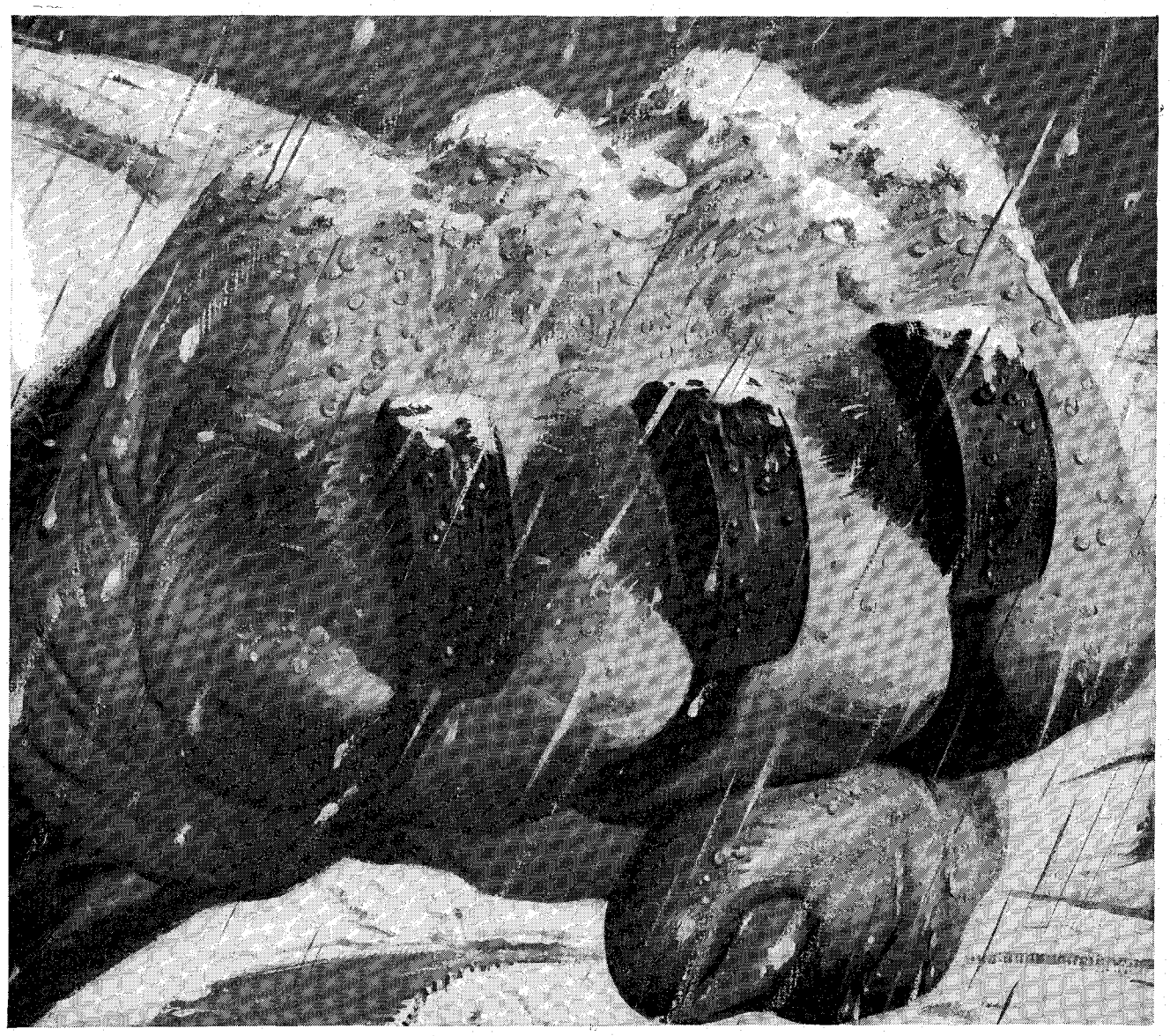
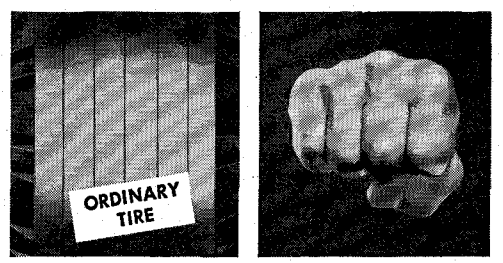
ARMSTRONG—Only Snow Tire with a KNOCK-OUT PUNCH FOR SKIDS!

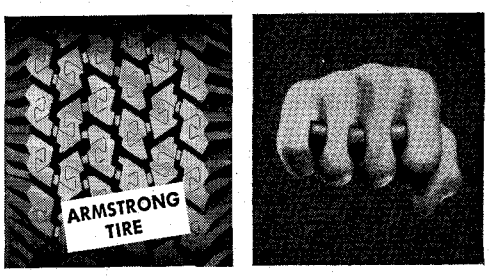


ARMSTRONG'S "Ounce of Prevention"

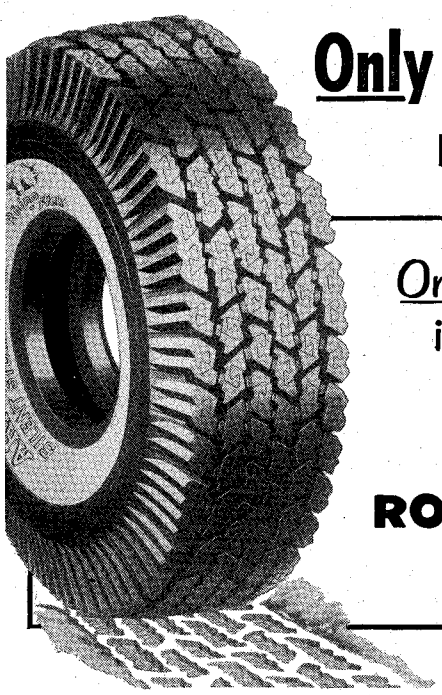
Safety Discs give greatest skid protection ever!



Just like the edges of your fist, tread ribs of ordinary tires tend to compress into a smooth and slippery surface under brake pressure. This pressure causes the tread to lose its grip on the road — *and you skid!* Icy, snowy roads become death traps.



With Armstrong Snow Tires, patented interlocking tread *can't compress! Can't* squeeze together. For, just like your fingers when you put rubber discs between them, "Ounce of Prevention" discs keep the gripping edges apart. You get *43% more traction.* Tread *can't* lose its grip on icy or snow covered roads . . . thus *preventing dangerous skids!*



Only Snow Tire that rides silently even on dry pavement!

NO DRONING — NO MOANING — NO GROANING

Only snow tire with interlocking tread... gives up to **43% MORE ROAD-GRIPPING TRACTION**

Amazing new Armstrong Silent Storm King Tires protect you and your family as no other tire can, from *skids* — the *major cause* of tire failure accidents.

This new tire has been tested for traction, total mileage, stability and riding comfort against *every mud and snow tire* available to you today. *None came close on any count!*

Armstrong gives you safer, surer grip on packed snow and ice . . . up to *43% higher traction* in deep snow than any other tire. Armstrong gives you almost *twice* the tire mileage!

Armstrong's engineering experts have eliminated annoying road noises present in *all* other snow tires. Silent Storm King Tires are so *silent* you can leave them on your car *all year 'round!* You can talk to back seat passengers without raising your voice.

Visit your Armstrong dealer today. Find out how little it costs to drive worry-free in *any* kind of weather.

Armstrong Silent Storm King Tires Carry The Usual ARMSTRONG LIFETIME ROAD HAZARD UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE!

ARMSTRONG Silent Storm King TIRES

TUBELESS AND REGULAR

MAKERS OF ARMSTRONG PURE FOAM FOR FURNITURE AND BEDDING, HOME OFFICE WEST HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

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(*Continued from Page 54*) have the same capacity for expansion and the same construction standards as the multilane sections of the system.

The urban expressways—that part of the system to be built within the metropolitan areas—will be four-to-eight-lane highways designed for a minimum traffic movement of fifty miles per hour. Such expressways will be without grade crossings, traffic lights or intersections. In the case of large urban centers, these high-speed traffic arteries will form a road complex which will completely change the traffic pattern (and in many cases, the growth pattern) of the city.

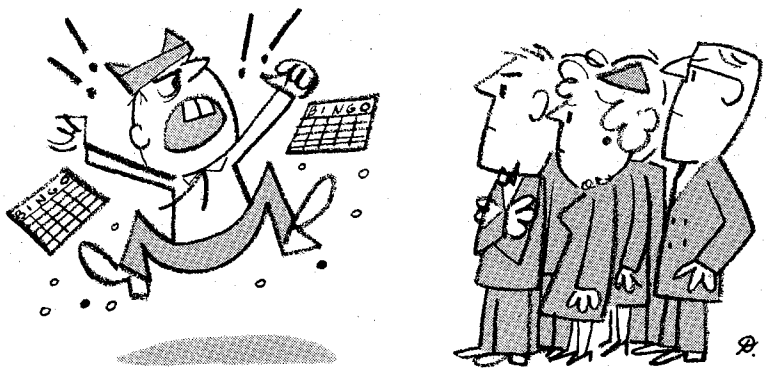
Kansas City, as an example, will have five approaches on the Interstate System—from Council Bluffs; Des Moines; St. Louis; Newton, Kansas; and Topeka. At the outskirts of the city, each of these five approaches will have an interchange with a circumferential expressway, or belt line, which will ring the entire urban area. Within the circle formed by this belt line, each of the five approaches will continue to a meeting place at approximately the center of the city. Thus, through traffic can circumnavigate or bisect the city, while center-city traffic can reach the belt line with a few minutes of easy driving.

In the case of a smaller city—take Schenectady, New York—the Interstate route between Albany and Utica will graze the outskirts of the urban area, while a shallow-loop expressway will diverge from the through route to serve the inner city.

It is axiomatic among highway engineers that no main highway is any better than the total of sustained traffic it can carry. This, indeed, is why the engineers allude to the new Interstate System as one of freeways—the "free" meaning a free movement of traffic. Once highways are planned and built to certain standards, a free flow of traffic must be insured by limiting the points of access to the traffic flow. Any reader can think of a number of excellent highways which have been spoiled as traffic channels by the constant build-up of intersecting traffic. Such impediments to the free flow of traffic—whether they are created by intersecting roads or the ribbon developments which spring up along main highways—not only destroy much of the usefulness of the highway, they also depreciate the investment in the road itself. Often, the only solution is to build a new highway loop to bypass such bottlenecks. And, later, a second bypass to bypass the first bypass.

From an operating point of view, traffic studies have indicated that the average motorist can save as much as four cents a mile—in gas, oil, tires, time, and so on—when he uses a controlled-access rather than an ordinary highway. Safety-wise, controlled-access highways are four times as safe as ordinary roads in rural areas and twice as safe as ordinary arterials in city areas.

The planners of the Interstate System consider control of access the most important feature of the new program. Without (*Continued on Page 61*)



The Perfect Squelch

Although Tom Blaher's military service totaled only ninety days in an Army camp as a baker's helper, he was an especially noisy advocate of veterans' rights. When a group called on him to complain about the public bingo games which Tom ran at the local veterans club, he was obviously irritated. He listened with mounting impatience as the group's spokesman explained how the noise of the games kept neighbors from sleeping, and how they often couldn't move their automobiles because of the jam of parked cars on bingo nights.

As soon as the spokesman paused, Tom launched into a long we-fought-and-bled-for-you speech, stressing the tremendous sacrifices made by veterans and the vast debt owed them by the public. Then, with dramatic suddenness, he paused, pointed an accusing finger at the spokesman, and snapped, "I don't suppose you were in the service?"

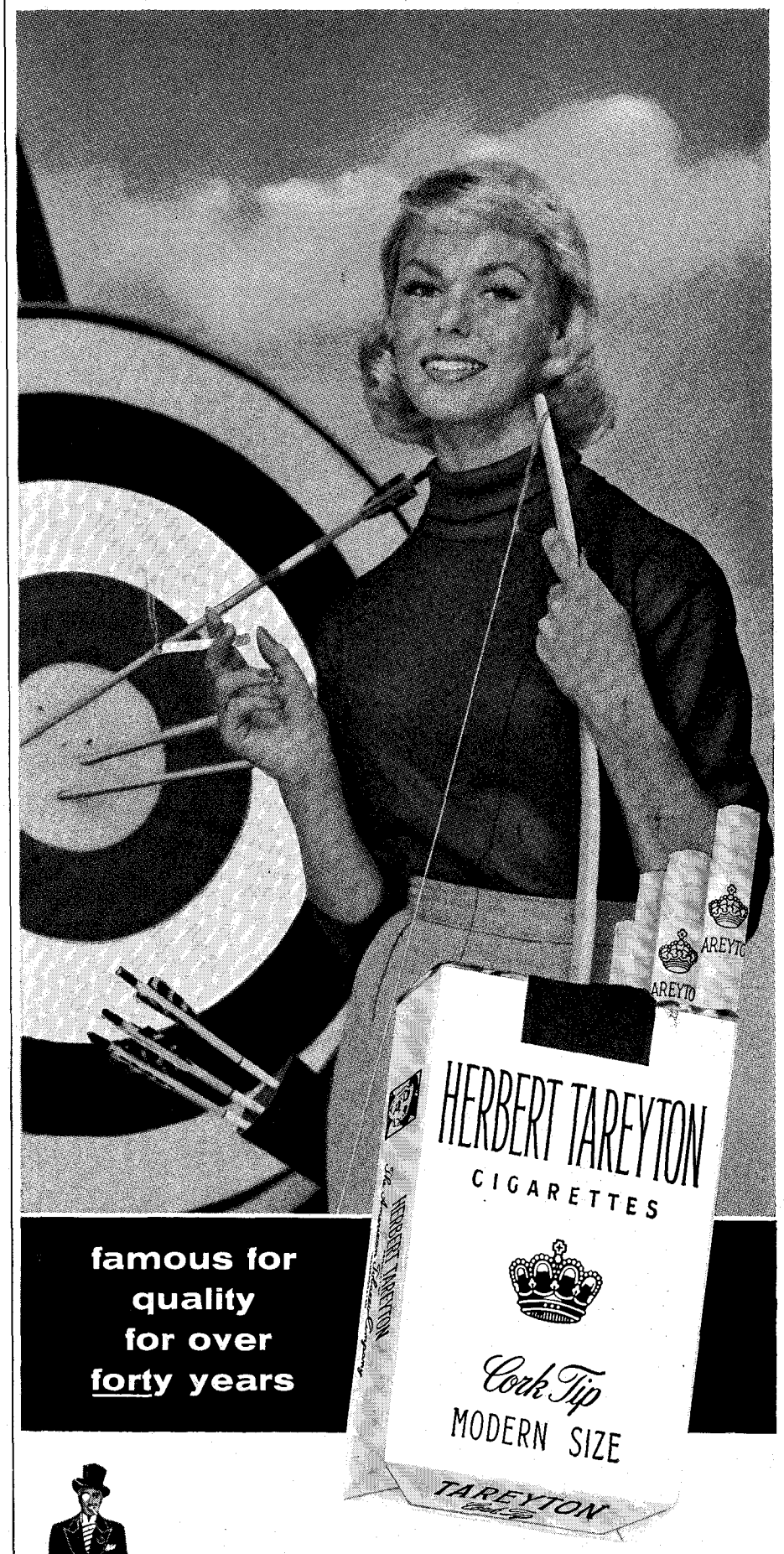
The spokesman, who happened to have several medals and a dozen battle scars, snorted. "I spent more time in chloroform," he said quietly, "than you did in uniform."

Harvey Reid

discriminating smokers prefer

HERBERT TAREYTON

with the genuine cork tip



famous for quality for over forty years

You, like discriminating smokers everywhere, will prefer Herbert Tareyton's mild, rich-tasting blend of famous quality tobaccos...the king size that gives you an extra measure of better smoking. And you'll like the genuine cork tip that protects your lips, that stays so pleasantly firm and fresh. Try Herbert Tareyton—it's a finer cigarette, the most enjoyable you could smoke!

© A.T. CO.

PRODUCT OF The American Tobacco Company AMERICA'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF CIGARETTES

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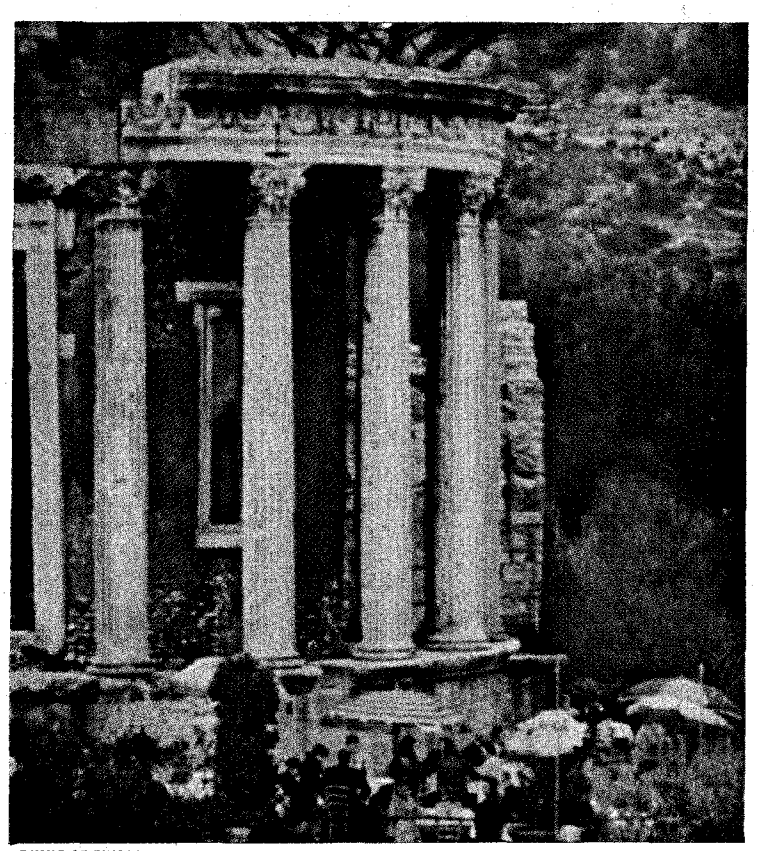
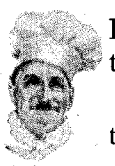
"Only a true Italian chef could bring you such spaghetti"



RUINS AT TIVOLI

Chef BOY-AR-DEE SPAGHETTI
Chef BOY-AR-DEE SPAGHETTI DINNER Sauce with Meat
Chef BOY-AR-DEE SPAGHETTI SAUCE with MEAT
Chef BOY-AR-DEE Grated Cheese

Complete makings in one box



Here is spaghetti in the best Italian tradition! Truly irresistible. . . .

Made the way Chef Boy-Ar-Dee learned to make it in his native Milan.

The moment you taste Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Dinner, you detect the perfect balance of flavors that distinguishes the true Italian dish.

And see how easy it is to serve! All the makings come in one handy package:

A box of fine Italian spaghetti, ready to cook . . .

plus a big can of Chef Sauce—with Meat or Mushrooms—ready to heat. Made with red ripe tomatoes, lovingly spiced with special Italian seasonings . . .

and then a can of grated Italian-style cheese to add the crowning touch.

Takes only 12 minutes to prepare—enough for 3 hungry people. Costs only about 14¢ a serving, so you can enjoy this Italian-style treat *often!*

CHEF BOY-AR-DEE®
Spaghetti Dinner
with meat or mushroom sauce

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(*Continued from Page 59*) planned access and inviolate rights of way, they point out, the new system will soon slide back into the same confused, costly and dangerous traffic pattern which plagues our present highways.

Control of access will also, inevitably, be one of the more controversial features of the new system. Every interchange is a compromise between too many and too few; there must be enough interchanges to serve local traffic, but not so many that they slow the movement of through traffic.

Though the problem of placing interchanges is one that can be solved only with local conditions and needs in mind, experience has taught highway engineers that the practical minimum between points of access is about one mile. This distance gives traffic just about enough room and time to shift from the inside, through lanes to the outside, speed-change lanes, and vice versa. In rural areas, where local convenience rather than heavy traffic is the governing condition, interchanges on the new system will probably be four or five miles apart. Unlike toll roads, the Interstate System will not have to furnish its interchanges with toll booths and administrative personnel; as a result, the new freeways will have many more interchanges than are customarily built into the toll turnpikes.

I Forgot Cousin Sarah!

Did you ever "wake up" with the horrible realization that you haven't gotten a Christmas gift for "Cousin Sarah"?

Now would be a good time to check over your gift list carefully so that you can avoid all that. And one of the nicest ways to remember folks at Christmastime is with a gift subscription to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST!

The POST is an ideal gift—one that lasts all year through too. It's so easy to give and, with the special Christmas prices, YOU SAVE by ordering two or more one-year gifts at the same time.

You'll find a handy order form bound in most copies of this issue. Why not send it in right away? There's no need to pay now. We'll be glad to send a bill next January!

The fact that the Interstate System is already 40,000 miles of actual, functioning roads poses some interesting and difficult problems in locating the new network of highways. Planning engineers look upon the present routes as traffic corridors; roads built under the new program will follow these corridors—though they will not necessarily follow the alignment of the present roads.

The deciding factor here will generally be an economic one based on the cost of acquiring sufficient right of way along the path of the existing road. Where the borders of the present roads are developed, the new Interstate highways will generally be located to one side of—anywhere from a few yards to several miles away—and paralleling the existing route. In some cases the present road will then serve as a frontage or service road for the new highway. There will also be situations where the engineers find that it is cheaper to build an entirely new, paralleling road than rebuild the old road under heavy traffic conditions.

No one yet knows just how much of the new system will follow the alignment of the old roads. As of August 1, 1956—a month after the Highway Act had become a law—final location approval had been given to 13,000 of the 40,000 miles of the new system; 62 per cent of this 13,000 miles is to be relocated, 38 per cent built along the path of existing roads. Most of this mileage was in rural areas—where costly right-of-way purchases were not involved—and many experts feel that these first percentages were weighted rather heavily on the side of using existing routes. A safe guess might be that at least 75 per cent of the new system will be completely new, relocated highway.

This brings up the question of what will happen in the case of towns located on the present Interstate System. The answer is unequivocal: the new highways will go around them. Access roads, generally built with Federal-aid-to-primary-roads money—50 per cent from Uncle Sam and 50 per cent from the state—will angle out from either side of the town to the new highway. Economic studies have shown that such a bypass for through traffic invariably benefits a small town by easing congestion in its shopping and business centers. Where the access roads join the new highway an arrangement of official signs will direct through traffic to the town's service, restaurant and motel facilities. The very fact that the bypass will be a controlled-access highway, with no commercial development on its right of way, will protect these existing highway-service businesses.

The urban expressway links on the new Interstate System will represent, for the most part, new construction. Though a score of our largest cities have made brave beginnings on the construction of a comprehensive network of intracity expressways, the vast majority of our urban centers are still solving their traffic problems on the engineers' drawing boards. Los Angeles, with a good start, is already discovering that its expressways are being saturated as fast as it builds them—this because the completed parts draw traffic that should be spread over a comprehensive system. California was one of the first states to recognize that the state government had a responsibility in getting people in and out of and through cities. In most states, however, state and Federal aid have not been provided for what have been considered purely city traffic problems, so that city governments have had to limit themselves to their municipal budgets. Now, with the new highway act, we're attacking that problem on a national scale.

The two biggest problems facing the builders of the new system's urban links are long-range planning and the acquisition of rights of way. Any reader can vicariously sample the agonies involved if he will take a map of a large metropolitan area with which he is familiar. First draw a belt line roughly circumscribing the main area of the city; then locate two or three controlled-access expressways which will connect the business and industrial centers of the city with the belt line and the cross-country-highway approaches to the urban area—remembering all the while that these expressways must tap traffic that will be generated in 1975. Now sit back and contemplate the cost and effort involved in acquiring the 200-foot rights of way for this network and the engineering problems to be met in carrying local traffic over or under the expressways, and then compound the problems by introducing apparently endless delays occasioned by public hearings, material shortages and (*Continued on Page 64*)

"This is Mary's night to call home"

And Mary calls home—collect—same time, same night every week. In between times, too, when something comes up. That regular call is a wonderful way to keep in touch with son or daughter away at school.

All you have to do is *suggest* the idea. They'll love it. And it costs far less than you'd guess.

LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW

Here are some examples:

Milwaukee to South Bend, Ind.	50¢
Cincinnati to Ann Arbor, Mich.	65¢
Cleveland to Ithaca, N.Y.	70¢
Los Angeles to Tucson, Ariz.	90¢
Tulsa to Baton Rouge, La.	95¢

These are the Station-to-Station rates for the first three minutes, after 6 o'clock every night and all day Sunday. They do not include the 10% federal excise tax.

Call by Number. It's Twice as Fast.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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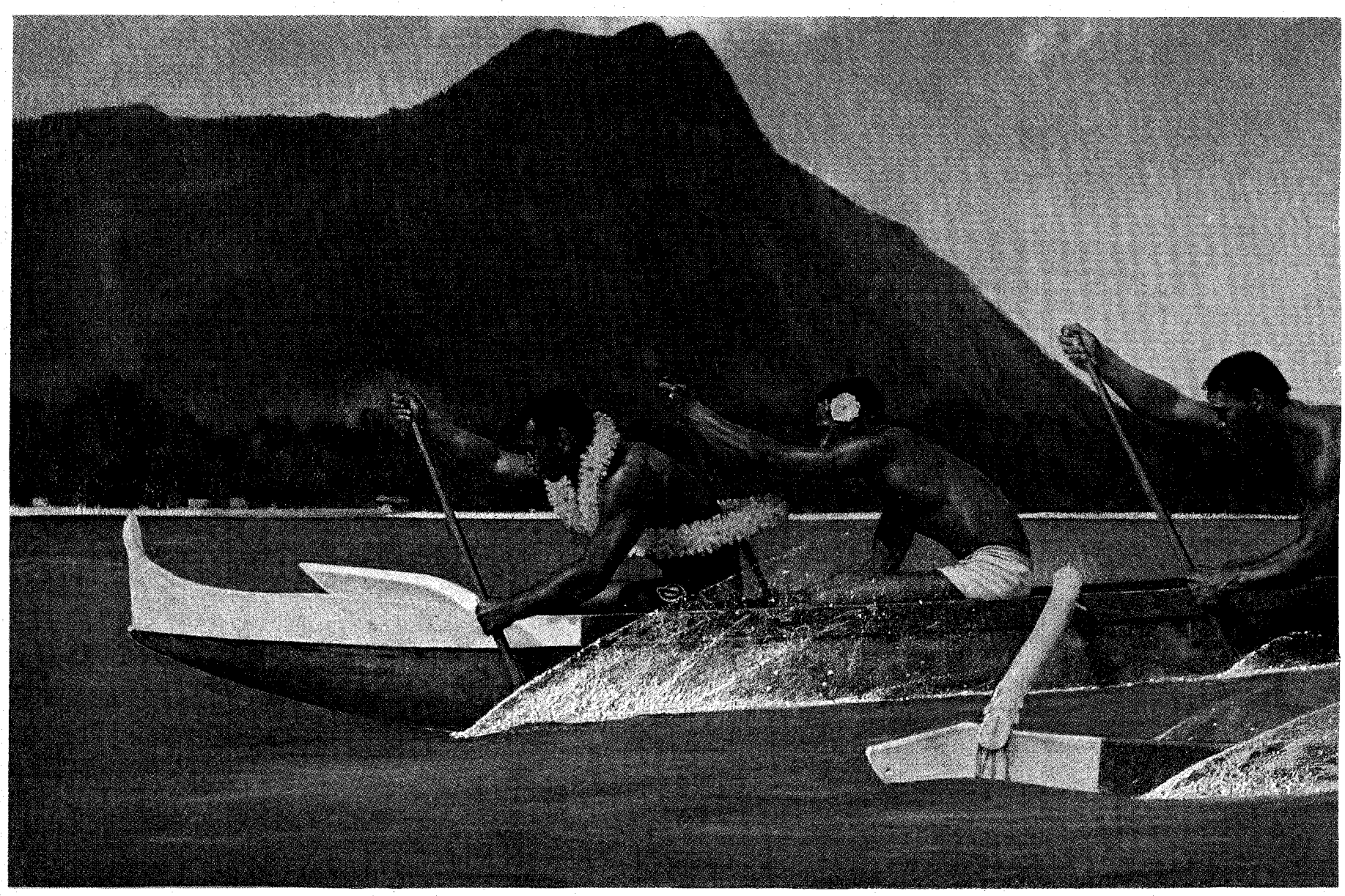
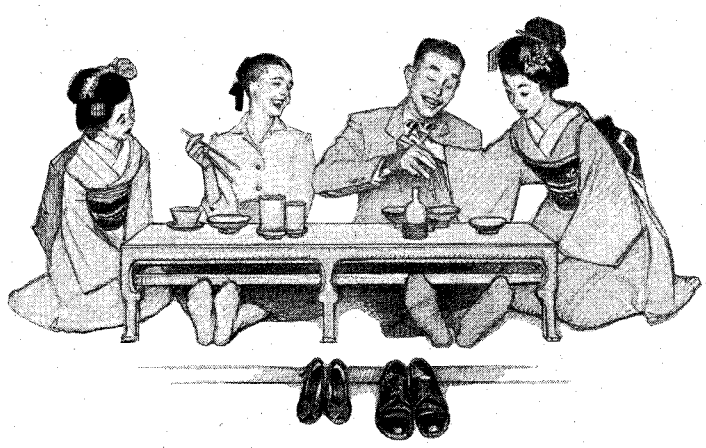
"The thing to do with life



Westward or Eastward—Hawaii, the paradise of the Pacific, is on Pan American's skyway to adventure 'round the world.



Half the fun of eating native dishes is not using a knife and fork. In Japan, you'll use *hashi*.

Temple of the Emerald Buddha in Bangkok is a surviving testament to a half-forgotten kingdom.

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October 20, 1956

is Live it!"

And one of the nicest ways to Live it

begins with a call to Pan Am. Then leave home for anywhere

—over 600 offices to smooth your way all over the world.

Join the Pan American parade down the main street of the world. One wonderful experience follows on the heels of another.

See the frolicking tumble of the Hawaiian surf. The moment of wonder as Fujiyama rises from a silver mist. Smell the exotic scents of hibiscus, frangipani and spice shops of the faraway Pacific islands. Watch the Middle East step out of storybooks. Hear the hurdy-gurdy tinkling Neapolitan folk songs. Stand before the haunting Colosseum, near the spot where Mark Antony once spoke. Soon Paris will be flirting boldly with your heart.

All the world's ready to greet you. Now you're really living life—and loving it!

What are you waiting for? Why not meet the world halfway? Get your Travel Agent or Pan American on the telephone right now. Start planning your next vacation on Pan American—the *only* airline that can fly you all the way 'round the world and to most places in between.

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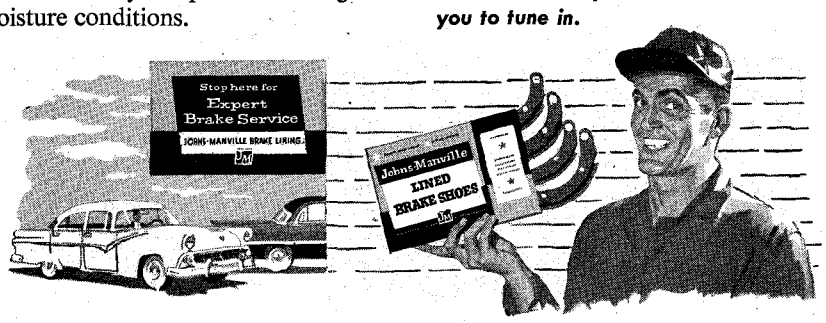

JOHNS-MANVILLE JM PRODUCTS

Johns-Manville

The Oldest Name in Brake Lining

(*Continued from Page 61*) litigation. This is the task which must be accomplished by our urban officials and our forty-eight state highway departments during the next few years if our cities are not to choke to death on their own traffic. The new Federal program provides 90 per cent of the money for this job, and also sets the time limit for its completion.

Though cutting traffic corridors through the hearts of our cities may at first seem like a horrendous economic waste, the experience of highway planners to date has proved that such developments actually profit every section of the urban community. Property holders on the expressway sites are paid a fair sum for their equities, while land adjacent to expressways invariably increases in value. Most important, the combination of the inner-city expressways and the belt lines enables the city to spread its former boundaries of convenience and creates new realty values in all directions. A happy by-product of all these expressway developments is that they invariably do an excellent job of slum clearance as they knife through the poorer sections of the city.

Boston's circumferential expressway, Route 128, which loops around the city ten miles from its center, has created industrial and housing sites worth millions in what was formerly marginal farmland. Houston's freeway to Galveston has developments hugging its route far beyond the city limits, while the Los Angeles Santa Ana Freeway has spawned a whole complex of communities in the dry farmland to the south of the city. What this all proves, of course, is that it is travel time and not distance which governs the growth of urban and suburban areas. The projected expressways should create enough new wealth to pay for themselves many times over.

The first section of our economy to feel the blast effect of the 1956 Highway Act was the toll turnpikes—both those in operation and those in the planning stage. Currently, there are 1500 miles of operating toll roads on the Interstate System and 1100 miles under construction or financed. Under the provisions of the bill, toll roads which lie on the Interstate System and which meet the engineering standards of the new program—and most of them do—and for which there is an alternate free highway, will become a part of the system and, for the present, remain toll roads. The time qualification is necessary because Congress has not yet decided what to do about the problem of incorporating the toll roads into the Interstate System. The Secretary of Commerce, through the Bureau of Public Roads, and the various state highway departments are directed to study the toll-road situation and report back to Congress during January, 1958. At that time a policy will be established; in all probability some arrangement will eventually be worked out for satisfying the bondholders and opening certain of the toll turnpikes to free travel.

Such an arrangement would liquidate most of the toll roads in New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Oklahoma, Kansas and possibly several other states. It would still leave unsolved the knotty problem of what to do with the toll turnpikes, tunnels and bridges which do not revert to state ownership when the bondholders' investment is amortized. Both Maine and the Port of New York Authority want to keep their facilities as perpetual revenue producers, and there is some feeling that the immensely profitable New Jersey Turnpike may want to remain permanently in business as a toll collector.

These independently financed authorities reason that most of their income derives from out-of-state riders, so why plug up a profitable well when the money collected can be used for other state-road improvements? What would happen if the state highway departments were to build toll-free, competing highways, using the Interstate System's Federal-aid money, is still just an interesting speculation.

It was fortunate, in a way, that the Federal Interstate Highway program became a law at a time when the financial community and the road planners were taking a long second look at the toll-road boom. The experience of several states—that poorly conceived toll roads can become financial headaches once they cease being a novelty ride—had occasioned the postponement or reconsideration of a number of big projects. Most of these plans—such as the Chicago-Omaha, the Saginaw-Detroit, the Oklahoma City-Fort Worth, Dallas-Houston and the Buffalo-Columbus-Cincinnati-Louisville routes—will now be carried out as a part of the Interstate program. There may be a few exceptions, such as the projected Miami-Jacksonville turnpike—another bid for out-of-state tourist dollars—but in general it looks as though large-scale Federal spending has pinched off the toll-road boom.

All of us will be paying for, suffering through and benefiting from this vast highway-building program for the next fifteen years. Though the most intense activity will be centered on the nationwide trunk highways of the Interstate System, all other Federal-aid highways, including the farm-to-market roads, will reflect some measure of increased Government spending. In this situation it is fitting that we know whom to praise as we roll onto a new stretch of expressway and whom to cuss as we bump over a construction detour.

The program as a whole was conceived by the Bureau of Public Roads, the forty-eight state highway departments and fact-finding commissions and experts too numerous to mention. The engineering standards of the Interstate System highways were established by the bureau and the American Association of State Highway Officials. The new roads will be sited, engineered and built by the various state highway departments, with the actual work being done by the highway-construction industry. Locations, plans and the standards of completed work must all be approved at some level of the Federal Government, from the Secretary of Commerce down to the Bureau of Roads engineering offices in each state. The sum of all this is that the states initiate and build, the Federal Government exercises a veto power and pays 90 per cent of the cost.

When the demands of the fifteen-year program were first totaled, with millions and billions of tons of this and that, there were some questions as to whether the United States had the resources to build the Interstate System within the allotted time. This question was discussed at a July meeting of the Road Bureau officials, the state highway engineers and representatives of the road-material industry, and it was generally agreed that we can produce the equipment and the material to build the highways on schedule. Construction labor will be at a premium, but will probably suffice because of recent and future increases in productivity; there has been a 43-per-cent decrease in man-hours required for a given construction volume in the last eleven years.

The big pinch in the new program will come in the engineering field, where the often-underpaid-and-understaffed state highway departments are going to have to find some way of attracting young civil

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engineers who now turn to higher-paying jobs in industry. Despite photogrammetry—which has substituted aerial surveying for much of the arduous transit work—and electronic computers, the man with the slide rule will probably prove to be the bottleneck in the present program. And when the fifteen-year construction program is completed—most planners are convinced that it will be but the first of a series of such projects—the states will have to be prepared to maintain the Interstate System.

There have been a great many heroes in the fight to frame and enact a Federal law which will get America's traffic moving again. The experts of the Bureau of Public Roads—who now find themselves administering history's largest public-works program on modest Civil Service salaries—and hard-working state highway staffs surely deserve top billing. The Administration, which saw the need and did something about it, and both sides of Congress, who bravely swallowed their political qualms to get the show on the road, should be gratefully remembered by all who ride the highways of 1975. Maryland Democrat George H. Fallon, who headed the House Subcommittee on Roads, schemed and connived beyond the call of duty to get the final package bill through Congress, while various independent safety councils, motor clubs, municipal leaders and trade organizations all stood up to be counted when the hearings were held.

Now the time has come for the public to play its own heroic part. The money is being collected with each gallon of gas and set of tires we buy. This is a minuscule part of the cost of operating the average passenger car. The individual car owner pays $700 to $1200 a year in depreciation, upkeep, repairs, and so on, to run his car. The same owner pays $91 a year in taxes and license fees—the money which goes to pay for the roads on which he runs his car. The new program increases this annual tax bill by $7.64 for the average motorist. This means that we're still paying about 90 per cent of the total tab for the vehicle and 10 per cent for the roads to run it on. The public must be heroic in paying that extra 1 per cent of its highway travel bill.

There will be another, and more important, scene for public heroics during this next action-packed 15 years. If there ever was a situation which characterized the old aphorism of the eggs and the omelet, it is the new highway program. There will be a lot of eggs broken in revolutionizing this country's main highway system. Homes, factories and whole business blocks will be pushed aside, farms will be bisected and highway service facilities will find themselves off the main route of travel. There will be wails and denunciations and local politicking all over the country—though, in the end, few of these temporary sufferers will bear any financial loss.

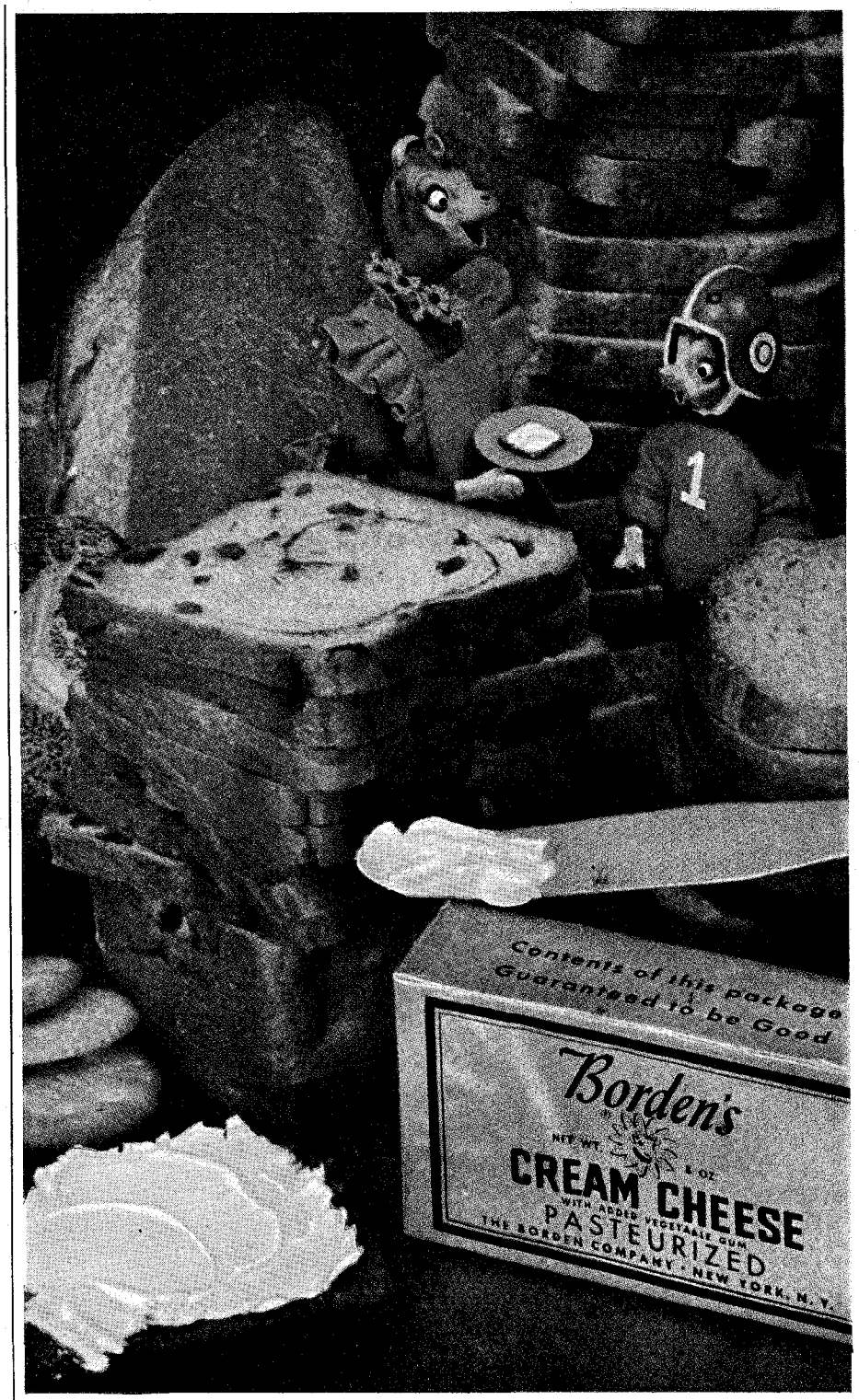
The dissident minorities who find themselves in the path of this interchange or that expressway can help if they will stop to realize that every foot of the new highways is necessary for the national well-being. The vast majority of our citizens, whose property will not be touched by the new developments and who are content to give the program their silent approval, should make their support felt in a positive manner. Most states have antiquated legal codes for the acquisition of rights of way—public pressure can change these. Few states have set aside a special fund for the timely purchase of rights of way before the prices skyrocket—California, which plans five years ahead of construction, has saved millions in right-of-way purchases through the use of such a revolving fund. Highway officials will need all the public support and understanding they can get in dealing with obstructionists and outwitting the right-of-way speculators.

The first bulldozer cut under the new program for the Interstate System was made on Route 40, near St. Charles, Missouri, on August 10, 1956. Massachusetts awarded its first contract under the new program on August fourteenth, and Ohio began moving dirt on an interstate project in early September. The fifteen-year campaign to get our traffic moving is under way; with a little luck and lots of co-operation from everyone, we'll be riding from coast to coast and from border to border without a stop light or a traffic snarl by 1972. The Automotive Safety Foundation estimates that, during its first ten years of operation, the improved Interstate System will save 35,000 lives. Will you or your children be among that army of the reprieved? If so, you can count the time and the money the new highways will save as just another dividend.

THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Well, that's show business."



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Better keep a big 8-oz. package on hand all the time. Look for the head of Elsie on the package. That way you'll be *sure* it's the one really, truly fresh kind—Borden's Cream Cheese.

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winterproof your car now with Mobil Care!

Right now's the time to get the jump on winter with complete Mobil Care for your car. So see your friendly Mobil dealer *before the first frost strikes!* He'll perform all these winterproofing services . . .

- **COOLING SYSTEM:** Drain radiator—check for rust, leaks, stoppages. Install *Mobil Permazone*. Prevents freeze-ups. One filling lasts all winter!
- **ENGINE:** Drain crankcase—refill with *New Mobiloil Special*—the famous *year-'round* motor oil. Flows freely even in *sub-zero* cold—helps to assure *easy* starts—protection against wear—more knock-free power and gas mileage!
- **CHASSIS:** Guard all friction points with correct *Mobilubrication*. Protect costly gears with *Mobilube*—automatic transmissions with *Mobilfluid 200*.
- **BATTERY:** Check condition with *Mobil Start-O-Scope*. Replace, if necessary, with the *Mobil De Luxe Battery*. Lasts longer—stays stronger! Fully guaranteed!
- **TIRES:** Inspect for breaks, bruises, wear. Replace worn tires with *Mobil Nylon Tubeless*. Top traction, top protection against punctures, blowouts!

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The Things You Can Deduct!

(Continued from Page 49)

imagination, but he was equal to it. "My wife does the shopping," he said. "Every time she goes to the store she meets people, stops to chat. The way I look at it, these are business trips and the expenses—the groceries—ought to be deductible. After all, isn't she out meeting prospective customers?"

She was, of course. Anyone she met fell into that category, though not willingly.

The undertaker may have hoped for some fellow feeling because he and the agents represented the two great arms of inevitability, death and taxes. But the agents were not willing to allow his deductions.

It was a good, imaginative try, nevertheless, and illustrates the continuous and lively controversy which goes on over business expenses.

With taxes so steep, both sides are in a high state of vigilance—the taxpayers alert to list every expense possible, the tax agents alert to catch deductions not legitimate. There is, of course, a certain amount of simple padding: for travel never made, for the entertainment of customers who don't exist.

A big-time real-estate operator, for example, deducted $750 more for advertising than he had spent for that purpose. It turned out he had slipped in the cost of his mother's funeral. Taxpayers not uncommonly are found to be including their alimony, though not so identified. Nine times out of ten, with a certain grim humor, they add it to expenses for "entertainment."

But there are also honest differences of opinion, a phase of this controversy which hasn't received much attention. One man's legitimate expense may be another man's swindle. Wholesalers customarily spend money entertaining customers. Surgeons do not. A mastiff kept as a pet is one thing. A mastiff kept as a watchdog may be another. This is a yeasty field in which circumstances keep altering cases.

Ordinarily the dispute begins with Revenue saying, "You deducted for something which is not an ordinary and necessary expense of conducting your kind of business. 'Ordinary and necessary' is the test we apply, and this item doesn't meet the test."

But the taxpayer may have been telling the truth about a complex or fouled-up situation. "This expense may not be ordinary," he replies, "but circumstances made it necessary, and it ought to be allowed."

In a case where neither the taxpayers nor Revenue would yield, the remarkable point at issue was this: Is the cost of killing a man a legitimate deduction? A family partnership in Mississippi argued stoutly that such an expense should be honored because, they felt, the homicide in question may have saved the life of the company's chief of operations.

A father, two sons and a daughter were in business operating cotton farms on the Delta. Son Ben, the general manager, made a deal with a man who may be called "Murchison," to clear Murchison's woodland, in return for the wood. Murchison's land would then be in shape for cultivation and the cotton growers would get firewood they needed for their tenants.

But when Ben's crews came in, Murchison complained that they were trampling his corn and ordered everybody off the place. Later that day, Murchison and Ben met. After an argument, they traded a few blows, inflicting no great damage.

Murchison nursed his wrath and it mounted. Word reached Ben that Murchison was "looking for him" with a gun. With his father and stepson, Ben set out looking for Murchison. When they came upon him unexpectedly, in a filling station, Murchison opened fire. In the savage shotgun battle which ensued, Ben's father wounded Murchison fatally.

All three members of the expedition were tried for murder. The verdict was "not guilty," but the defense cost about $8500 in legal fees. On top of this, Murchison's widow had a good civil claim for the loss of a husband. The partners paid, settling for $25,000.

Thus, when all was said and paid for, that firewood deal had cost $33,500. The partners deducted that amount as a business expense, taking the position that Ben had been on company business throughout, engaged in trying to enforce a contract.

Revenue wouldn't accept that item, maintaining that homicide is not ordinary and necessary in cotton raising. The partners carried the case to The Tax Court of the United States. But the judges agreed with Revenue. True, a business operation was involved. But the fist fight and subsequent gunplay, the court thought, had to be regarded as personal affairs, not company business.

In recent years the agents have kept a sharp eye peeled for specious or inflated travel expense. They encounter some remarkably sunny optimism as to what journeys can be palmed off as business trips. One corporation executive slipped in a trip to the Kentucky Derby and an extended stay in Florida. What made the case memorable was the discovery that he had also slipped in the cost of his honeymoon trip.

It is well known that women can be expensive and they figure one way or another in a whole sprightly group of cases. An item described as "royalties," in a corporation's return, aroused distrust. On investigation this was found to represent checks drawn to a girl whose upkeep was being underwritten by one of the executives. If the thing hadn't been caught, her benefactor would have had a real bargain: a company-supported sweetie whose expenses helped reduce the corporation's taxes. A fraudulent arrangement, of course, but beyond doubt a thrifty one.

A royalty is a share "retained by the owner for permitting another to use the property." It might have been argued that the word was most accurately applied in this situation. But the company decided not to argue.

Cases involving women are not always settled so easily. A subcommittee of the House of Representatives heard of a thornier instance when T. Coleman Andrews, then Commissioner of Internal Revenue, was asked by a congressman, "Just what is a legitimate deduction?"

It's a question which can't be answered categorically, said the commissioner. "The facts are not always simple black or white; there are 'gray areas.'" Fraud may be suspected, but can't be proved, and may not exist. Mr. Andrews cited the case of the executive's top-secret secretary.

The returns of one flourishing enterprise listed the salary of a secretary who never came near the office. When Revenue questioned the item, it was explained that this valued employee maintained a second office for her boss, in her own apartment.

And a highly useful spot, as described. A hide-out where the boss could get away from the distractions of the plant and really get down to work. How valuable such a retreat can be was indicated by the fact that along with a fine salary, the secret secretary got a bonus, one year, of $5500.

Skeptics in Revenue put exactly the same construction on this arrangement as most citizens would. They doubted that the secretary's services were secretarial. But these earthly suspicions might be unjustified. What appeared to be a love nest might actually function as an office. That would be the contention, certainly, if a fraud prosecution were attempted. Nothing could be done.

"A person looking at this case from the side lines," Mr. Andrews said sadly, "would just see it as a black-and-white proposition. It is not quite that simple."

A social affair may have commercial utility. Even before taxes climbed to their present heights, some guests got invited to parties for low motives of gain. This is deplorable taste, of course, but it happens. Lately a good many taxpayers have seen an opportunity in this and have played it for all it is worth.

The treasurer of a shoe-novelty company, which manufactured ornaments, buckles, bows and the like, was also its principal stockholder. Thus, there would be a disposition, around the office, to be nice to him. He stood to benefit, furthermore, from anything which reduced company taxes. And certainly from anything which reduced his own.

At home, he faced a crisis involving a brutal cash outlay. His daughter was getting married. His wife planned a big, flossy wedding-reception dinner with 200 guests. The executive saw an out. He handed his wife a list of 120 names and said, "Here, invite these people too." They were customers or potential customers in the shoe-novelty business.

Ninety showed up. They ate ninety dinners at ten dollars a plate, drank their share of champagne and liquor costing $1708. Instead of depressing the father of the bride, this sight cheered him vastly. Because these business guests attended, his company assumed all costs. The party cost $6845.97, but what of that? Here was a great invention: the cost-free wedding reception. Revenue, however, looked on the thing as a dodge, and wouldn't allow the deduction.

"Entertaining customers" is an entirely legitimate expense. What if they like somewhat rowdy entertainment, so that the item literally covers a multitude of sins? A steel broker's deduction for wining and wenching would have impressed Falstaff himself. For taking customers to roadhouses, $1810; for gifts of furs, cars and cash, $10,340; for hotel rooms and room service, $33,741; and a nicely specific $47,985.45 for "call girls."

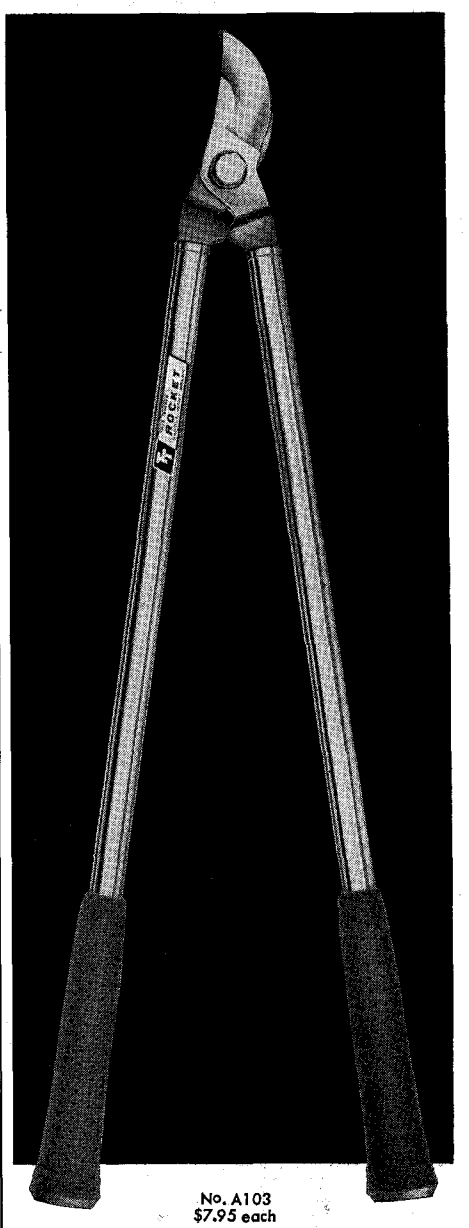
Internal Revenue, it often is said, is not empowered to dictate morals. The deductions were disallowed, however, because the broker declined to "substantiate" them. This would have involved telling on whose behalf he assembled all this booze and these girls, and that he was not willing to do.

He could have fought, and might have won. The powers of the Revenue Service are by no means absolute. The late George M. Cohan (*Continued on Page 70*)

Timely Warning

By S. Omar Barker

Middle age, from forty on,
Need not mean that youth
is gone—
Only that, before you lose it,
You had darned well better
use it!



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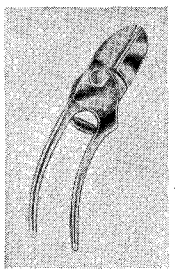
Rubber-fiber cushion grips avoid blisters, won't slip wet or dry or in gloved hand. And, along with tubular boron alloy steel shafts, soak up shock. Chrome-plated shafts won't bend or break. ROCKET Loppers and all other True Temper pruners and shears are available at your favorite hardware or garden supply store. Prove to yourself that pruning can be a pleasure.



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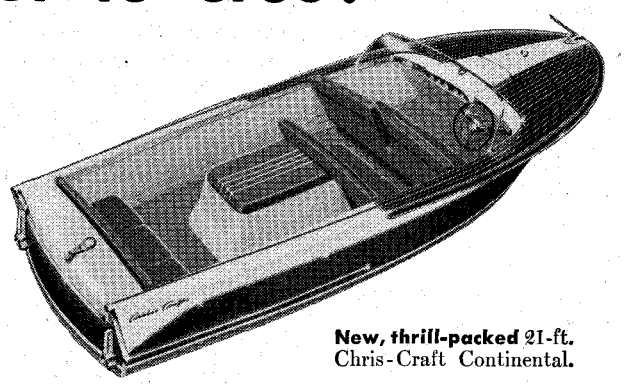
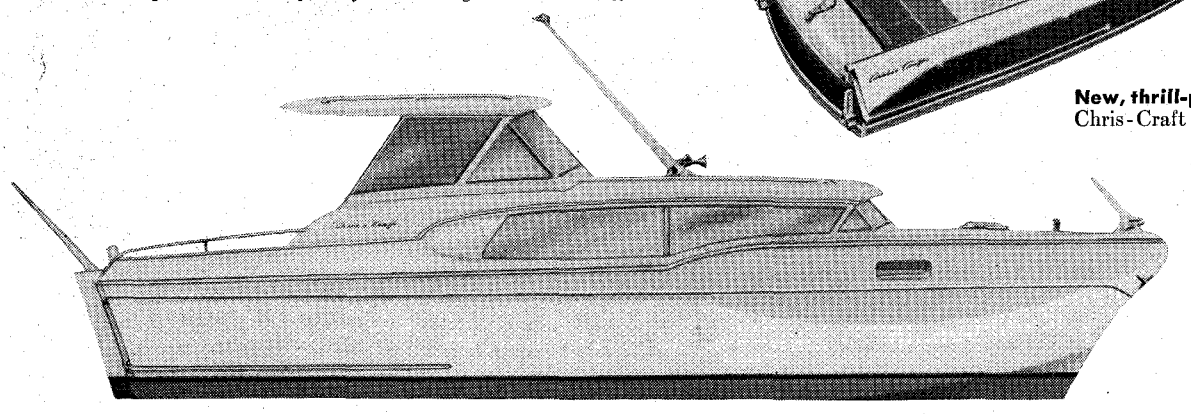
DEDUCT 10% FOR FALL DELIVERY—SAVE UP TO $8769!

New Chris-Craft for 1957 are here, with thrilling new styling, new designs, smart new interiors, new power options – plus a special reason to buy *now!* For a limited time only, *you can deduct 10% for fall delivery* . . . save up to $8769. But hurry! This sensational offer will be withdrawn without notice when fall production schedules are filled. See your dealer today!

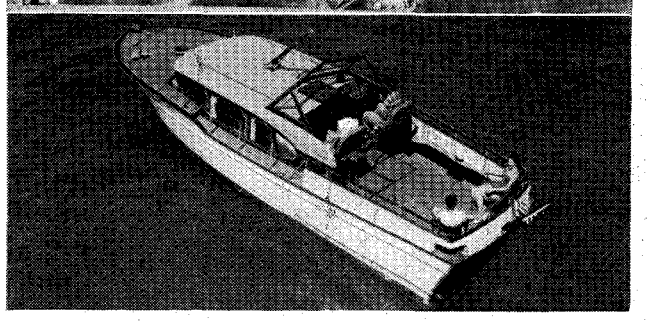
Prices quoted at factory, subject to change without notice.



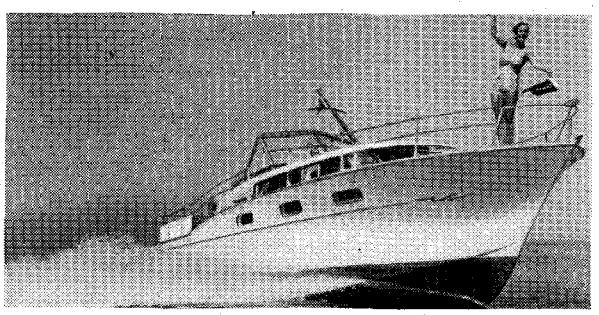
New, thrill-packed 21-ft. Chris-Craft Continental.



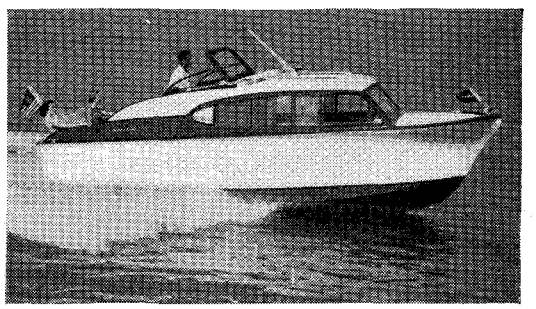
There's luxury styling, and boating fun galore in store for you in the new, spacious and beautiful Chris-Craft 32-ft. Commander. Priced from **$15,730.** Twin engines to 350 hp, speeds to 32 mph.



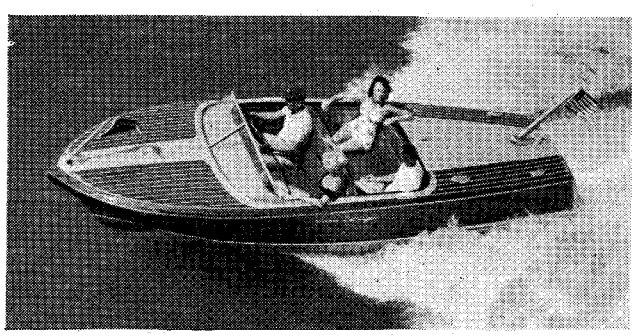
You get the utmost in boating pleasure, relaxing and entertaining on the spacious deck of this 35-ft. Constellation. From **$19,030.** Walk-around side decks; twin engines to 350 hp, speeds to 30 mph. Available in 30′, 38′, 42′, 46′, and 55′ models.



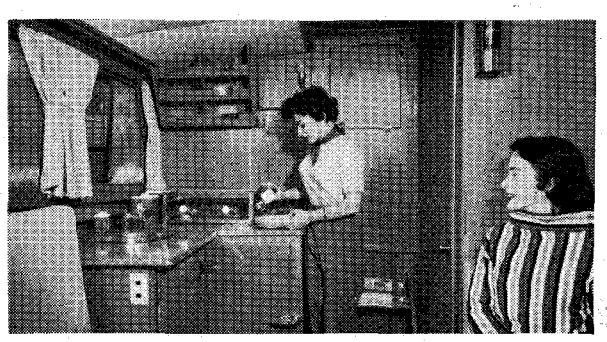
Explore the seaways in a magnificent cruiser like the Chris-Craft 33-ft. Futura. Priced from **$20,440,** it offers twin-engine power to 500 hp, speeds up to 34 mph. Also: 38′, 42′, 55′ sun-deck cruisers; 38′ Sports Fisherman.



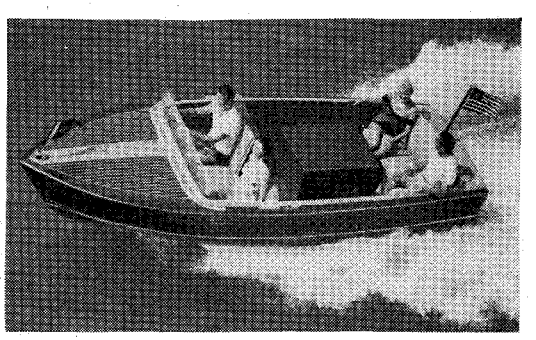
This 24-ft. Sedan with Flying Bridge is ideal for cruises and water sports. Priced from **$6530.** Engine options to 105 hp, speeds to 24 mph. Also: 26′, 27′, 28′ models, and 24′, 27′ Semi-Enclosed Cruisers.



This action-packed new Chris-Craft 19-ft. Capri is perfect for water-sportsmen. Features richly appointed cockpit, trim styling. Priced from **$3890.** Engine options to 215 hp, speeds to 42 mph. Also other exciting sports boats from 17′ to 26′.



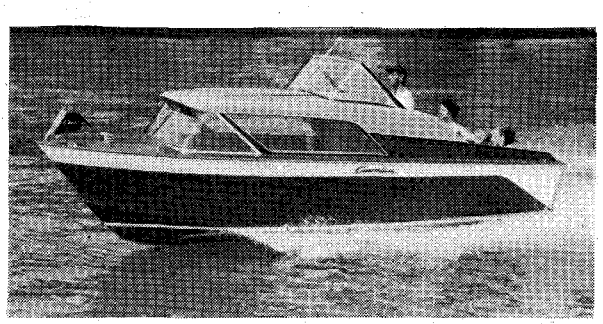
Glamorous interior of 35′ Constellation is typical of the luxurious appointments, modern styling, and fine craftsmanship in Chris-Craft cruisers. You'll find great care and attention given to details that make living afloat pleasant, comfortable.



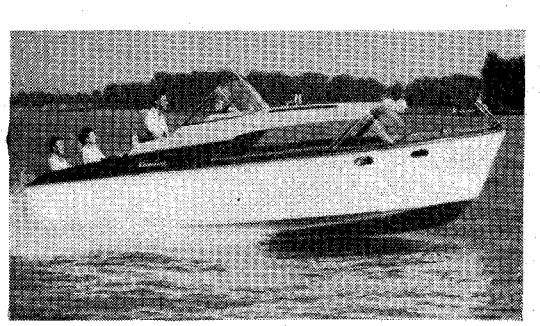
If you're looking for quick-action power, this new Chris-Craft 17-ft. Sportsman is for you! Plenty of room for fishing parties. Priced from **$2660.** Engines to 131 hp, speeds to 36 mph. Also: 20-ft. Sportsman.

VALUE-PACKED CAVALIER BOATS—RUNABOUTS, CRUISERS, 15 FT. THRU 22 FT. DEDUCT 10% FOR FALL DELIVERY!

Value-packed, sleek 17′ Utility model. A thrilling inboard at budget prices. Engines to 131 hp; speeds to 38 mph. Priced from **$2065.** Other utility models 15′ and 20′. Runabouts 15′ and 17′. Live the life you love with a Cavalier—see your dealer now!



Rakish, ready for fun! The new 19′ Cavalier Express 2-sleeper features a wrap-around windshield, one-piece molded fiber-glass roof. Inboard (shown) models from **$3100,** engines to 95 hp; speeds to 30 mph. Also available in outboard models.



Fun for the whole family at low, budget prices! Stretch your boating dollar with this sleek 22′ Express Cruiser. Roomy cabin sleeps four. Outboard from **$2395,** or inboard models; engines to 95 hp; speeds to 27 mph.

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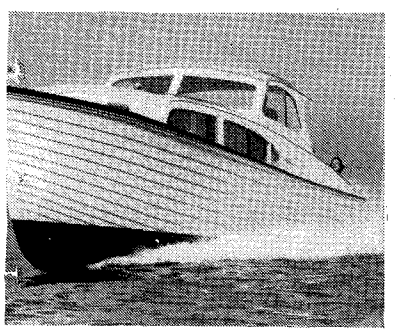
MAND A NEW 1957 CHRIS-CRAFT

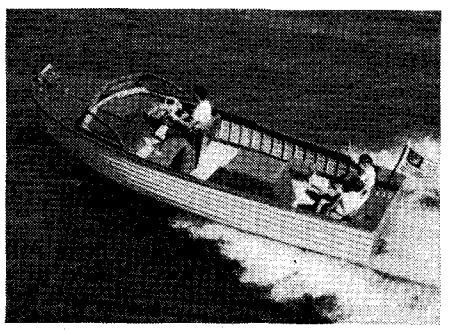
NEW SHOWBOAT RUNABOUTS, CRUISERS, MOTOR YACHTS—17 FT. THRU 56 FT. DEDUCT 10% FOR FALL DELIVERY!

Majestic 55′ Constellation, from **$55,690** (above); also 46′ model. Both sleep ten. Fly Bridge, as shown, or with hardtop. Also 56′ Salon Motor Yacht, from **$72,300.**

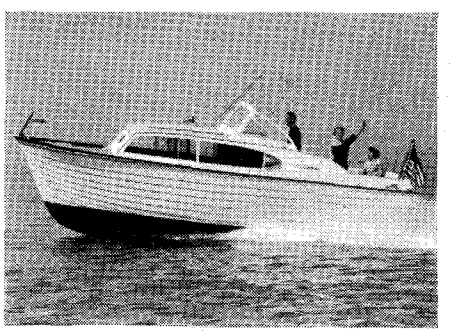
BRAWNY, NEW ROUND-BILGE, LAPSTRAKE SEA SKIFFS®—18 FT. THRU 40 FT. DEDUCT 10% FOR FALL DELIVERY!



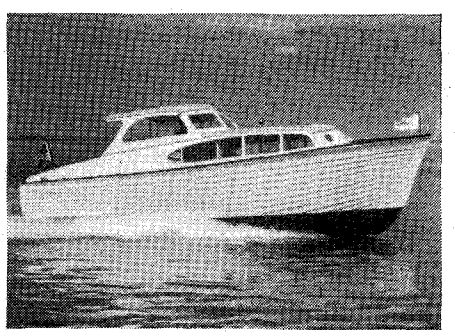
lop aboard this 35′ Semi-Enclosed ;ruiser for vacation fun. Sleeps four or ix; twin engines to 260 hp; speeds to 26 ıph. From **$13,660.** Also in 40′ models.



Fast, dry, seaworthy!—the 22′ open model is boating fun at its best! Engines to 95 hp; speeds to 28 mph. From **$3160.** Also open models at 18′, 26′ and 30′.

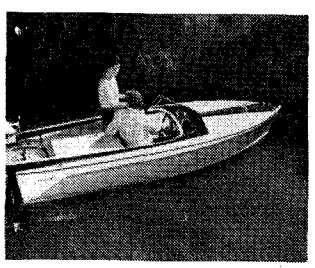


Big-cruiser comfort and performance in a budget-priced 26′ Enclosed Fly-Bridge Cruiser Four-Sleeper. Single or twin engines to 190 hp; speeds to 28 mph. Prices start at **$7740.**

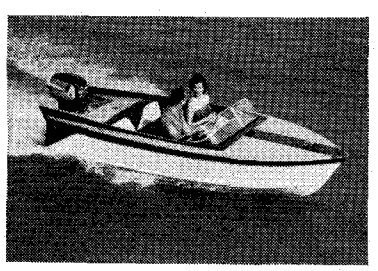


At home in rough water or calm, the husky 30′ Semi-Enclosed Cruiser sleeps four; single or twin engines to 190 hp; speeds to 26 mph; priced from **$9440.** Also two-sleeper.

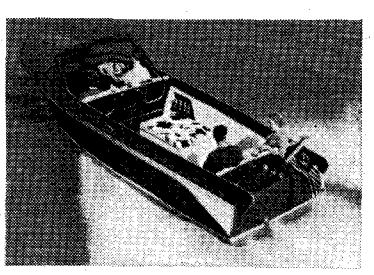
NEW BOAT KITS—8 FT. THRU 22 FT. DEDUCT 10% FOR FALL DELIVERY!



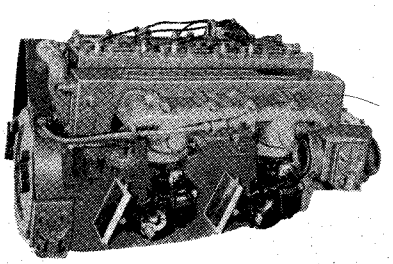
Exciting speedster, 12′ Meteor, seats two, space for "sports seat." Flite-Speed styling, self-draining motor well. Kit **$218.** Big savings on all Boat Kits from 8′ to 22′.



Four-seater 14′ Comet with years-ahead design. Flite-Speed styling, convenient hatch for fuel tank, extra storage. Kit only **$284.** Save up to 50% over factory-built boats. Assembly is easy and fun.



New 19′ Sports Runabout for outboard or inboard power. Flite-Speed styling, wrap-around windshield, speeds to 37 mph. Runabout Kit only **$856.** Kit with folding top, side curtains **$985.** Other kits from **$59.**



NEW MARINE ENGINES 60 THRU 200 HP.

Deduct 10% for fall delivery!

Powerful 175-hp engine from **$1893.** Horsepower for horsepower, you can't beat a compact, power-packed Chris-Craft marine engine. Prices start at an economical **$699.**

DEALERS: Separate valuable Chris-Craft franchises are available in selected areas. Write for details.

Chris★Craft

CHRIS-CRAFT CORPORATION, ALGONAC, MICHIGAN

WORLD'S LARGEST BUILDERS OF MOTOR BOATS

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(*Continued from Page 67*) won a ruling that a man who must entertain is entitled to some deduction even if he can't recall just who was entertained and how. But the steel broker wasn't in a good position to give battle. He had deducted $11,000 spent for gift certificates and seemed to have used them himself.

In perhaps the most popular form of finagling, men who control small, closely held companies conceal their own living expenses in company expenses. One corporation official was found to be charging off almost everything he and his family could need, including clothing, cars, vacation trips, the electric bills and the daily newspaper. It won him a prison term for fraud, but life must have been a song while the arrangement lasted.

Only the Supreme Court can say with finality what is proper and what is not. The Internal Revenue Code says merely that the "ordinary and necessary expenses" of conducting a trade or business may be deducted from gross income. Lacking instructions more specific, the Revenue Service can only adopt policies.

Anything is ordinary and necessary which is customary practice in the taxpayer's business—that is the basic policy. Whatever keeps the cash register clanging is likely to win approval. What about expenses which keep the proprietor going?

Everybody knows that a man's home life can affect his business efficiency. A big-time contractor cited this truism in defending a deduction of $50,000 for travel and recreation. He had to romp and play, he said, to get away from his wife, who upset and demoralized him. For him to be upset was bad for business. There was logic in his contention, but he lost on it.

On the other hand, taxpayers can't be restricted to an official list of authorized practices. The Supreme Court has said that "ordinary . . . is a variable" covering more than routine expenses which are "habitual or normal." And taxpayers who believe the Revenue Service narrow-minded always can appeal to the Tax Court, which sometimes is more sympathetic.

A designer of expensive watches and jewelry had to do lavish entertaining—not to build good-will, he said, but to avert ill-will. At the moment, he couldn't fill orders. It was entertaining of a brand-new type—business-avoiding—and Revenue couldn't see it. The Tax Court, however, thought this predicament entirely possible.

The president and the assistant treasurer of a big dairy business put in five happy months in Africa and India, hunting big game. A brochure about their adventures went out to customers. The company deducted $7500 in hunting expenses as an advertising outlay. The Revenue Service could see not the slightest relationship between selling milk and shooting elephants. But this past December, after the dispute had run three years, the Tax Court gave its nod to the mighty hunters. The safari, said the judges, had produced "extremely good advertising at relatively low cost."

Everyone who knew about that case thought the hunters would surely lose. Everyone who knew of Sam Mesi's case felt sure Sam would win. He didn't, because a diversity of state laws makes it impossible to treat all men alike.

Sam ran a handbook in Chicago. Revenue's policy has been to allow the legitimate expenses of an illegitimate enterprise. Sam reported his rent, supplies and $14,563 paid in wages. Rent and supplies were not questioned, but Illinois law makes the payment of wages in a bookmaking operation an illegal act. Revenue consequently blew the whistle. The question went to the Tax Court. Just before Christmas, last year, the court held against Sam, though with three judges dissenting sharply. In many other states, Sam would have been all right. Ironically, the employees kept the records which Sam had to have to pay the correct tax.

For the honest taxpayer, times are expected to be somewhat less apprehensive under the new commissioner, Russell C. Harrington. His predecessor, Mr. Andrews, seemed at times to resent all expenses, and especially those involving anything pleasurable. Country-club dues, for example. Mr. Andrews would not believe that much business is conducted on the golf course or in the locker room and said he would disallow these deductions were it in his power. Commissioner Harrington is said to take a somewhat more sophisticated view. By report, he favors applying the investigative talent where there is real likelihood of fraud, instead of suspecting taxpayers in general and keeping life needlessly worrisome for millions.

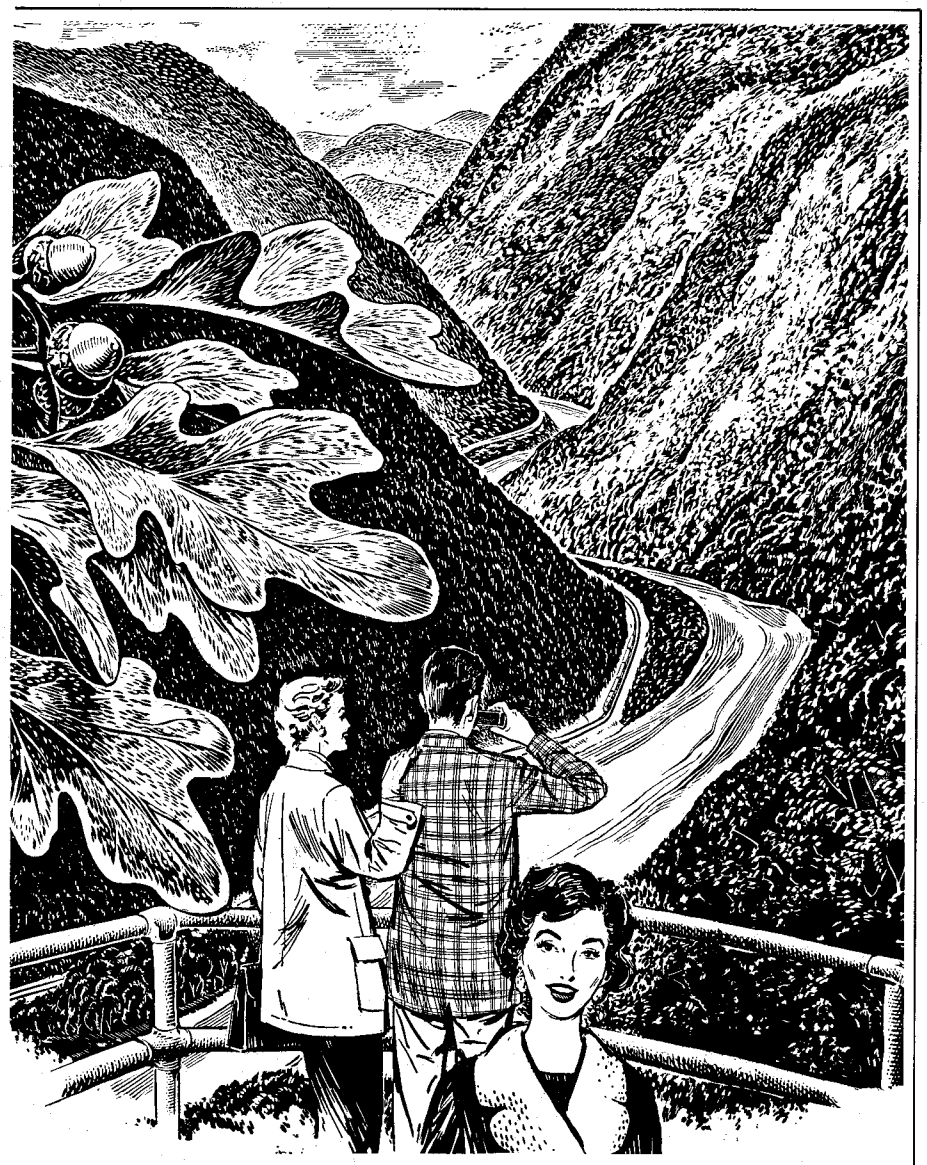
The tilt sign will light up big and bright, however, where certain expenses are out of balance, as they were in the odd and mildly pathetic case of the two well-heeled finaglers and their postal plot. Looking over the books of a partnership earning its members $85,000 each a year, an agent observed that the outlay for postage seemed high.

At this, one partner blurted out a confession. He and his associate had been buying large numbers of stamps, he said, which they sneaked out of the office and sold. They were just ready to carry off another bold foray and had laid in $7500 in threes.

While rich tax dodgers get richer, the poor, in compliance with the old song, get children. Fictitious children, added to the list of dependents. Awhile back they caught one taxpayer claiming seven children, though he was single. He had claimed seven the year before, too, but had lost his records, so that he had to invent seven new ones, a discrepancy almost bound to arouse mistrust.

It goes to show the virtue of keeping records, though even that may be open to dispute. One taxpayer told the Revenue Service that he didn't keep careful accounts because he felt pretty sure that good ones would show he was broke. If so, he said, he didn't want to know it.

THE END



October's the perfect time to visit

the **"GRAND CANYON** *of the* **EAST"**

Located in No. Central Pennsylvania, Pine Creek Gorge is so superlatively scenic it has won the name "Grand Canyon of the East." 50 miles long, often 1,000 feet deep . . . its sweeping vistas, deep chasms, timbered trails will delight you. Especially now, with October's blazing beauty everywhere.

It's County Fair Time too! Over a dozen October Fairs. Fun and frolic. Homemade preserves. The Midway. Stock judging. From Percherons to popcorn . . . something for old and young alike. Plan to be there!

The Roads Are Excellent . . . the scenery superb! An ever-changing panorama of rugged mountains, jewel-like lakes, and fertile farms. Quaint Pennsylvania Dutch villages. Shoo-fly pie. Serenity.

Revolutionary and Civil War History comes alive in Pennsylvania! The Liberty Bell. Valley Forge. Gettysburg. Other historical and scenic wonders . . . so easy to reach! *Send coupon below for more details!*

Pennsylvania Department of Commerce, Harrisburg 21, Pennsylvania.

Please send me, free, "Fall Pleasure Kit" including County Fair List.

Name_____
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Address_____

City_____

Zone_____ State_____

See **PENNSYLVANIA** *"The State of Pleasure"*

"You have two personalities—
neither of which is worth a dime."

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"Our *National* Change Computing Cash Registers save us $70,000 a year...repay their cost every 10 months!"

EBERHARD FOODS, INC., Grand Rapids, Michigan

"In constantly searching for new ways to please our customers, we learned how National Change Computation Registers could improve service in our check-out operation.

"We installed these new machines in our entire chain of stores, replacing all former equipment. Results are gratifying.

"Both customers and checkers are pleased. Everyone can see on these machines that each step of a sale is correctly handled . . . price charged for each item, total purchase, money given checker, and *exact change due customer*. Mistakes in figuring change have been eliminated. Cash shortages at the end of the day have been reduced. Time is saved, so customers are served faster at the check-out stands. Customer good will is increased.

"We estimate that these machines save us $70,000 a year, which repays their cost every 10 months."

President, Eberhard Foods, Inc. . . . President, Spee-Dee Check-Out Systems, Inc. . . . Chairman, Research Department and Past Director National Association Retail Grocers . . . Director-at-Large, Supermarket Institute.

Merchants must see this new time-and-money saver to appreciate its great advantages. Call your nearby National office for a demonstration today.

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THE NATIONAL CASH REGISTER COMPANY, DAYTON 9, OHIO

989 OFFICES IN 94 COUNTRIES

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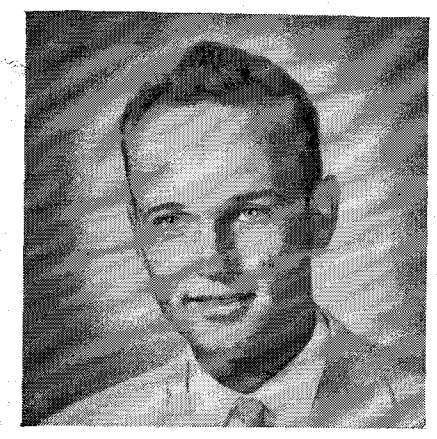
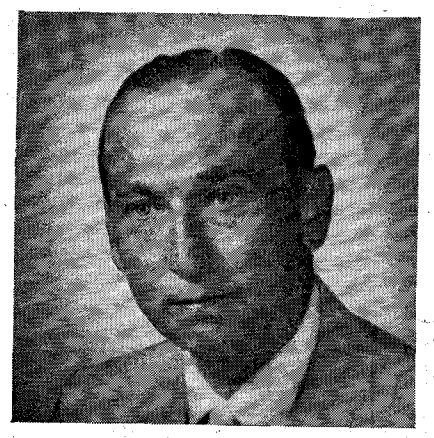
Why America's top builders use the Gold Bond Products of National Gypsum Company

GRACEFULLY. "A man wants a home he can be proud of . . . one that will 'grow old gracefully.' Thanks to Gold Bond, we've built that kind in Liberty Heights."
E. R. Hawkins, Developer & Builder, Doraville, Georgia.



GLAD. "Many people moving into our Country Gardens development have owned homes before. They know building materials, and are glad we use Gold Bond."
L. L. Ehler, Ehler & Wenborg, Prospect Heights, Illinois.

SATISFACTION. "Folks inspecting the homes in our Clinton Blvd. Subdivision ask about building products. There's satisfaction in being able to say, 'Built with Gold Bond!' "
George C. Bailey, Bailey Homes, Inc., Jackson, Miss.



PRIDE. "We take pride in our homes . . . the way they're built, the materials we use. That's why you'll see Gold Bond throughout our Eleventh St. Place houses."
F. Parsons, Jr., Parsons & Norman Const. Co., Beaumont, Tex.

"We're buying a home for less than it would have cost to rent!"

How the John B. Nolans found they could afford a home of their own

"We started looking when our third child was on the way," says John Nolan of Peekskill, N. Y. "We found apartments we didn't like, running around $115 a month. They had little rooms, little kitchens, only two bedrooms. And the apartments we *did* like . . . they cost more than we could even think about. Just for a roof over our heads—period!

"We decided to buy a house. We found this place in Peekskill for $15,000. Nice neighborhood. Pleasant neighbors. Three bedrooms. Expansion attic. Cellar to work in. Big kitchen. A yard for the kids. I put $1,000 down and got a V. A. mortgage. Altogether, even with payments on principal, interest, taxes and insurance, it costs me much less than it would have cost to rent!"

You, too, can afford a home of your own

Look at that chart below. See how little you have to put down . . . how low the monthly payments are. Even when you add taxes and insurance, chances are they're no more than the rent you now pay. (And if you're already a homeowner, you'll find a bigger, finer house may cost no more than the home you've outgrown.)

See the houses going up in your town. Today's alert builders are putting up the kind of homes you've always dreamed of . . . roomy, step-saving, easy-living homes. And they're putting more solid comfort, longer life and greater beauty into these homes with Gold Bond Building Products.

For instance, notice the Asbestos Roofing Shingles and the colorful Asbestos Siding on the house in the photo. Beautiful, yes; and amazingly practical, too. Gold Bond Asbestos Siding *never* needs painting for preservation! In the side walls of that house there's Gold Bond Rock Wool Insulation to keep the house warmer in winter (cut your fuel bills up to 25%) and keep rooms up to 15° *cooler* in summer. Inside the house there are smooth, solid walls of Gold Bond Lath and Plaster (or you might prefer Gold Bond Gypsum Wallboard) . . . and these walls are decorated richly, beautifully with Gold Bond Velvet, the latex paint that's washable.

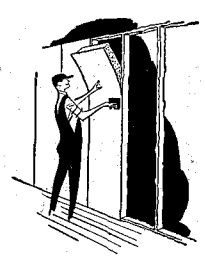
Aren't you really tired of renting? Wouldn't you be happier (and money ahead!) with your own home? See the builder in your town who uses Gold Bond®Products. You'll be glad you did!

National Gypsum Company, Buffalo 2, N. Y.

Minimum down payment and monthly carrying charge for a home costing:	Federal Housing Adm. Insured Loan 5% 30 yrs.		Veterans Administration Guar. Loan 4½% 30 yrs.	
	Down Payment	Monthly Chg. (Prin. and Int.)	Down Payment *	Monthly Chg. (Prin. and Int.)
$10,000	$900	$49.84	$200	$49.66
$15,000	$2,250	$69.83	$300	$74.49
$20,000	$3,600	$89.82	$400	$99.32

* Payments vary by locality ranging from no down payment at all to 10% of cost of home. Monthly charges also vary accordingly. Ask your builder about terms in your area. *Chart does not include taxes, insurance and legal charges.*

THE HOME YOU WANT IS BUILT



Gold Bond Rock Wool Insulation saves money, adds comfort. It keeps winter heat in, summer heat out. New Gold Bond TWIN-SULATION® is the finest insulation that money can buy.

Gold Bond Gypsum Wallboard, made lighter and stronger by years of research, builds smooth, sturdy, seamless walls that can be painted or textured or wallpapered.

Gold Bond Plaster, applied over Gold Bond Metal or Gypsum Lath, makes smooth, strong walls that are fire-safe, last a lifetime. And the high quality never varies!

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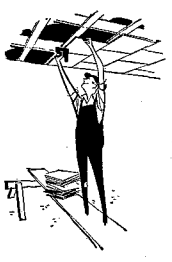
WITH GOLD BOND PRODUCTS

New Gold Bond Velvet Paint makes decorating easier than ever. Made with latex, it glides on with brush or roller . . . has a rich, velvet finish that won't crack, chip or peel.



Gold Bond Insulation Board products, made from "live" Southern Pine fibres . . . insulate, soak up noise. Ceiling Tiles and Wall Planks are prefinished in ivory and pleasing pastels.

Gold Bond Asbestos Shingles give your house "lifetime beauty." Fireproof, never need paint for preservation. Colors are protected by the exclusive "Surfaseal" finish.

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BUILDING PRODUCTS

NATIONAL GYPSUM COMPANY

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Nothing makes a woman
more feminine to a man
L'AIMANT
PERFUME BY
COTY
3.50 to 60.00 plus tax
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The Case of the Lucky Loser

(Continued from Page 51)

"When he took the train there at the Union Station."

"And you haven't seen him since?"

"No, sir."

"Or heard from him?"

"Yes, sir. I've heard from him."

"When did you hear from him?"

"I believe that was the day that Mr. Balfour was tried the first time before the first jury. I believe that's the date, but I'm not certain. Mr. Guthrie Balfour had been back in the mountains somewhere. He came in briefly for supplies and learned of the defendant's arrest. He telephoned me and told me that he had just talked with you on the telephone, and that his wife, Dorla, was flying in to get in touch with you."

There was an air of complete candor about the witness which carried conviction.

"You recognized his voice?"

"Of course."

"That's all for the moment," Mason said. "I may wish to recall this witness."

"You may step down," Judge Cadwell said. . . . "Call your next witness, Mr. Prosecutor."

"Florence Ingle," the prosecutor announced.

Florence Ingle came forward, was sworn, gave her name and address.

"You have been subpoenaed as a witness for the defense?" Farris asked.

"Yes, sir."

"I will ask you whether you saw the defendant on the evening of September nineteenth?"

"I did," she answered in a low voice.

"What was his condition?"

"When?"

"At the time you last saw him."

"At the time I last saw him he had quite evidently been drinking."

"Did he tell you anything at that time about being in debt?"

"Yes, sir. It was a little before that time—the evening of September nineteenth."

"What was the conversation, please? But first let me ask you, who was present at that time?"

"Quite a number of people were present at the house, but they were not present when we had the conversation—that is, they were not where they could hear the conversation."

"Just the two of you were present?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what did the defendant tell you?"

"He asked if he could borrow twenty thousand dollars. He told me that he was in debt, that he had run up some gambling debts and that the persons with whom he had been dealing telephoned him and threatened to send a collector unless he made immediate payment."

"Did he say anything about what he thought the collector wanted?"

"Yes, he said those collectors got pretty rough the first time; that sometimes they took people on a one-way ride, but that they beat up anyone who welshed on a bet."

"And did he tell you what he intended to do if a collector tried to beat up on him?"

"He said he was going to defend himself."

"Did he say how?"

"He said, 'With a gun.'"

"You may inquire," Farris said.

"Did you have any talk with Guthrie Balfour, the defendant's uncle, on that day?" Mason asked.

"Objected to as incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial, not proper cross-examination," Farris said.

"I would like to have an answer to the question, your honor. I think that there is an entire transaction here which should be viewed as a unit."

"Certainly not as a unit," Farris said. "We have no objection to Mr. Mason asking this witness about any conversation she may have had with the defendant in this case. We have no objection to Mr. Mason asking about any matters which were brought up in connection with the conversation on which the witness was questioned on her direct examination, but we certainly do not intend to permit any evidence as to some conversation she may have had with the uncle of the defendant which was not within the presence of the defendant and which, for all we know, has absolutely nothing to do with the issues involved in this case.

"If there is any such conversation and if it is pertinent, it is part of the defendant's case. This witness is subpoenaed as a witness for the defense. Counsel can examine her as much as he wants to about any conversation with Mr. Guthrie Balfour when he calls her as his own witness. At that time we will, of course, object to any conversation which took place without the presence of the defendant or which has no bearing upon the present case. If a person could prove a point by any such procedure as this, there would be no point in swearing a witness. Anyone could get on the stand and tell about some conversation had with some person who was not under oath."

"I think that's quite right, Mr. Mason," Judge Cadwell said. "The court wishes to be perfectly fair and impartial in the matter, but you can't show any evidence of a conversation with some person who is not a party to the proceedings, and you can't frame such a question as part of your cross-examination. The court will permit you the most searching cross-examination as to this particular conversation the witness has testified to. The objection is sustained."

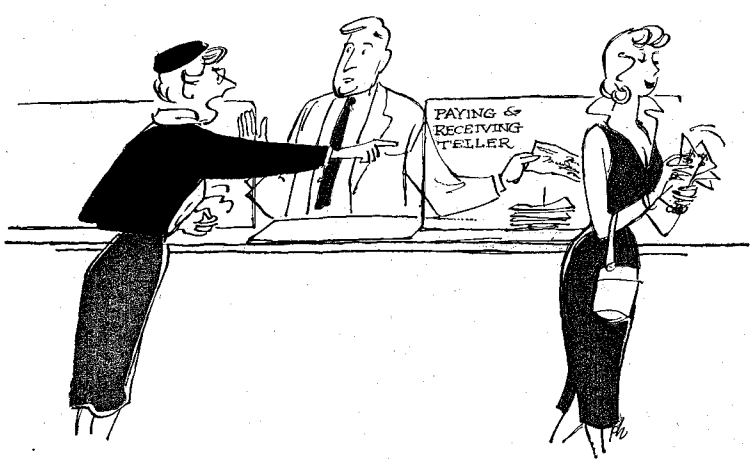
"No further questions," Mason said.

"We will call Mrs. Guthrie Balfour to the stand," Farris said.

While Mrs. Balfour was walking forward, Paul Drake stepped up to the bar and caught Mason's eye. He handed Mason a paper and whispered, "This is a certified copy of Guthrie Balfour's application for a driving license."

Mason nodded, spread out the paper, glanced at it, looked at it again, then folded the paper.

Dorla Balfour was making quite an impression on the jury. The trim lines of her figure, the expressive brown eyes, the vivacious yet subdued manner with which she (*Continued on Page 78*)



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Throbbing with love, Edward and Genevieve got married and even went to the extreme of opening a joint checking account. Within a year, however, fickle Edward became involved with a blonde. He recklessly wrote out a check for $500 payable to her. Genevieve, alert to what was going on, sped to the bank and gave orders to stop payment on the check. But the teller let the blonde cash it right under outraged Genevieve's nose. So she sued the bank for the $500.

"As a depositor, I had a perfect right to stop payment to that blond hussy," Genevieve asserted. "As the bank chose to disregard my instructions, it must repay the five hundred into our account."

"A bank can't do the impossible," the bank's attorney replied. "Obviously, we couldn't comply with Edward's order to pay and Genevieve's order not to pay. Under the joint-account system, only the one who wrote the check should be able to stop payment."

If you were the judge, would you make the bank reimburse Genevieve?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Genevieve lost. The court said that neither depositor can exercise full control over a joint account. The bank, it added, was duty-bound to honor a check written by either even if the other objected.

Based upon a 1955 Oklahoma decision.

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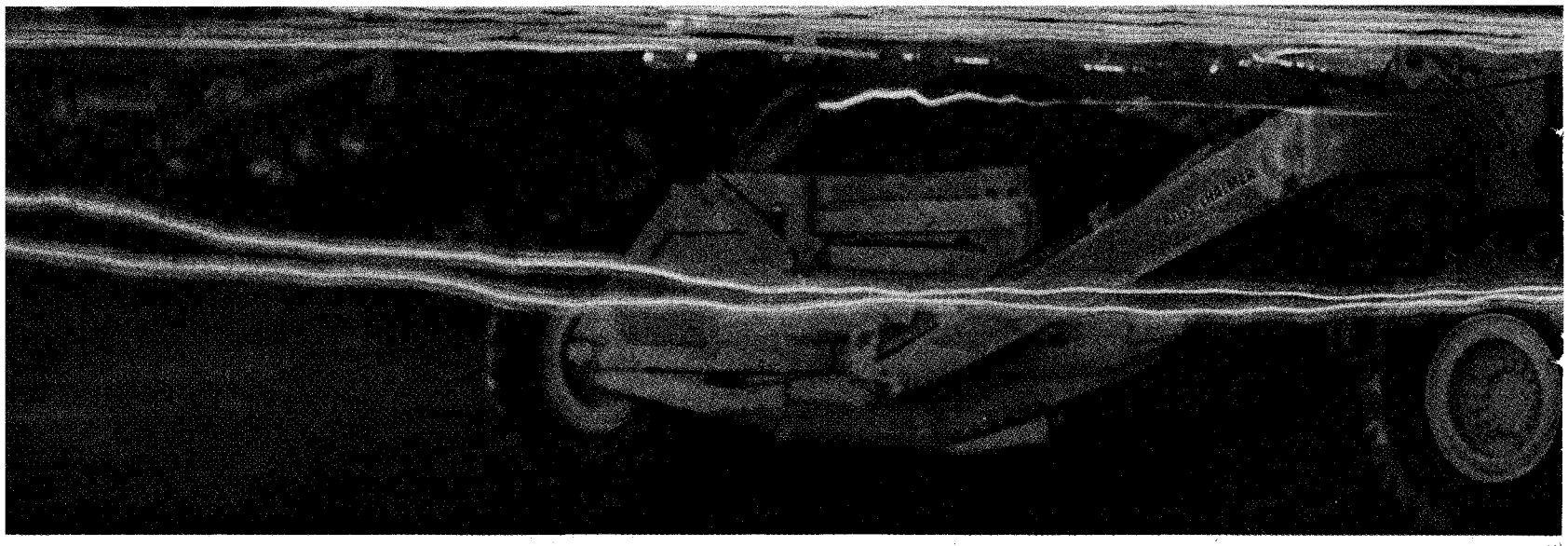
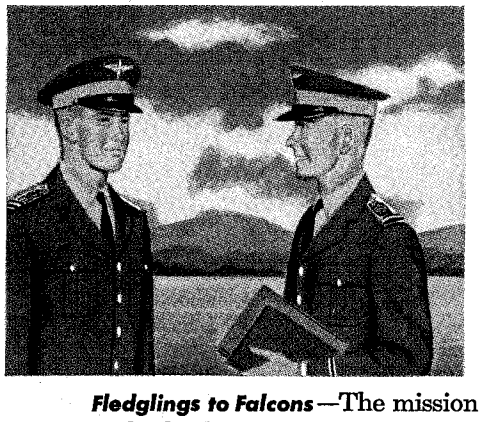
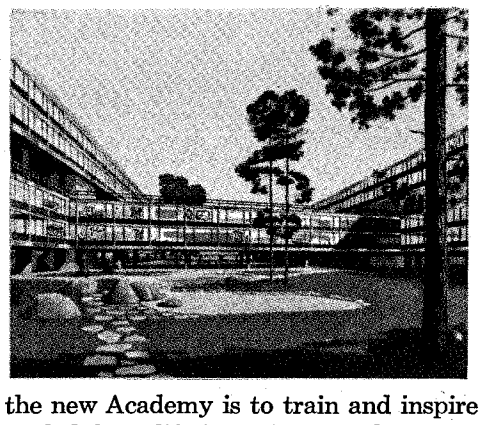
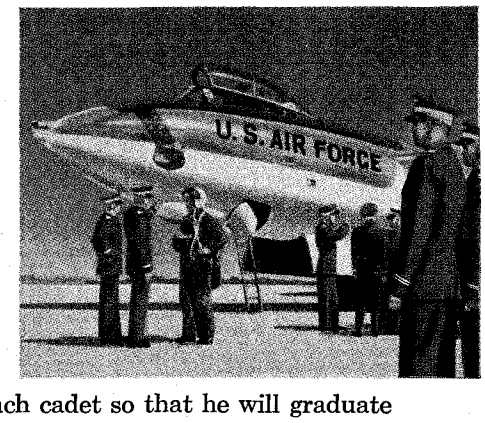


There's action around the clock

In the shadow of the Rockies, the lights of a fleet of Allis-Chalmers construction machines trace a pattern of power at work —carving a firm foundation for another great service academy.







Fledglings to Falcons—The mission of the new Academy is to train and inspire each cadet so that he will graduate with the knowledge and leadership needed for a lifetime of service by an officer of the United States Air Force.

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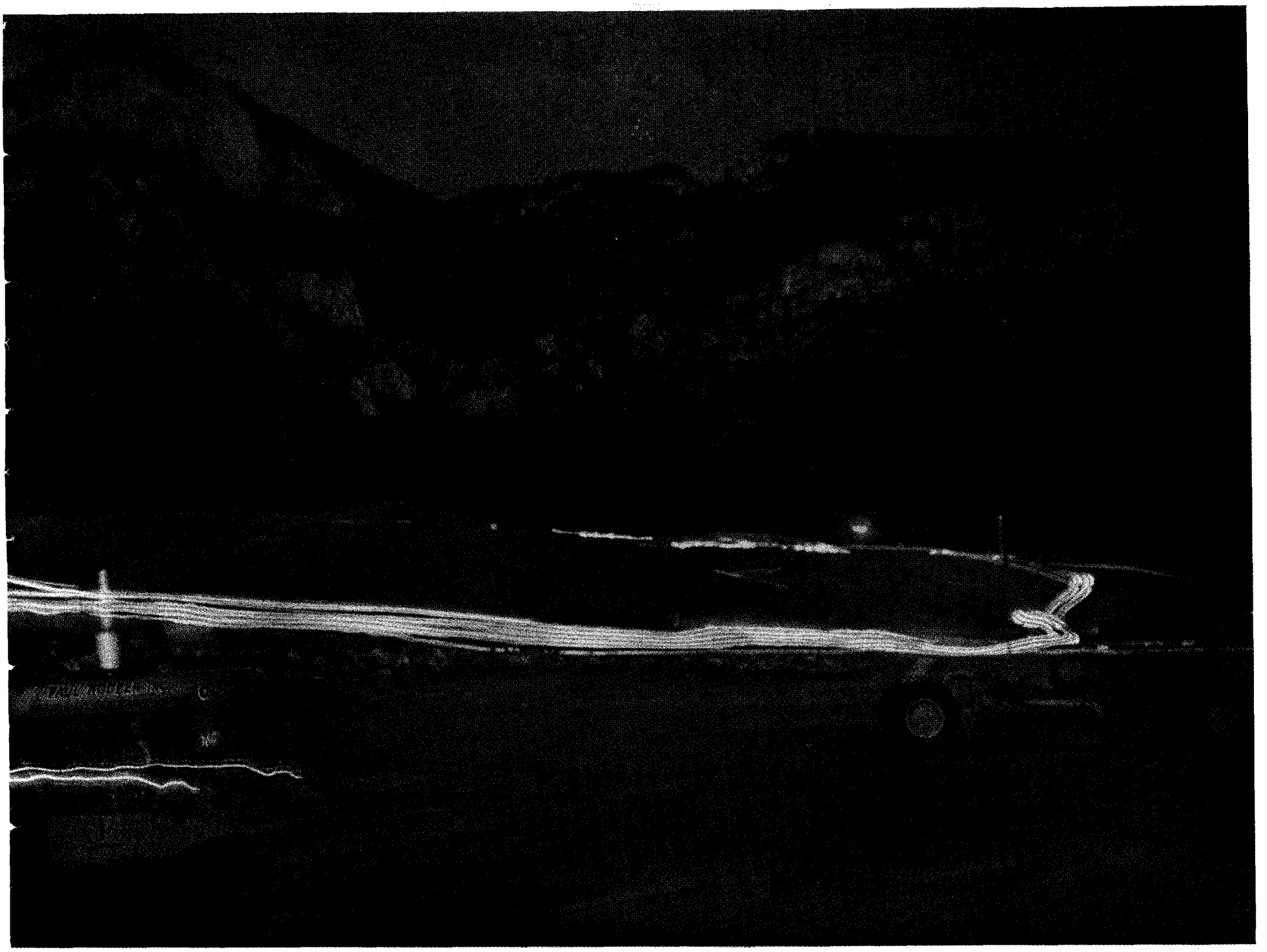

Actual time-exposure photograph taken between 4 and 5 a. m. at the construction site.

at the new Air Force Academy site

Traditions born in the skies from Europe to the South Pacific are now providing inspiration for a new generation of American airmen. Taking their places with the men of West Point and Annapolis, they are the cadets of our new Air Force Academy, temporarily located at Lowry Air Force Base in Denver.

Already the first class of "Falcons" is looking forward to spending graduation year at the Academy's permanent home near Colorado Springs. Nestled at the base of the Rockies, this inspiring 17,500-acre site will provide ideal facilities for up to 2,500 young airmen. The cadet quarters area will be high on the mesa you see pictured here . . . with the chapel, living quarters and academic buildings overlooking the athletic and drill fields in the valley below.

To speed completion of the project, more than twenty Allis-Chalmers machines are working twenty hours a day, six days a week. By Christmas time, this fleet will have made cuts as deep as forty feet . . . moved nearly *four million* yards of abrasive dirt and boulder-ridden clay.

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(*Continued from Page 74*) indicated that her natural vitality was being suppressed out of deference to the solemnity of the occasion, made the jurors prepare to like her right from the start.

She gave her name and address to the court reporter, adjusted herself in the witness chair with a pert little wiggle, raised her lashes, looked at the deputy district attorney, then at the jury, then lowered her lashes demurely.

At that moment there was a commotion in the courtroom, and Hamilton Burger, the big grizzly bear of a district attorney, came striding purposefully into the courtroom. It needed only a glance at the smug triumph of his countenance to realize that word of Perry Mason's discomfiture had been relayed to him, and he had entered the case personally in order to be in at the kill.

Too many times he had seen Mason, by the use of startling ingenuity, squeeze his way out of some seemingly impossible situation. Now he had waited until he was certain Mason had shot all the arrows from his quiver before entering court. It was apparent to everyone that Dorla Balfour would be the last witness, and then Mason would be forced to make a decision. Either he would put the defendant on the stand or he would not. If he put the defendant on the stand and the defendant's story coincided with that of Banner Boles, the defendant might have a good chance of showing self-defense, but it would brand Mason's withholding of the evidence Boles had given him as unprofessional conduct on Mason's part.

Farris, quite apparently trying to appear in the best possible light before his chief, said, "Mrs. Balfour, do you remember the evening of the nineteenth of September of this year?"

"Very well," she said.

"Did you have any conversation with the defendant on that day?"

"I did, yes, sir."

"When?"

"In the evening."

"Where?"

"At a party given by Mrs. Ingle for my husband."

"That was in the nature of a going-away party?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your husband took the train that night?"

"Yes, sir."

"And did you take the train?"

"Yes, sir, I was to have accompanied my husband as far as the station at Pasadena. However, at the last minute he asked me to go all the way with him."

"Well, never mind that," the prosecutor said. "I'm just trying to fix the time and place of the conversation. Now who was present at this conversation?"

"The one I had with the defendant?"

"Yes."

"Just the defendant and I were present. That is, there were other people in the group, but he took me to one side."

"And what did he say to you?"

"He told me that he had incurred some gambling debts; that they were debts on which he didn't dare to welsh; that he had been plunging because he had got in pretty deep and he had to make good or he was threatened wth personal danger. He said that they had told him a collector was coming; that these collectors were sort of a goon squad who would beat up on him and—well, that he had to have some money."

"Did he ask you for money?"

"Not me. But he asked me if, while I was on the train, I couldn't intercede for him with my husband and get my husband to let him have twenty thousand dollars."

"You may inquire," Farris said.

"And you did intercede with your husband?" Mason asked.

"Not then. I did later on."

"How much later on?"

"Well, Mr. Mason, you understand I was supposed to get off the train at Pasadena, and then Guthrie asked me to go on with him all the way. He said that he felt uneasy; that he felt that something perhaps was going to happen. He asked me to accompany him."

"And you did?" Mason asked.

"Objected to as incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial. Not proper cross-examination in that it has nothing to do with the conversation concerning which this witness has testified. We are perfectly willing to let Mr. Mason explore all of the facts in connection with that conversation, but any conversation which subsequently took place between this witness and her husband would be incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial. It would be hearsay, and we object to it."

"Sustained," Judge Cadwell said.

"Didn't you actually get off the train at Pasadena?" Mason asked.

"Objected to as incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial. Not proper cross-examination."

"I will permit the question," Judge Cadwell said. "I am going to give the defense every opportunity for a searching cross-examination. The question of what this witness may have said to her husband is one thing, but any of the circumstances surrounding the conversation that was had on this occasion may be gone into. Answer the question."

"Certainly not," she said.

"Didn't you go to the Sleepy Hollow Motel on that evening?"

"Oh, your honor," Roger Farris protested. "The vice of this is now perfectly apparent. This is an attempt to befuddle the issues in this case. It is also a dastardly attack on this witness. It makes no difference what she did. She has testified only to her conversation."

"She testified that she went on the train with her husband," Judge Cadwell said. "The court wishes to give the defense every latitude. I think I will permit an answer to this question."

"Did you go to the Sleepy Hollow Motel?" Mason asked.

"Certainly not!" she flared at him. "And you have no right to ask such a question, Mr. Mason! You know perfectly good and well that I didn't do any such thing!"

"Do you remember an occasion when your husband telephoned me from Chihuahua?" Mason asked.

"Certainly," she said.

"You were with him at that time?"

"Yes."

"And that is when you returned from Chihuahua?"

"Yes."

"That was the occasion when the defendant was on trial for manslaughter?"

"It was the day after the trial—that is, it was the day of the trial, but after the trial had been concluded."

"And you did catch a plane from Chihuahua?"

"I chartered a plane from Chihuahua and was taken to El Paso. I caught a plane at El Paso and came here. Yes."

"And you saw me the next morning?"

"Yes."

"And you were with your husband when he telephoned?"

"Oh, your honor," Farris said, "here we go, on and on and on. This is the vice of opening the door on cross-examination. I don't know what counsel is expecting to prove. I do know that we would like to confine the issues in this case to a simple question of fact. I object to this question on the ground that it is not proper cross-examination, that it's incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial."

"I am going to permit the answer to this one question," Judge Cadwell said. "I think myself this is going far afield, but it may have a bearing on possible bias on the part of the witness. . . . The question, Mrs. Balfour, is whether you were with your husband at the time he telephoned Mr. Mason on that date."

"I was. Yes, sir."

"And," Mason went on, "were you subsequently with him when he telephoned to Mr. Banner Boles."

"I am not going to object to this question," Roger Farris said, "on the sole and specific understanding that it is not to be used to open a door for a long, involved line of extraneous questions. I don't think counsel is entitled to go on a fishing expedition."

"The court feels that this line of questioning has certainly gone far enough," Judge Cadwell said. "The court wishes to give the defense every opportunity for a cross-examination. . . . Answer the question, Mrs. Balfour. Were you with your husband when he telephoned Mr. Banner Boles?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well then," Mason said, getting to his feet, "perhaps, Mrs. Balfour, you wouldn't mind turning to the jury and explaining to them how it could possibly be that you journeyed on the train to El Paso with a corpse; that you spent some time in Chihuahua with a corpse; that you were with a corpse when he telephoned Mr. Banner Boles?"

"What in the world do you mean?" she snapped before the stupefied Roger Farris could even so much as interpose an objection.

"Simply this," Mason said, snapping open the paper he was holding. "The right thumbprint of your husband, Guthrie Balfour, which is shown on this certified copy of an application for a driver's license, is an exact copy of the right thumbprint of the dead man as disclosed by the (*Continued on Page 81*)

• • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Via Southern Iowa

By Virginia Merritt

Child in an Iowa dooryard,
Picket-fenced in for your play,
You that were cribbed in these cornlands,
Have you discovered your sky?

You that have never seen cities,
Nor known that horizons are small
(Though I grant you a vertical vastness
Invites the heart to be tall).

How can you know how I cherish
This land of the limitless day?
But child of the wide warm heartlands,
I thank you for sharing your sky.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • •

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PYROFAX Gas

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(*Continued from Page 78*) coroner's record. The man who was found with this bullet in his brain, the man who was supposedly the victim of this hit-and-run episode, that man was your husband, Guthrie Balfour. Now perhaps you can explain how it happened that you spent this time with a dead man?"

"It can't be!" she said vehemently. "I was with my husband! I——"

"Let me see that thumbprint!" Judge Cadwell snapped.

Mason brought up the thumbprint.

"And let me take a look at the exhibit showing the fingerprints of the dead man," Judge Cadwell said.

For a long moment he compared the two prints.

"Would the prosecution like to look at this evidence?" Judge Cadwell asked.

"No, your honor," Hamilton Burger said, smiling. "We are too familiar with counsel's dramatic tricks to be impressed by them."

"You'd better be impressed by this one," Judge Cadwell said, "because unless there's some mistake in the exhibit, it is quite apparent that the prints are the same."

"Then it is quite apparent that there has been some trickery in connection with the exhibits," Hamilton Burger said.

"Now, if the court please," Mason went on, "I am suddenly impressed by certain signatures on the record of the Sleepy Hollow Motel, which I have had copied. It is quite apparent that one of these signatures—that of Jackson Eagan—is similar to the signature on the driver's license issued to Jackson Eagan. However, I would like time to have a handwriting expert compare the signature of the man who signed his name 'Jackson Eagan' with the handwriting of Banner Boles. I think, if the court please, I begin to see the pattern of what must have happened on the night of September nineteenth."

"Now just a moment—just a moment!" Hamilton Burger shouted. "I object to any such statement by counsel! I object to such a motion! I object to the court permitting any such statement in front of a jury! I charge counsel with misconduct because of that remark, and I ask the court to admonish the jury to disregard it."

Judge Cadwell turned to the open-mouthed jurors. "The jurors will not be influenced by any remarks made by counsel for either side," he said. "The court, however, of its own motion, is going to take an adjournment for an hour, during which certain records will be examined. I am particularly anxious to have a qualified fingerprint expert examine this unquestioned similarity between a thumbprint of Guthrie Balfour on this application for a driving license and the right thumbprint of the dead man who is the decedent in this case. Court will take a one-hour recess, during which time the jurors are not to converse with anyone about this case, not to discuss it among yourselves, and not to form or express any opinion. Court will take a recess." Judge Cadwell banged down his gavel, rose from the bench and said, "I'd like to see counsel for both sides in chambers."

In Judge Cadwell's chambers an irate Hamilton Burger said, "What I want to find out first is why Perry Mason withheld and concealed this evidence."

"Well, what I want to find out," Judge Cadwell said, "is Mr. Mason's theory of what happened in this case."

"With all due respect to your honor," Hamilton Burger said, "I think Mr. Mason's explanation should come first. I don't think he is entitled to appear here in good standing until he has purged himself of this charge."

"With all due respect to your opinion," Judge Cadwell snapped, "this is a first-degree murder case. Mr. Mason seems to have a theory which accounts for this startling fingerprint evidence. I want to hear that theory."

Mason grinned at the discomfited district attorney and said, "I think it's quite simple, your honor. The rented car which was found at the Sleepy Hollow Motel was a car which had apparently been rented by Jackson Eagan, despite the fact that the records show Jackson Eagan has been dead for some two years.

"That car actually was rented by Banner Boles. Boles was in Mexico when the body of Jackson Eagan was discovered. He took charge of Eagan's papers. He knew that Eagan would have no further use for his driving license. He noticed that the physical description fitted his own physical description. Occasionally, when he was working on some trouble-shooting job where he didn't want to use his own name or when he wanted to go on a philandering expedition, he knew that by renting a car and using the Eagan name, with the Eagan driving license as a means of identification, there was no way his real identity could be traced.

"I could have proved that Guthrie Balfour got off the train to follow his wife if the rules of evidence had permitted me to show a conversation Guthrie Balfour had with Florence Ingle. I couldn't show that in court, but I can tell your honor that that's what happened. Dorla Balfour was having an affair with none other than Banner Boles, the trouble shooter for the Balfour Allied Associates."

"Oh, bosh!" Hamilton Burger snapped.

Judge Cadwell frowned. "We'll let Mr. Mason finish, Mr. Burger. Then you may have your turn."

Mason said, "Florence Ingle had a conversation over the telephone with Guthrie Balfour. He was ready to divorce Dorla; he wanted to get evidence on her, so he wouldn't have to pay excessive alimony. She got off the train, as planned, at Pasadena, and Guthrie Balfour got off the train as he had planned it all along, getting off on the other side of the train. He hurried to a car which he had rented earlier in the day and left there at the station so he could jump into it and drive off. He followed his wife to the place of rendezvous. He secured an adjoining cabin, set up a very sensitive microphone which recorded everything that took place in the adjoining cabin on tape. Then Dorla went home to get her suitcase and planned to return to spend the night.

"The tape recorder recorded all of the words that were spoken in the other cabin, but because of the extreme sensitivity of the microphone, there was a certain distortion and Guthrie Balfour still didn't know the identity of the man who was dating his wife. After Dorla left, he determined to enter the cabin, act the part of the outraged husband, and get a statement. He entered the cabin. The lights were low. Banner Boles, who occupied that cabin, was waiting for Dorla to return. To his surprise and consternation, he saw the husband, who was not only the man whose home he had invaded but who was one of his bosses in the company for which he was working.

"He knew that Guthrie Balfour hadn't, as yet, recognized him, and he didn't dare to give Balfour the chance. With rare presence of mind, he dazzled Balfour by throwing the beam of a powerful flashlight in the man's eyes. Then, having dazzled Balfour, he threw a chair and launched an attack, hoping that he could knock Balfour out and make his escape from the cabin before his identity could be discovered. Balfour drew his gun, and in the struggle the gun went off. That was when Banner Boles, acting with the rare presence of mind which has made him such a skillful trouble shooter, sank, face down, on the floor, groaned a few times, pretended to be mortally wounded, then lay still.

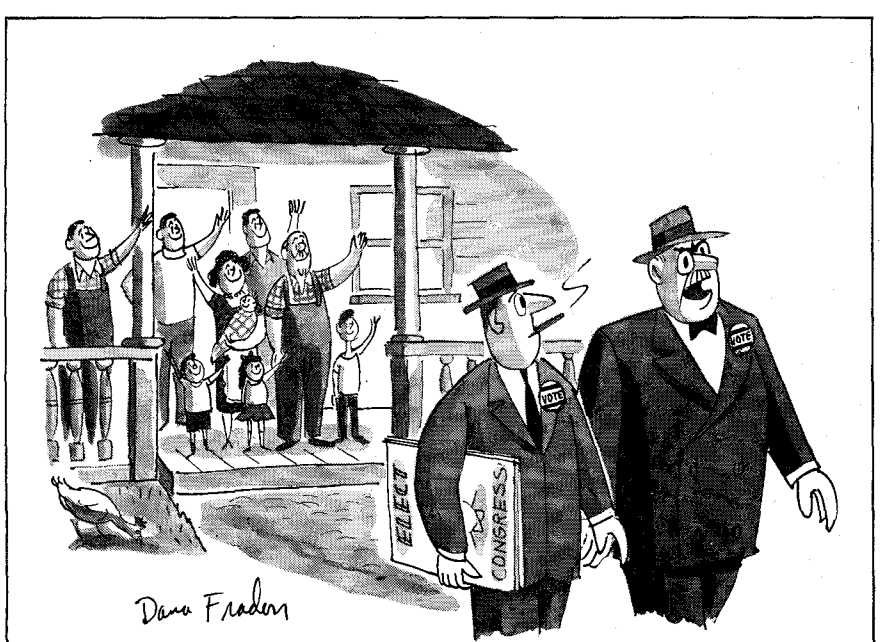
"In a panic, Guthrie Balfour ran out, jumped into his rented car and drove home. He didn't know what to do. He knew that his shot was going to result in a scandal. He wanted to avoid that at all costs. Then it occurred to him that no one really knew he had got off the train, except the man who he had every reason to believe was lying dead in the Sleepy Hollow Motel. In the meantime, Banner Boles got to his feet, ran to the telephone booth and put through a call to Dorla at her home, telling her exactly what had happened."

"You know this for a fact?"

"I know most of the facts. I am making one or two factual deductions from the things I know."

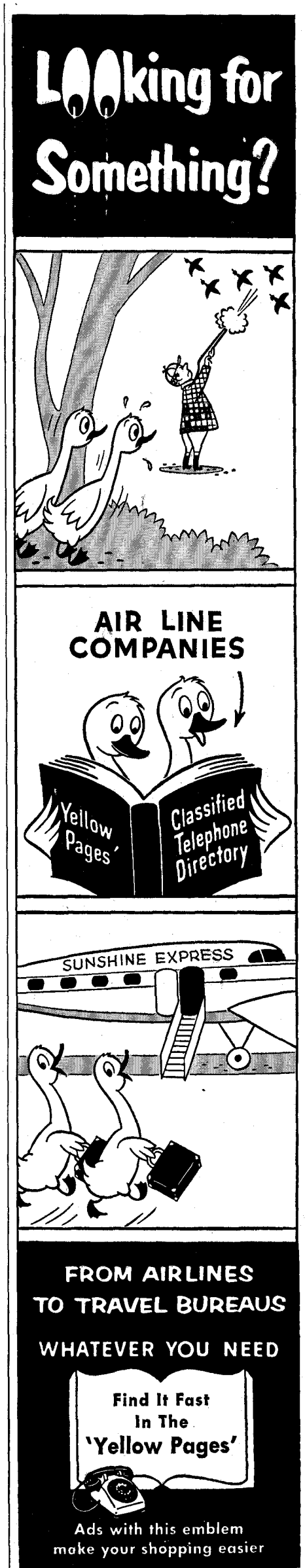
"Using a crystal ball," Hamilton Burger sneered.

"So," Mason went on, "Guthrie Balfour planned to take the company plane



"I shake hands with him and his three elder sons, I kiss the four babies, I compliment the wife's cooking, I listen to their problems, I make a short pitch—then he tells me they didn't register."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST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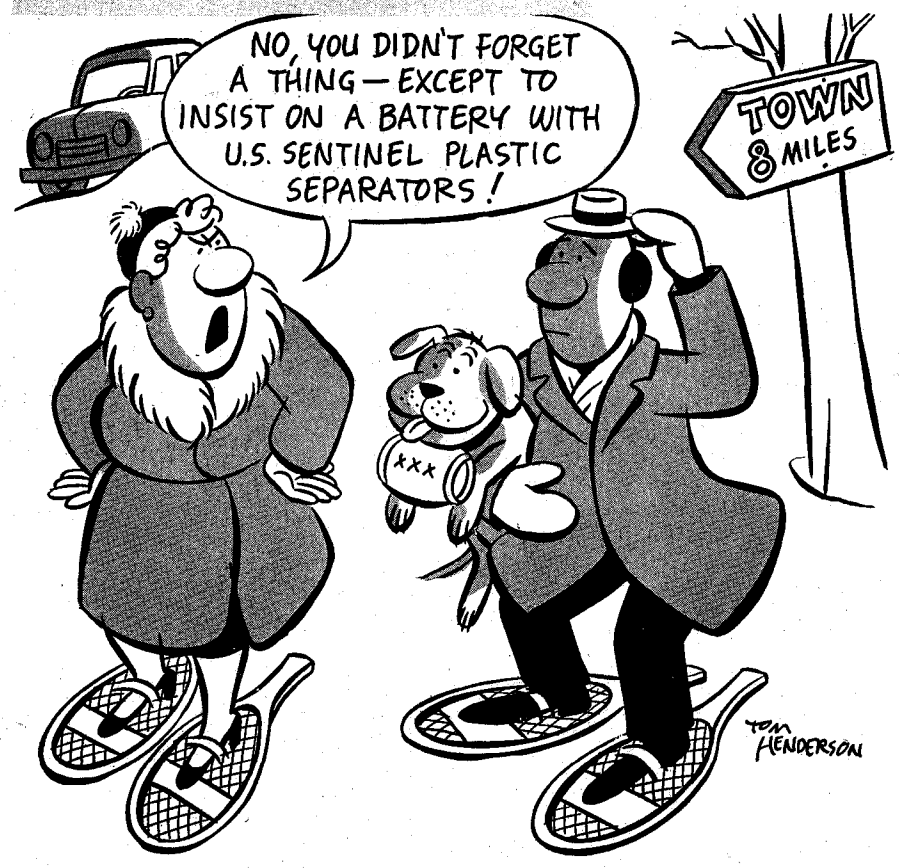
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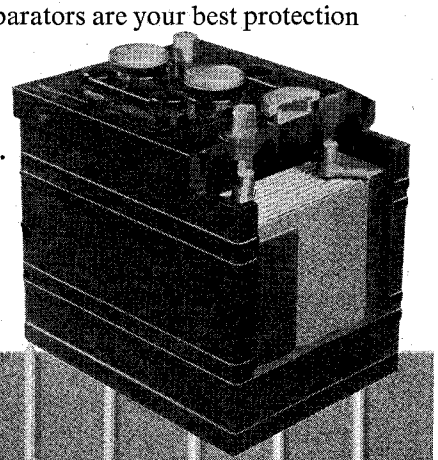

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to Phoenix, board the train there and pretend that nothing had happened. He rang up Florence Ingle and asked her to go to Phoenix on a commercial plane and fly the company plane back. He felt that he could trust Florence Ingle. She was the only one in whom he confided. However, he overlooked the fact that Dorla Balfour was at home, that she had been warned that her perfidy had been discovered, that her house of cards was about to come tumbling down. She concealed herself. As soon as she heard his voice, she tiptoed to a point of vantage where she could hear what he was saying. While she was listening to that phone conversation, she suddenly knew a way by which she could extricate herself from her predicament.

"So Dorla waited until her husband had hung up, then rushed to him in apparent surprise and said, 'Why, Guthrie, I thought you were on the train. What happened?'

"Balfour had probably placed Ted's gun on the stand by the telephone. Dorla, still acting the part of the surprised but faithful wife, with her left arm around her husband, picked up the gun and probably said, 'Why, dear, what's this?' Then she took the gun and shot him in the head without warning.

"Then she telephoned Banner Boles, telling him to come at once. So he grabbed a cab and joined Dorla. Then he took charge. Between them they got the idea of banging the body around so that the features would be unrecognizable, making it appear to be a hit-and-run accident and framing Ted with the whole thing, knowing that, in case that didn't work, they could use Florence Ingle to make it appear Guthrie Balfour was the murderer and that he had resorted to flight.

"So Boles returned the car that he had rented in the name of Jackson Eagan and left it there at the motel. He hoped the hit-and-run theory would work and the corpse would remain unidentified, but if things didn't work, another anonymous tip to the police would bring Jackson Eagan into the picture. Boles wanted to have a complete supply of red herrings available in case his scheme encountered difficulties anywhere.

"Thereafter, as things worked out, it was relatively simple. Banner Boles returned to the Florence Ingle party. He managed to drug a drink so that Ted Balfour hardly knew what he was doing. Boles intended to take charge of Ted at that point, but Marilyn Keith saw Ted in an apparently intoxicated condition, so she drove him home and put him to bed.

"However, after she had gone home, the conspirators got the car Ted had been driving, took it out and ran it over Guthrie Balfour's body, smashed up the headlight, left enough clues so that the police would be certain to investigate, and then, in order to be certain, arranged that there would be a witness, a Myrtle Anne Haley, who would tie in the accident directly with Ted Balfour. They arranged to have an anonymous tip send the police out to look at Ted's car.

"It only remained for the conspirators to take the company plane, fly it to Phoenix and get aboard the train, using the railroad ticket which they had taken from Balfour's body. Since Dorla had overheard her husband's conversation with Florence Ingle, she knew that Florence Ingle would go to Phoenix and bring the plane back, feeling certain that she was helping Guthrie Balfour in his deception.

"Of course, the planning in this was part of the masterminding of Banner Boles. That's been his job for years—to think fast in situations where another man would be panic-stricken, to mix up the evidence so that it would be interpreted about any way he wanted to have it interpreted. This was probably one of the high lights of his career.

"He crossed the border, taking out a tourist card as Guthrie Balfour. He was very careful not to telephone anyone who could detect the deception. For instance, he never telephoned Florence Ingle to thank her for what she had done or to tell her that everything had worked out according to schedule. He didn't dare to do that because she would have recognized that the voice was not that of Guthrie Balfour. On the other hand, since I didn't know Guthrie Balfour and had never talked with him, Boles was able to ring me up, disguise his voice slightly, tell me that he was Guthrie Balfour and that he was sending his wife to talk with me."

"That's all very interesting," Judge Cadwell said. "How are you going to prove it?"

"I'm not going to prove it," Mason said, "but I think that the police can prove it if they will go to the unit in the Sleepy Hollow Motel which was occupied by Banner Boles when he registered under the name of Jackson Eagan, and I think they'll find there's a small bullet hole in the floor which has hitherto been unnoticed. I think that if the police dig in there, they'll find another bullet discharged from that gun belonging to Ted Balfour."

When a man and his wife arrive at a joint agreement, chances are she arrives a little ahead of him.

CAROLINE CLARK

"Very, very interesting," Judge Cadwell said. "I take it, Mr. District Attorney, that you will put the necessary machinery in motion to see that this case is investigated at once."

"If Mr. Mason is entirely finished," Hamilton Burger said angrily, "I'll now ask the court to remember that I'm to have my inning. I want to ask Mr. Mason how it happened he was in possession of this evidence which he was concealing from the police."

"I wasn't concealing it from the police," Mason said. "I was waiting for an opportunity to present it in such a manner that a murderer could be apprehended. For your information, when we were in that taxicab, Banner Boles confessed the whole thing to me, except, of course, that he didn't admit that he was the Beau Brummell who had been making love to Dorla Balfour. He offered me a fee of a hundred thousand dollars to see that the facts didn't come out in court. Under the circumstances, I was entitled to hold the evidence until the moment when a disclosure would bring the real criminal to justice. I wasn't concealing any evidence. I was waiting to produce it at the right time. However, Banner Boles got on the stand, committed perjury and forced my hand. I had to surrender the evidence before I was ready."

"Your word against that of Banner Boles," Hamilton Burger said.

"Exactly," Mason told him, smiling. "My word against that of a perjurer and accessory to a murder."

"How are you going to prove that?" Hamilton Burger snapped. "You've come up here with a cockeyed theory, but how are you going to prove it?"

"You can prove it if you get busy and recover that extra bullet," Mason said. "And you can prove it if you ask him how it happened (*Continued on Page 84*)

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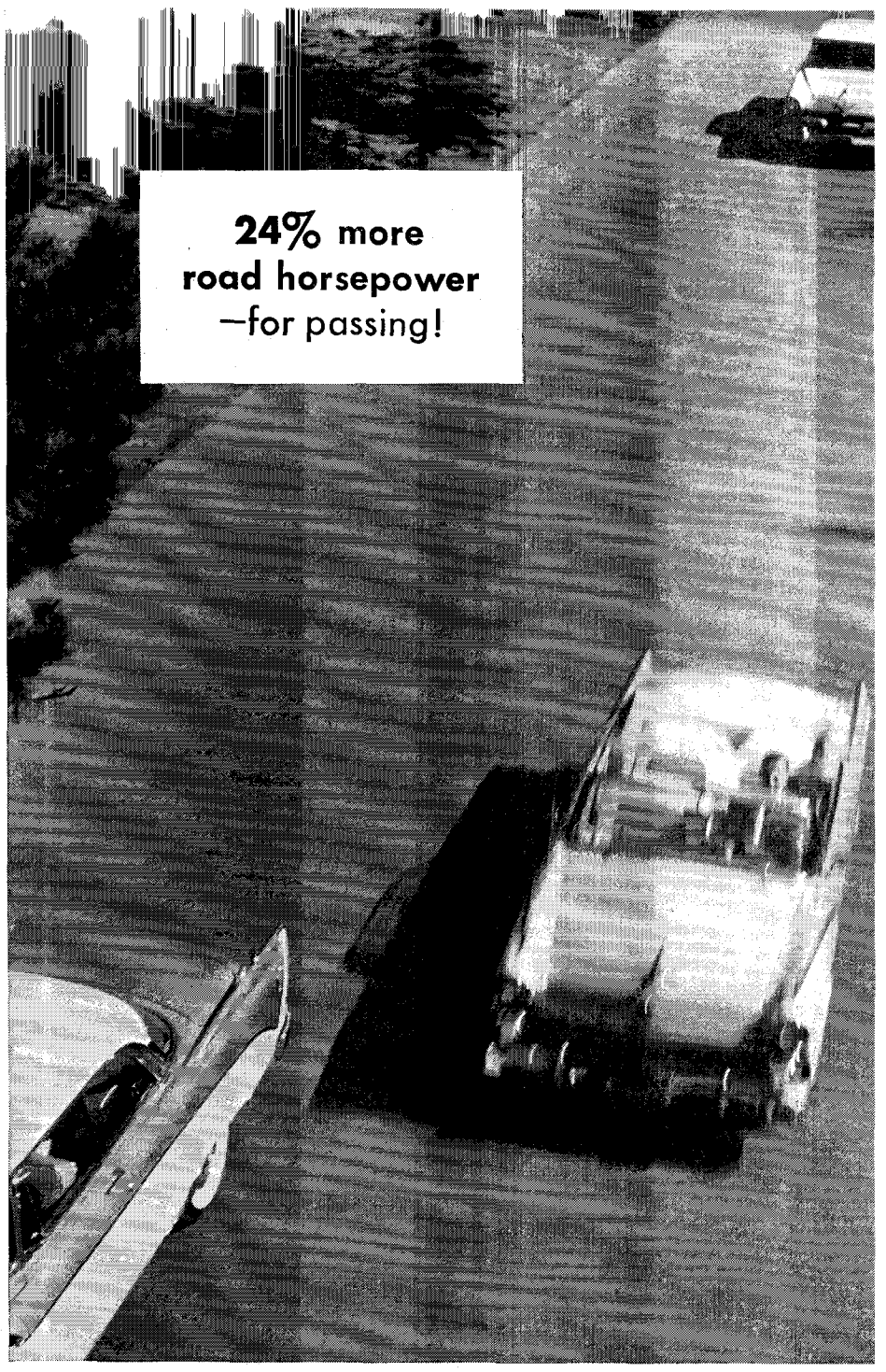

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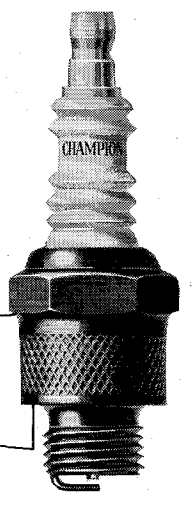

CHAMPION

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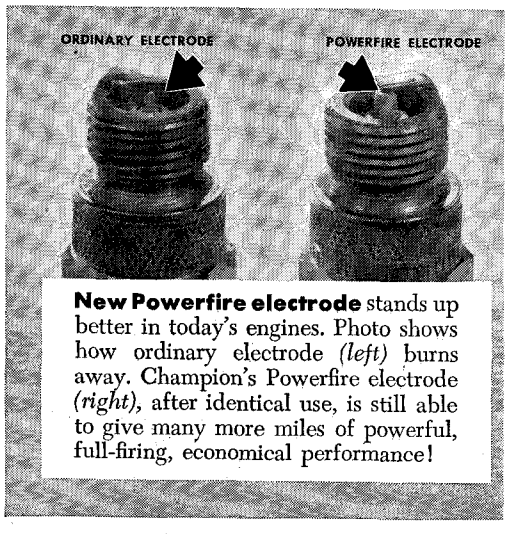

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(*Continued from Page 82*) that, under oath, he swore to a series of conversations with a man whose fingerprints show that he had been dead for some hours before the conversations took place. You can also prove it by getting in touch with the Mexican Government and finding the tourist card that was issued to Guthrie Balfour. You'll find that that was in the handwriting of Banner Boles and that when Boles left Mexico, he surrendered that tourist card properly countersigned."

Judge Cadwell smiled at the district attorney. "I think, Mr. District Attorney," he said, "most of the logic, as well as all of the equities, are in favor of Perry Mason's position."

Perry Mason, Della Street, Marilyn Keith, Paul Drake and Ted Balfour gathered for a brief, jubilant session in the witness room adjacent to Judge Cadwell's courtroom.

"Remember now," Mason cautioned Ted Balfour, "you are jubilant because you have been released. But your uncle has been murdered. You had an affection for him. You're going to be interviewed by the press. You're going to be photographed, and you're going through quite an ordeal."

Balfour nodded.

"And then," Mason said, "you're going to have to get in touch with your Uncle Addison Balfour and explain to him what happened, and you're going to have to see that Marilyn Keith is reinstated."

"You leave that to me," Balfour said. "I'm going to have a talk with him within thirty minutes of the time I leave this courthouse."

A knock sounded on the door. Mason frowned. "I'd hoped the newspaper reporters wouldn't find us here. I didn't want to face them until we were ready. Well, we'll have to take it now. I don't want them to think we're hiding."

Mason flung the door open. However, it wasn't a newspaper reporter who stood on the threshold, but the bailiff of Judge Cadwell's court, who had arranged, in the first place, to have the witness room made available for the conference.

"I don't like to disturb you, Mr. Mason," he said, "but it's a most important telephone call."

"Just a moment," Mason told the others. "You wait here. I'll be right back."

"There's a phone in this next room," the bailiff said.

"Better come along, Paul," Mason said. "This may be something you'll have to work on. . . . You, too, Della."

Della Street and Paul Drake hurried out to stand by Mason's shoulder as Mason picked up the receiver.

"Hello," Mason said.

A thin, reedy voice came over the line. "Mr. Mason, I guess you recognize my voice. I'm Addison Balfour. Please don't interrupt. I haven't much strength. I'm sorry that I was deceived about you. I shouldn't have listened to others. I should have known that a man doesn't build up the reputation you have built up unless he has what it takes.

"I'm all broken up about Guthrie, but there's no help for that now. We all have to go sometime. You have done a remarkable piece of work. You have, incidentally, saved the Balfour Allied Associates from a great scandal, as well as a great financial loss."

"You know what went on in court?" Mason asked.

"Certainly I know," Addison Balfour snapped. "I also know what went on in the judge's chambers. I may be sick, but I'm not mentally incapacitated. I've had reports coming in every half hour. Don't think I'm a damn fool just because I acted like one when I let Banner Boles talk me into firing you, so he could try to get Mortimer Dean Howland to take over Ted's defense.

"You send your bill to the Balfour Allied Associates for a hundred and fifty thousand dollars for legal services, and you tell that secretary of mine to get the hell back here on the job. I'm going to make a very substantial cash settlement with her to compensate her for the defamation of character connected with her temporary discharge. And if you want to cheer up a dying old man, you folks will get out here as soon as you can and tell me that I'm forgiven. That's all. Good-by."

Addison Balfour hung up the phone at the other end of the line.

Mason turned to find the anxious faces of both Paul Drake and Della Street.

"Who was it?"

"Addison Balfour," Mason told her. "He's anxious to make amends. He wants us out there as soon as possible."

"Well, then we'd better get out there as soon as possible," Paul Drake said. "In fact, it would be a swell thing from a standpoint of public relations if the newspaper reporters had to interview us after we got out there."

"We won't be able to leave the building undetected," Mason said. "We can tell the reporters that we're going out there, but we're going to be interviewed within a few minutes, Paul."

Mason pushed open the door to the witness room, then suddenly stepped back and gently closed the door.

"We'll wait a minute or two before we go in," he said, grinning. "I think the two people in there are discussing something that's damned important—to them."

THE END

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Inside the Asylum (Continued from Page 42)

"Yes, definitely I do," she said. "Being in the hospital, taking away my freedom, that is interfering with my life." Her ordinarily soft voice became louder and coarser. "Why was I fingerprinted? Fingerprinted, like a common criminal! If I do take my medicine, will I get to go home someday?"

Kovitz said, "If the medicine helps you, yes." Then, after a moment, "Tell me, why do we think you're sick?"

"I don't know. Because of the crisis in the case. I was under pressure, I have been for over a year. I've been intimidated or made to believe certain things at certain times. I've heard people remark at me on television," and she laughed somewhat sheepishly.

"What has been said?"

"I don't know. Maybe it means you're being supervised or being watched," she said, frowning a little.

"Does it make you self-conscious?"

"Yes, of course it does—I would say any normal human being likes to live his life in private."

"Is it happening to you now?"

"Yes, it is, doctor. They're just like people talking about you. Jesting, offering criticism on how you happen to be in the hospital."

The person who says your house should not cost more than twice your annual income must work for a tent-and-awning company. HERBERT VICTOR

"Do the voices remind you of anyone you've ever known?" It was the first time either of them had used the word "voices," but she didn't notice.

She said somewhat guardedly, "I wouldn't want to involve anyone. I don't know what impression I'm supposed to have. That's what befuddles me. What is the purpose behind it?" She clenched her fists and asked again, "What is the purpose behind it?"

Kovitz said quietly, "How long has this been going on?"

"Doctor, it's been a year since I first noticed the effect. I was interrupted, everything I tried to do, I was interrupted."

A year before, she had broken with a boy friend. Shortly thereafter she had quit her job, saying her company "had set up a dummy switchboard and was constantly saying stupid things to her to make her quit." She had begun to hear voices. She had stayed in her room and had become depressed and suicidal.

Kovitz asked, "Do the voices tell you what to do?"

She paused, kneading her long fingers. "Yes, I'd say so."

"Do you have to do what they say?"

"No, I don't."

He asked where the voices came from.

"I don't know, doctor. Being the one that's concerned, I thought maybe it was possible to control someone else's mind through electrical energy and they would get the other person's emotions."

"It's a terrible thing to do to anybody, isn't it?"

"It is, doctor," looking down at her long hands.

"Why do you suppose they are doing it to you?"

"I don't know, doctor, unless it's because of the experience I had last year." She rushed on, "I dated a certain young man, he wrote me a letter and told me he was leaving with his company, told me how I could reach him. He was just someone to sit with and talk with."

"How did this make you feel?"

"Over the year certain things have been said. At the time I didn't think anything about it."

"Were the things that were said on sexual topics?"

"Yes," in a low voice.

"Does this make you miserable and unhappy?"

"It has made me very unhappy and miserable in the past year, doctor. But still I believe that to go on here is for the best. I am willing to put it behind me."

"What was the mistake? What mistake did you make? Listening to him talk about sleeping with you?"

"No."

"Do you have the feeling you have done anything wrong?"

"It's hard to say," she said slowly.

She had been in this hospital once before—for five months in 1952. At that time she had begun to hear voices and had quit her job. She had hinted then that "something happened," something concerning a young man, but would say no more. She had recovered quickly on Insulin and electroshock.

"Why did you come to the hospital the first time?" Kovitz asked.

"I was on vacation, up in Wisconsin, and I believe a similar instance happened when I was up in Wisconsin, similar to this instance."

"Another incident with a young man?"

"Yes, doctor," and she spoke in a low, rapid voice. "It was a sailing party, three or four girls, I don't remember how many, but I can remember the sailing and we went to an island. He was from Chicago. But"—and she clenched her fists—"but nothing happened."

"Is it possible that the remarks made now could refer to this earlier incident?"

"No, I think they are put there for a purpose. I think it is meant to give me a feeling that I was in the wrong. Because of what has happened, both instances took place at work, on the job, more or less a sheet was placed for me to resign, to quit, and that is why this is happening. It has happened twice in my life. But nothing happened actually. I was younger in Wisconsin at the time, and it put me in a state of fear where I was afraid I would be caught, but I didn't actually do anything. At the sailing party he tried to cover me with a blanket and I could see what was going to happen and I did flee, let's say flee, from him. He was the influence at the time—he was the one that caused it." She hit the chair arm with her fist. "It has happened twice. So what am I to believe—that someone is out to corrupt me?"

"Was it someone very important that was influencing you?"

"I believe that, yes. Whether they are responsible, or whether somebody where I work was responsible," she said, her voice getting harsh, her body rigid, "somebody is responsible." A certain fragility about her had gone; there was iron in her.

Kovitz said quietly, "Now they're trying to turn you into a wrong kind of girl."

Her voice steely, she said, "I believe it is impossible as long as I still have my mind."

"You have to fight against this corruption? Is that how you feel?"

"Yes."

"If someone is doing this, you're the victim of persecution—you're not really sick. Is that it?"

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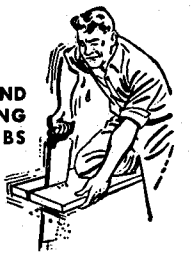

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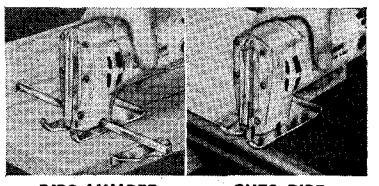

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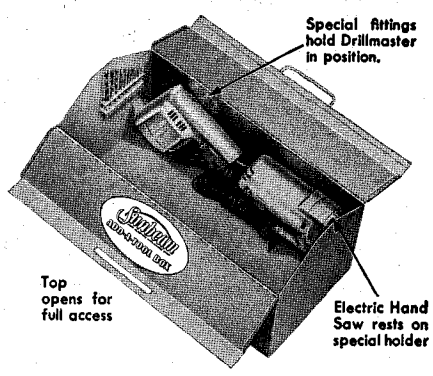

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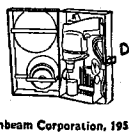
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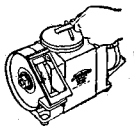
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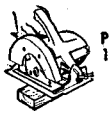
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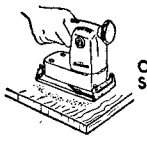
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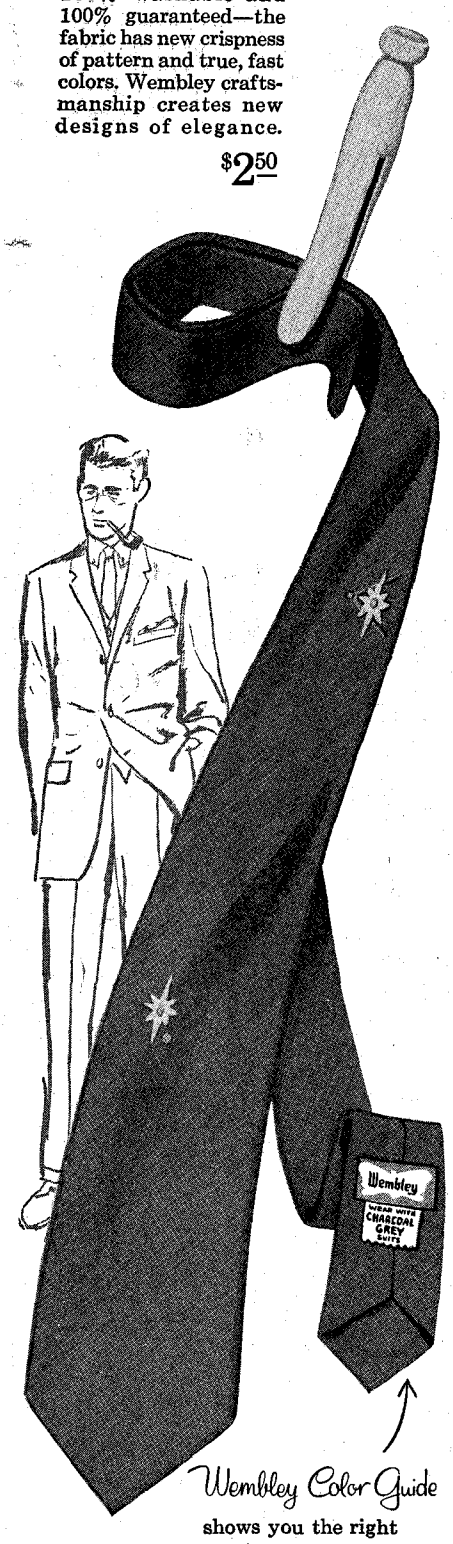

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"Yes."

"You're no different than you ever were?"

"Yes."

"And you feel it isn't fair to lock you up here?"

"That's the way I feel, doctor. I was a healthy, normal girl, working, wanting the same things that every other attractive, normal girl wants out of life. And then this happened. It isn't fair, it just isn't fair."

Kovitz looked at his watch. "I'm sorry," he said, standing, "but I have a meeting to go to. We'll talk some more—we'll be up to see you again. Thank you for talking to us."

She rose gracefully and smiled and said, "Thank you, Doctor Kovitz."

We shall visit Sally Bennett again with Doctor Kovitz. But first let us see what we can learn of the disease afflicting her.

Schizophrenia—that is the problem. Ask the superintendent of any mental hospital if he has a lot of schizophrenics and he'll sigh and say, as one did recently, "Lord, yes—who hasn't?"

There are some 375,000 schizophrenics in American state hospitals, yet schizophrenia remains one of the great medical mysteries. Its cause and cure are unknown. Some doctors think schizophrenia and the other functional psychoses—manic-depressive psychosis, involutional psychosis, and paranoia—are really all one disease. Schizophrenia formerly was called dementia praecox, a disorder of the young that progresses to a demented state. But it doesn't always start young nor progress to dementia. So Eugen Bleuler, the Swiss psychiatrist, coined a new term, schizophrenia, or split personality, because "in every case we are confronted with a more or less clear-cut splitting of the psychic functions."

Many people think the term "split personality" describes a neat split down the middle, so that the patient has two personalities—a sort of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. This is completely wrong. The schizophrenic's personality is split into many fragments. In the beginning, a fissure appears in the normal whole personality. The fissure widens and divides into other fissures, like a crack in a plaster wall. In the disintegrated personality the various fragments are incompatible feelings which the schizophrenic cannot harmonize.

Some of these feelings are utterly repugnant to him. In the normal person, such hidden contradictions are expressed in dreams, in gestures, in feelings of tension. The schizophrenic cannot hide his disowned feelings; neither can he accept them. His experience then becomes confusing, dreamlike, fantastic, tortured.

To the man in the street, the schizophrenic's words and actions appear bizarre, disorderly, even senseless. They seem bizarre to the doctor, too, until he begins to understand what is really going on inside the schizophrenic. The schizophrenic experiences things that really are himself, but do not feel like himself. They distort his picture of the world. The world becomes a threatening place. Overwhelmed, he may retreat into mutism. He may lash back at supposed persecutors. He may seek a fresh start by trying to be born again; this is the naked incontinent patient who lies curled up in fetal position.

Some investigators believe schizophrenia has an organic basis, perhaps inheritable. But the general tendency today is to regard schizophrenia as the late Adolf Meyer did: As a faulty way of reacting to life. Sometimes one of life's great crises precipitates the schizophrenic break—adolescence, marriage, serious illness, the death of one's mother. Sometimes it comes on insidiously, the patient failing to surmount one minor crisis after another and, with each failure, withdrawing more and more into himself.

Doctor Kovitz has said, "Conditions like Sally Bennett's probably go back to very early in life. I suppose we all crowd children too much. I don't mean there is anything wrong with disciplining a child. The important thing is to accept the child, to help him understand he has a right to his own feelings. Schizophrenics have been made to feel as children that they don't dare express their emotions. So they bottle everything up. They are often outwardly well behaved, overinhibited. But sooner or later the denied feelings become too strong to control, and out they come.

"To the patient, they may feel like a foreign invasion, like a force turning them into something evil," Kovitz continued. "Sally wants to be good, but something—'he' or 'they'—won't let her. Her dread of people, her fear of being a woman and her need to be a woman were never fully part of her conscious life. Her conscious side shuts out all her unresolved problems. When they finally break into the open, she disowns them. They are felt as an imaginary man who controls her thoughts and interferes with her life. This experience of an uncontrollable something as *not yourself* is schizophrenia. A part of the personality breaks loose and is felt as an independent being, and after that everything has to be misinterpreted to explain it. If the television arouses an unacceptable impulse, it can't be *her;* it's the television influencing her. The voices are really part of her talking about herself, but she can't believe them. She can't stand to grow up, to face herself and her own emotions.

"The illness is a kind of compromise. It gives the emotions an outlet, yet she doesn't have to see herself as she really is. People like her have a poor prospect before them. She is committed, hook, line and sinker, to her delusional thinking. It gives her a measure of peace. She can't tolerate the tension that would be aroused by accepting her feelings. The delusions are her defense—they offer a kind of miserable truce in place of the peace she can never achieve.

What can we do for her?" Kovitz said. "Psychotherapy would be difficult—it would threaten her delusional defenses. Electroshock might suppress the voices for a while, but she dreads it. And anyway she'd still be the same kind of girl six months later. So we'll give her Thorazine and Frenquel and get her out as soon as we can. We'd love to cure her with a pill. But we know darn well a pill isn't going to change her into a normal girl. The pills may make her more comfortable, able to carry on a more normal kind of life, but that's all."

Many schizophrenics deteriorate despite every treatment. Others recover spontaneously. Most doctors believe that nobody ever is "cured" completely and permanently of schizophrenia. Kovitz says, "All through medicine we are trying to relieve symptoms and trusting to God and nature to cure. In the case of a sprained ligament, the doctor doesn't heal it—he puts the patient to bed and the ligament heals itself. What we're trying to do in psychiatry is the same thing—symptomatic help, not cure. What do we mean—help? Help the patient to feel better, act better, be more acceptable to the world. The psychotic patient is a person who has gone into a tail spin. We try to give him a chance to pull out of it. That's all—and it isn't bad."

The second time Doctor Kovitz visited Sally Bennett on Ward 13, she said, "I'm wondering if I could go home, start taking my medicine at home. I don't think there's anything wrong with me, and if there is it isn't much. I'd just as soon forget it. It's an illusion that's been presented to me; something has been trying to make something out of me for a long time." Her chin was up.

Kovitz asked, "What's the point of it all?"

"Maybe to make me grow up."

"How do you mean—grow up? Grow up in what way?"

She evaded warily. Kovitz asked when she felt her troubles had begun. Her voice grew sharp, almost imperious, "Well, doctor, what good is it going to do to go over it and over it when it's not there in the first place? I think it's best to forget something, and go get a job and forget all about it."

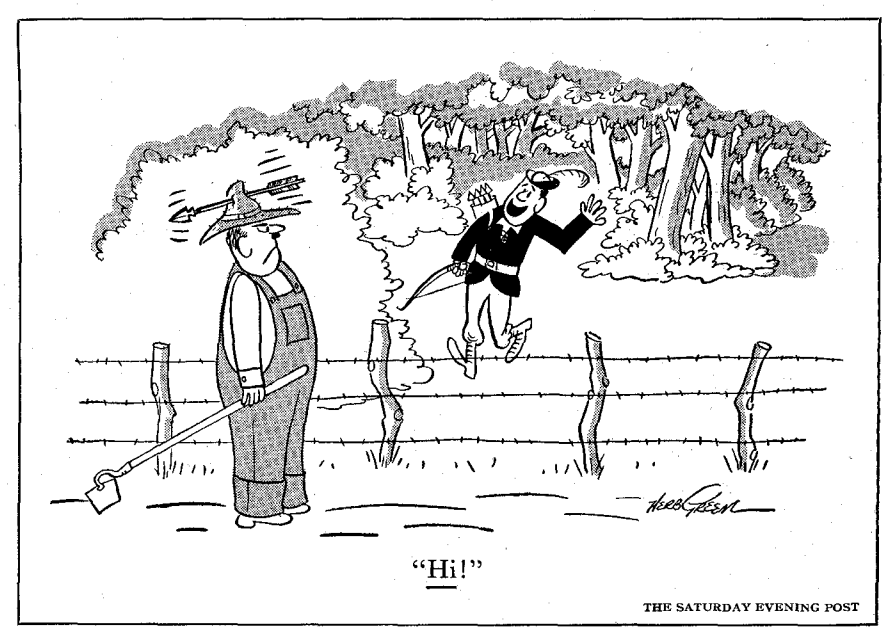
He drew her into talking about the voices and asked, "What is being said?" She evaded. He persisted: "Is it distasteful to you to report what is being said?"

"Frankly, I don't particularly concentrate on those things," and she drew herself up. But in a moment he had her talking again about the interfering voices. "It's just like someone else is running my mind—someone is trying to influence me, someone is trying to boss me, someone is trying to love me."

"Does he make remarks about you? Or to you?"

"It's not like saying things directly. It's over your mind. Like talking through me to someone else. It's like I'm forming an opinion and I'll be thinking something nice and he'll think something sarcastic." Then she burst out, "I don't know what they're trying to do—that's what bothers me.

(*Continued on Page 91*)



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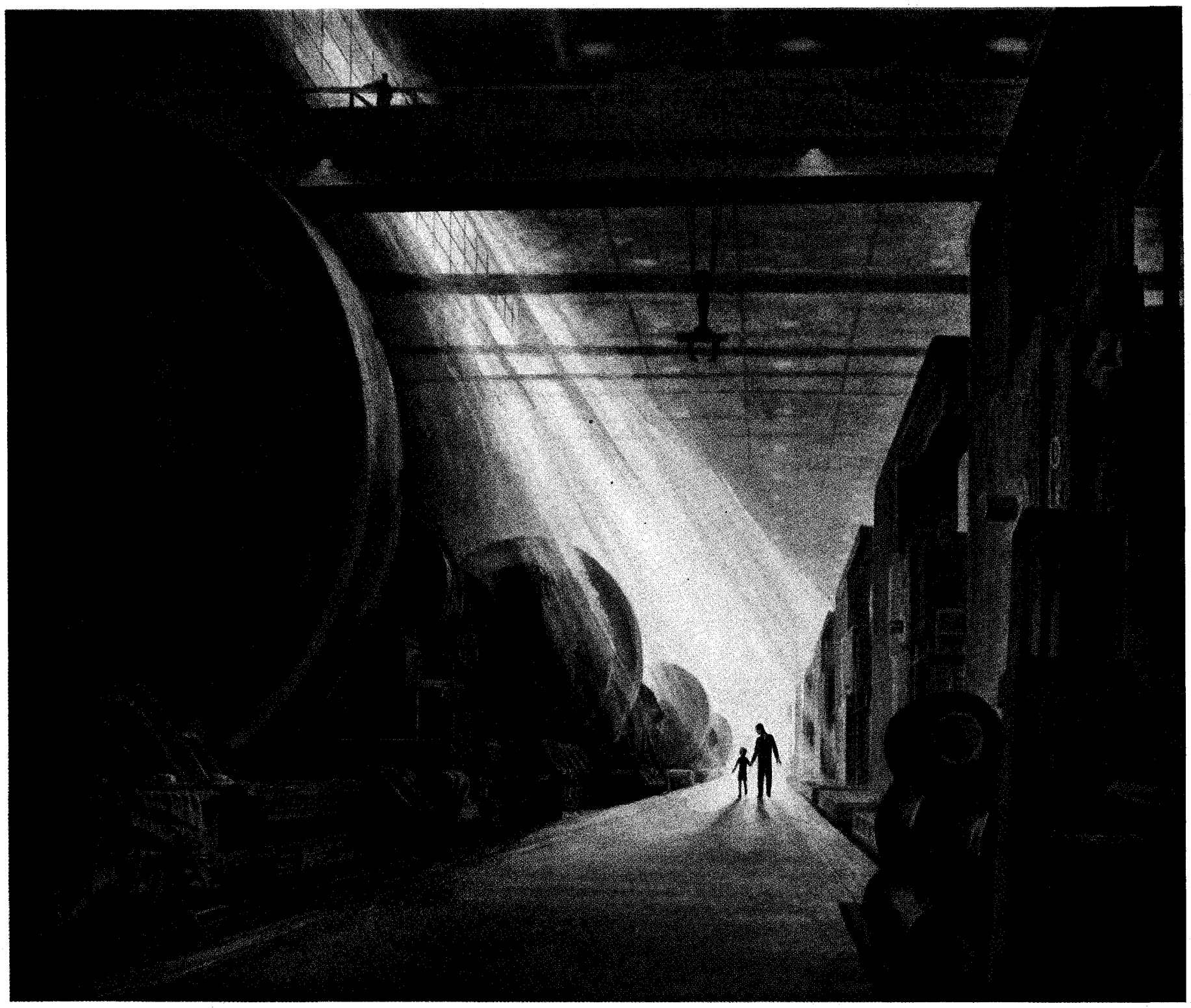

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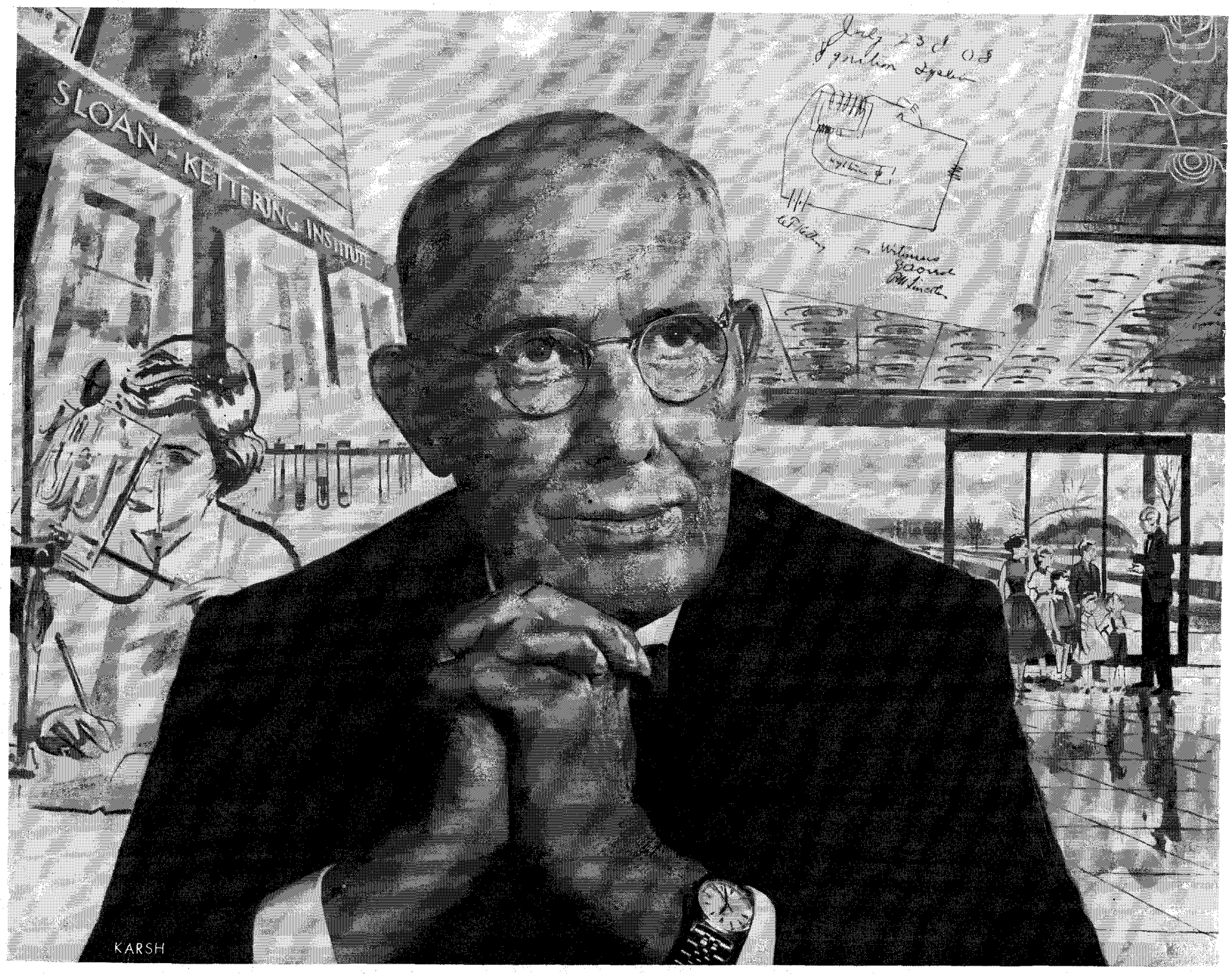

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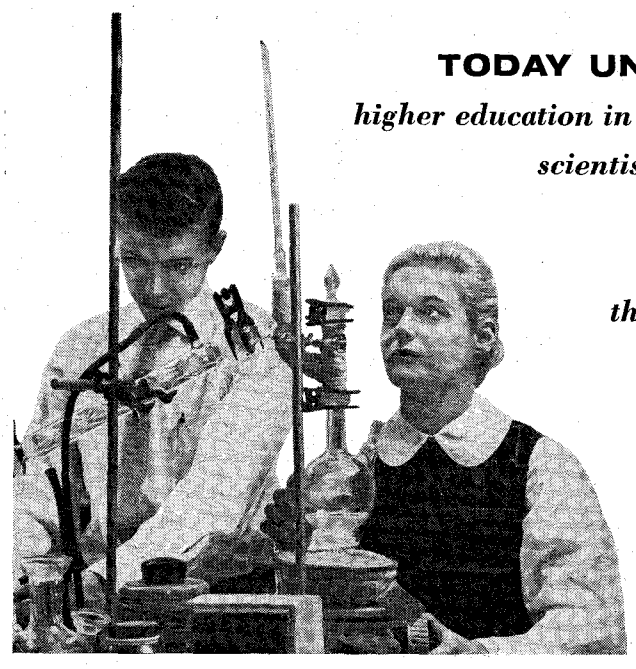

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Charles F. Kettering Speaks to Young America:

Start Now To Make America's Progress Your Profession

An Oil Progress Week message from a great American

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"As rich as my life has been, today's exciting era of rapid discovery and almost unbelievable technological progress offers young people with inquisitive minds—*and a good education*—scores of richly rewarding opportunities that were not even dreamt of in my youth. *One* Thomas Edison in a generation is no longer enough to sustain our kind of progress—today we literally need thousands of well-trained young people with the kind of vision, imagination and courage that took Edison on his lifelong conquest of the unknown.

"This is why I am constantly urging boys and girls to go on to as full an education as possible—not only in science and engineering, but in the arts, the social sciences, the humanities or any other field that fits their talent.

"Right now, however, I am frankly trying to guide as many youngsters as possible toward science and engineering—not only because these fields have been so good to me—not only because present-day America offers such varied and wonderful opportunities in these fields, but because a very real shortage of young scientists and engineers exists today.

"The number of engineers and scientists now being graduated is barely enough to cover replacement requirements. But at America's rate of progress, the needs of industry, government and education are skyrocketing every day. Frank M. Porter, President of American Petroleum Institute, has summed up this threat to America's continued progress with compelling eloquence . . . 'They said the Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton. Let us hope it need never be said that the battle for the Free World was lost in the high schools and colleges of America . . . that failed to train enough young people to hold our leadership in research, engineering and scientific discovery.'

"This is why America's greatest need is also your greatest opportunity! We are all looking to you and to every boy or girl who has ever dreamt of inventing a better automobile engine . . . of building a magic kitchen . . . of curing a dread disease . . . of harnessing a new source of power . . . or of searching for the riches lying under land and sea.

"But remember, only *you* can make these dreams come true! You must start right now—by working hard on your High School course in mathematics, chemistry, physics or biology—if you want to take your place as one of the admired and respected scientific leaders who will guide us all to a better tomorrow.

"Take it from an old engineer—making your country's progress your profession is an exciting and rewarding way to spend your life."

C. F. Kettering

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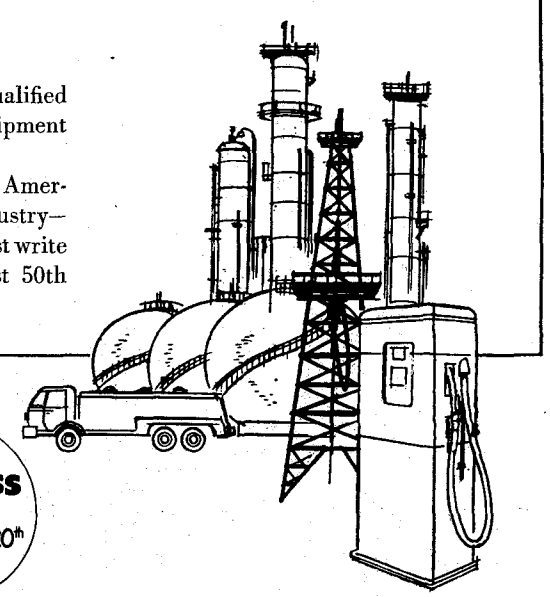
1 When you talk to your children about the future—stress the need for getting a higher education.

2 Because of the special need and opportunity for scientists and engineers, encourage your youngsters to take mathematics and science courses early. Encourage their interest in scientific hobbies.

3 At your PTA and other civic meetings, ask these questions: Are adequate mathematics and science courses available in your local schools? Are there enough qualified science teachers? Is there sufficient space and equipment for laboratory work?

4 To see what great opportunities are available for American boys and girls in just one industry—the oil industry—send for the free booklet, "Careers In Petroleum." Just write to: American Petroleum Institute, Box 11, 50 West 50th Street, New York 20, N. Y.



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(*Continued from Page 86*) What is it, doctor? What are they trying to do?"

Kovitz shifted his weight in the chair. "I have some thoughts about it. For instance, you may not believe this, but other people go through it too."

"But what are they trying to accomplish? Is it that they're trying to teach you to live with someone?" She looked away shyly. "You can like people when they're far off, but you can't like them when they're too close."

"Does he express attitudes you're afraid to recognize, perhaps?"

"No," she said. "Well ——" She stopped, then shifted to talking evasively about how the phantom man contradicted her.

Kovitz said, "Tell me, what kind of person do you feel yourself to be?"

"I've never given myself too much thought," she said. "To be healthy, to be active, to like people, try to get along with them, see their viewpoint as well as your own. You have to. I guess that's about all."

"You try very hard to be good?"

"Yes, doctor."

"This other being wants you to be bad?"

"Yes."

"So this is a fight between the good and the bad, in a sense?" She nodded.

He asked if, as a child, she had been shy, quiet, lonely, bashful, easily hurt. She nodded, agreeing.

"Did you feel it was going to be hard to grow up—that adulthood would be hard to achieve?"

She said, "It still seems a long way off. I believe it's having security that helps people grow up, to improve, to be active. You have to have security to look forward to."

"Security," Kovitz said. "Did you have security?"

"Yes," she said. "I had a good job, I liked my job, I liked the hours I was working, the pay, everything."

"I think we mean two different things by security. There is a hint in what you've said that perhaps you didn't feel as secure as you say."

"No, doctor, what my goal in life was, was this: Someday I wanted to find someone that was very attractive to me and settle down and raise a family like every other normal human being. And I felt I had a good job, I was getting out more, and I thought I might meet someone. That was the only plan I had. It's funny, I don't look to other people. The people around me don't seem to mean much now, after this happened. When you like somebody." She stopped as though she had completed the sentence.

"Did you like somebody?" Kovitz asked.

"Yes, doctor, I did. And then—well, we broke up." He asked her to tell him about it. She said, "It seemed like something happened that kept me from writing to him, something was keeping us apart, there was something interfering, someone interfering. Either *him*"—meaning the other being, her phantom lover—"or else a friend or my sister or someone that didn't want us to." She stopped abruptly. "Or else without knowing it I interfered with someone else."

She leaned forward. "Did I? That has been said—that I stole someone else's boy friend. Did I, doctor?" Her voice was tense.

Kovitz said quietly, "Well, I suppose there is always a chance of that; we love someone and if he has a girl she gets hurt, and that's just too bad."

She rushed on, "But why do I have to come in here? I didn't write to him. If I interfered with him, I did it unintentionally, so why should I have to pay for it? I can live alone the rest of my life and be happy."

"You feel, if that's what having a boy friend can lead to, it isn't worth it."

"That's what I mean. Is it forgetting a certain party—is that what it's meant to do? I don't know what is expected of me," she said. Kovitz was silent. She said resentfully, "I don't want to be here the rest of my life. I feel like I have a state-hospital record when I'm a young girl—and for no reason at all. And I don't like it. I haven't committed any crime."

Kovitz began slowly, "First of all, as to the reason you're here: Your experience is considered a form of illness. The things you ascribe to outside interference we doctors ascribe to something coming from your illness. You have no enemies that we know of who would do such terrible things to you. Also, we know of no earthly means by which they could interfere even if they wanted to."

She looked impatient. He nodded. "I've told others this and they can't believe it either." He was leaning forward, his elbows on his knees, looking up at her steeply. "This isn't a very nice thing to say to you, and I wish I didn't have to say it, but you're really not all right. You're a very nice person—but a sick person with a sick personality who has maintained an illusion of being normal. And it hasn't worked. The problems of growing up and getting along with men and getting married have produced tension in you, and what's interfering with you is a hidden side of your own personality. You have what people call a split personality. It's a very difficult condition to deal with, but we might as well face the truth. You're not the victim of enemies—only of a part of yourself."

He leaned back in his chair. "I don't feel very comfortable, saying this to you," he said gently.

Listening, she had not moved, but one felt that she had drawn away from him. She said, "It isn't so, doctor; you're wrong, you'll never make me believe that. I know quite a bit. I know they have ways of influencing people—a lot of ways, like Roentgen rays. There is a way they can present illusions to people. I looked it up in the dictionary. I *know* it." Her fist struck the chair arm.

Kovitz said quietly, "We just don't agree—not yet, at least."

"Who is the one being mistreated, you or I? Who has the right to say, you or I?"

"You're suffering," he said gently. "You're ill."

She rushed on, "Everyone has the right to free speech, freedom of religion, freedom of the press, freedom of speech, and I have a right to believe or not, like any other sick person. I have a right to love when I want to, to agree with whom I want to. I'm not a sick girl and I never have been sick and I don't have to be here. It will hurt me to be in this place. This is a depressing environment. I like to look at something bright and nice, not at scrub brushes and dirty old brooms and dirty old floors." She waved her long fingers disdainfully. "What do I have to bother me? What am I saying that's so ——" She broke off, veered sharply. "It's this other person—it isn't me. Is it a scientific form of experimentation?"

Kovitz said, "It's nature acting inside you."

"Now you know it isn't nature in me. You're not going to make me believe that. You're a scientist and I'm a religious person, and that's where we differ. I was brought up to believe there is a God. There is something more beautiful than this world, and that's what keeps me going."

"You've got some faith," Kovitz murmured. "We need every bit we can get."

She was rushing on, "You say I'm unhealthy, but I feel I'm being mistreated. It's awful, it makes me sick just being in here. Why can't I go home and start taking my medicine? Doctor Kovitz, why can't I go home?"

"I hope you can someday," he said.

"But when?"

"The staff has to agree that you are well enough."

"I don't think this is fair. This is twice in my lifetime this has happened to me and it isn't fair. Even when I was a little girl I used to walk by this place and I didn't like it," and suddenly she began to sob. She sat a moment, dabbing at her eyes with a handkerchief, smiling weakly. Kovitz waited, his brown eyes sympathetic.

She said, "I never did like this place and I don't like the men here—the fact is, I don't like the whole state of Ohio. It's a horrible, frightening place, all these sick people around," and she gestured toward the hall, where other patients were pacing by. "How can a person live with this? Not to have anything to look forward to? After all, I'm youthful, I don't like to live around dying, aging people."

"They're sick," Kovitz said. "They can't help it."

She opened her mouth, hesitated, and her haughty look left her and she slumped a little. "They are," she said softly, nodding. "I know, doctor."

Kovitz said, "We'd like to try you on some medicine. Will you take some medicine if we give it to you?"

She said, "Yes, I will, doctor." But then, "Can't I arrange to go home and take my medicine? I'll come and see you."

Kovitz said, "We want you to go home, too, just as soon as you're well enough." He got up. "I'll get some medicine for you. And I'll be up to see you again."

She, too, arose. "Thank you, Doctor Kovitz." He watched her cross the hall and sit in a rocking chair, choosing a chair off by itself, not close to other patients. Then Kovitz walked quickly down the long ward, brushing past patients who stretched out thin arms to him.

He said, "Did you notice how hostile she became as soon as we threatened her delusions?" He took out his keys and unlocked the ward door. He said, "Maybe you can see now what a tragically difficult problem we're dealing with." He looked worn out.

"We'll try her on Thorazine and Frenquel. We'll hope to get her out someday, but we'll never make her well, really well. Other people lose a leg or a lung or have a heart attack and have to make the best of it. She'll have to make the best of schizophrenia. There are physical limitations on some people, social limitations on others. The ills of society are many," he said, smiling a little. "They all restrict what life could really be."

Editors' Note—This is the third of a series of six articles. Another article will appear next week.

... ...

Thoughts After Stating I Hadn't Time to Serve on a Certain Committee

By M. M. Parrish

If any little smug remark
Can irk me through and through,
It's this: "We always have the time
For what we want to do."

Persist in that cliché, my friend,
And someday you may rue it.
Oh, what I'd like to do to you
If I had time to do it!

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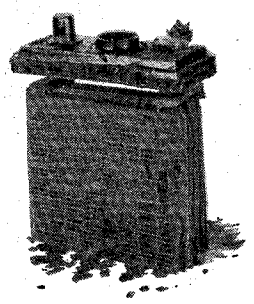
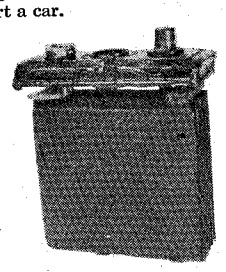


The power-producing plates of this battery, a well-known brand, have worn so badly that they can no longer deliver sufficient power to start a car.



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* Society of Automotive Engineers Overcharge Life Test

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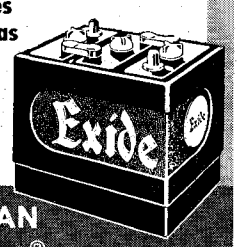

WHEN IT'S AN Exide® ...YOU START

The Guns of Navarone

(Continued from Page 45)

sitting upright, hands bound behind their backs, staring down into the snow, occasionally shaking muzzy heads from side to side. Nothing but aching, broken heads everywhere, Mallory thought bitterly. He wondered how Andy Stevens was feeling, glanced idly past the sentry toward the dark mouth of the cave, stiffened in sudden, almost uncomprehending shock.

Andy Stevens was coming out of the cave. Even in the dim starlight every movement was terribly plain as he inched forward agonizingly on chest and belly, dragging his shattered leg behind him. He was placing his hands beneath his shoulders, levering himself upward and forward while his head dropped below his shoulders with pain and the exhaustion of the effort, lowering himself slowly on the soft and sodden snow, then repeating the same heart-sapping process over and over again. Exhausted and pain-filled as the boy might be, Mallory thought, his mind was still working; he had a white sheet over his shoulders and back as camouflage against the snow, and he carried a climbing spike in his right hand.

Five yards Stevens had to go, Mallory estimated. The sentry was bound to hear him if he came any closer, Mallory thought desperately; even in that soft snow he was bound to hear him.

Mallory bent his head, began to cough loudly, almost continuously.

"Be quiet!" the sentry ordered in German. "Stop that coughing at once!"

"Coughing, is it? I can't help it," Mallory protested in English. He coughed again, louder, more persistently than before. "It is your lieutenant's fault," he gasped. "He has knocked out some of my teeth." Mallory broke into a fresh paroxysm of coughing, recovered himself with an effort. "Is it my fault that I'm choking on my own blood?"

Stevens was less than ten feet away now, but his tiny reserves of strength were almost gone. He could no longer raise himself to the full stretch of his arms, was advancing only a few pitiful inches at a time. At length he stopped altogether and lay still for half a minute. Mallory thought he had lost consciousness, but by and by he raised himself up again, to the full stretch this time, had just begun to pivot himself forward, when he collapsed and fell heavily into the snow.

Mallory began to cough again, but he was too late. The sentry leaped off his box and whirled round, all in one movement, the evil mouth of the Schmeisser lined up on the body almost at his feet. Then he relaxed as he realized who it was, and lowered the barrel of his gun.

"So," he said softly. "The fledgling has left its nest. Poor little fledgling."

He bent down and almost gently removed the spike from the feebly threatening hand, sent it spinning over the edge of the gully. Then he lifted Stevens carefully by the shoulders, slid in the bunched-up sheet as pillow for the unconscious head against the bitter cold of the snow, shook his head wonderingly, sadly, and went back to his seat on the ammunition box.

Captain Skoda was a small, thin man in his late thirties, neat, dapper, debonair and wholly evil. There was something innately evil about the long, corded neck that stretched up scrawnily above his padded shoulders, something repellent about the incongruously small bullet-head perched above. Even at that early hour—it was not yet six o'clock—he was immaculately dressed, freshly shaven, the wetly gleaming hair—thin, dark, heavily indented above the temples—brushed straight back across his head. Seated behind a flat-topped table, the sole article of furniture in the bench-lined guardroom, only the upper half of his body was visible; even so, one instinctively knew that the crease of the trousers, the polish of the jackboots would be beyond reproach.

He smiled often, and he was smiling now as Lieutenant Turzig finished his report. Leaning far back in his chair, his lazy, empty eyes missed nothing—the guard at the door, the two guards behind the bound prisoners, Andrea sitting on the bench where he had just laid Stevens—one lazy sweep of those eyes encompassed them all.

"Excellently done, Lieutenant Turzig!" he purred. "Most efficient; really most efficient!" He looked speculatively at the three men standing before him, at their bruised and blood-caked faces, switched his glance to Stevens, lying barely conscious on the bench, smiled again and permitted himself a fractional lift of his eyebrows. "A little trouble, perhaps, Turzig? The prisoners were not too—ah—co-operative?"

"They offered no resistance, sir—no resistance at all," Turzig said stiffly. The tone, the manner were punctilious, correct, but the distaste, the latent hostility were mirrored in his eyes. "My men were maybe a little enthusiastic. We wanted to make no mistakes."

"Quite right, lieutenant—quite right," Skoda murmured approvingly. "These are dangerous men, and one cannot take chances with dangerous men." He pushed back his chair, rose easily to his feet, strolled around the table and stopped in front of Andrea. "Except maybe this one, lieutenant?"

"He is dangerous only to his friends," Turzig said shortly. "It is as I told you, sir. He would betray his mother to save his own skin."

"And claiming friendship with us, eh?" Skoda asked musingly. "One of our gallant allies, lieutenant."

Skoda reached out a gentle hand, brought it viciously down and across Andrea's cheek, the heavy signet ring on his middle finger tearing skin and flesh. Andrea cried out in pain, clapped one hand to his bleeding face and cowered away, his right arm raised above his head in blind defense.

"A notable addition to the armed forces of the Third Reich," Skoda murmured. "You were not mistaken, lieutenant. A poltroon. . . . What is your name, my brave friend?"

"Papagos," Andrea muttered sullenly. "Peter Papagos." He took his hand away from his cheek, looked at it with eyes slowly widening with horror, and began to rub it across his trousers leg with jerky, hurried movements, the repugnance of his face plain for every man to see. Skoda watched him with amusement.

"You do not like to see blood, Papagos, eh?" he suggested. "Especially your own blood?"

A few seconds passed in silence; then Andrea lifted his head suddenly, his fat face screwed up in misery. He looked as if he were going to cry.

"I am only a poor fisherman, your honor!" he burst out. "You laugh at me and say I do not like blood, and it is true. Nor do I like suffering and war. I want no part of any of these things!" His great fists were (*Continued on Page 96*)

The Perfect Squelch

Eager to try out his budding knowledge of German, Corporal Perkins spoke to the man nearest him in Munich's Hofbräuhaus. He started to explain in halting German that he had been studying the language only since being assigned to Germany a few months before. But the German quickly interrupted him to point out, in very good English, that his accent was atrocious and his grammar worse.

When Perkins tried to apologize and explain that he just wanted a little practice, he was interrupted again. The German said flatly that Americans had no linguistic ability. He went on to explain at length how quickly he had picked up English, how easily he had mastered the accent and the grammar. "Germans," he said finally, "are far superior to Americans in this respect. How else can you explain my perfect command of your language and your stumbling efforts at German?"

"Well, I guess you've had a lot of practice," the corporal said, "since *1945*."

Lauren K. Bowen

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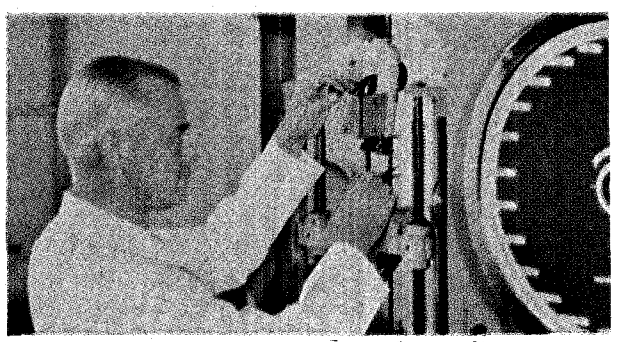

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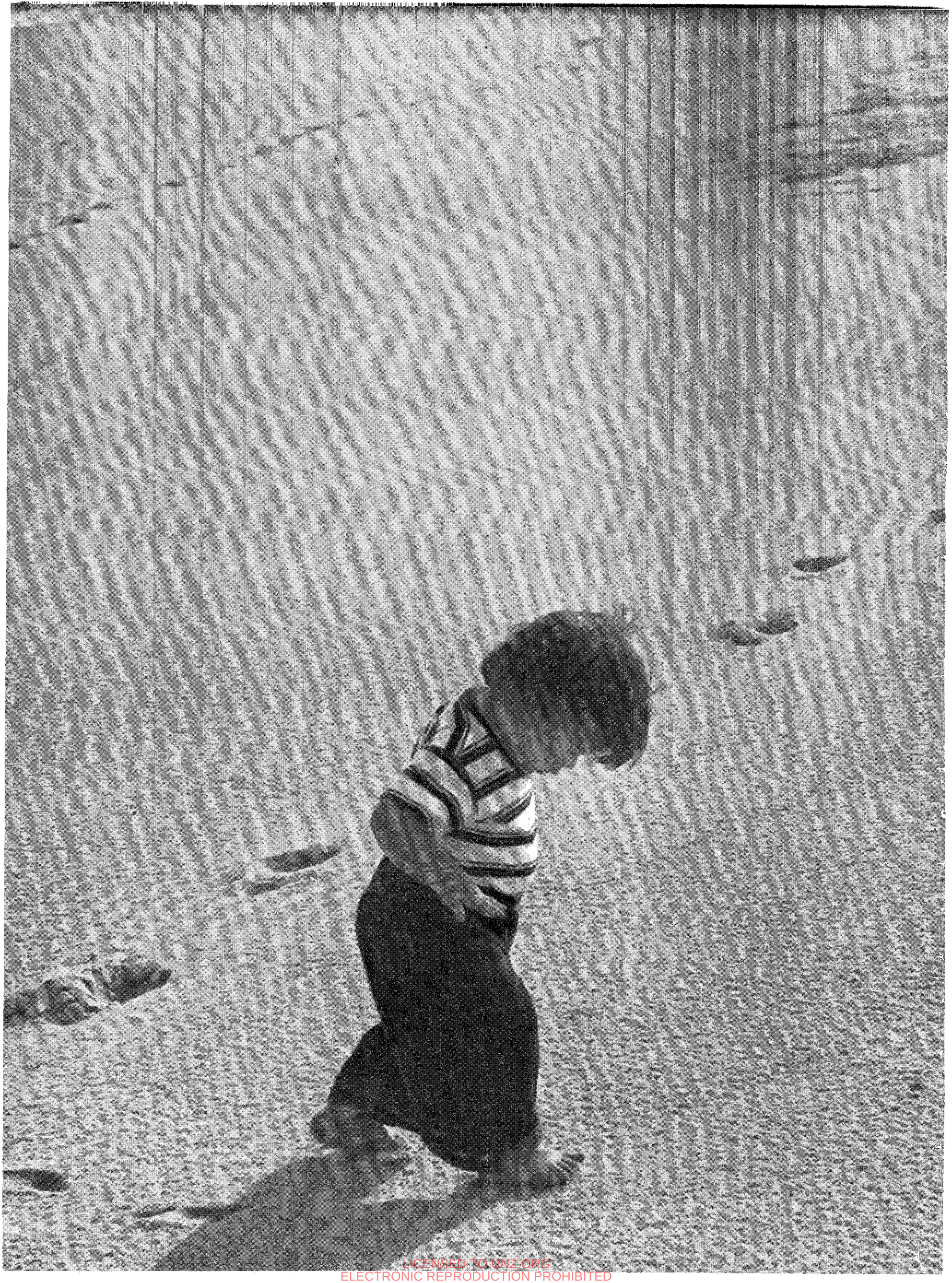

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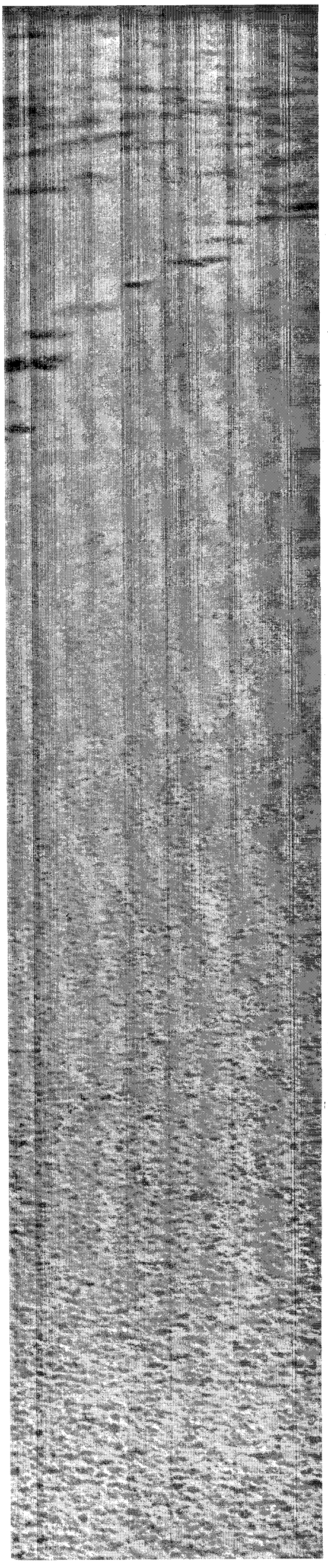

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(*Continued from Page 92*) clenched in futile appeal, his face puckered in woe, his voice risen an octave. It was a masterly exhibition of despair, and even Mallory found himself almost believing in it. "Why wasn't I left alone?" he went on pathetically. "God knows I am no fighting man ——"

"A highly superfluous statement," Skoda interrupted dryly. He tapped his teeth with a jade cigarette holder, his eyes speculative. "A fisherman you call yourself ——"

"He's a damned traitor!" Mallory interrupted. The commandant was becoming just that little bit too interested in Andrea. At once Skoda wheeled round, stood in front of Mallory with his hands clasped behind his back, teetering on heels and toes, and looked him up and down in mocking inspection.

"So!" he said thoughtfully. "The great Keith Mallory! The greatest mountaineer of our time, the idol of prewar Europe, the conqueror of the world's most impossible climbs." Skoda shook his head sadly. "I doubt whether posterity will rank your last climb as among your greatest; there are only ten steps leading to the gallows in the fortress of Navarone." Skoda smiled. "Hardly a cheerful thought, is it, Captain Mallory?"

"I wasn't even thinking about it," the New Zealander answered pleasantly. "What worries me is your face." He frowned. "Somewhere or other, I'm sure I've seen it or something like it before." His voice trailed off into silence.

"Indeed?" Skoda was interested. "In the Bernese Alps, perhaps? Often before the war ——"

"I have it now!" Mallory's face cleared. He knew the risk he was taking, but anything that concentrated attention on himself to the exclusion of Andrea was justified. He beamed at Skoda. "Three months ago, it was, in the zoo in Cairo. A plains buzzard that had been captured in the Sudan. A rather old and mangy buzzard, I'm afraid," Mallory went on apologetically, "but exactly the same scrawny neck, the same beaky face and bald head ——"

Mallory broke off abruptly, swayed back out of reach as Skoda, his face livid and gleaming teeth bared in rage, swung at him with his fist. The blow carried with it all Skoda's wiry strength, but anger blurred his timing and the fist swung harmlessly by; he stumbled, recovered; then fell to the floor with a shout of pain as Mallory's heavy boot caught him flush on the thigh, just above the knee.

There was a moment's shocked stillness throughout the room; then Skoda rose painfully, supporting himself on the edge of the heavy table. He was breathing quickly, the thin mouth a hard, white line, the great saber scar flaming redly in the sallow face, drained now of all color. He looked neither at Mallory nor at anyone else, but slowly, deliberately, in an almost frightening silence, began to work his way round to the back of the table, the scuffing of his sliding palms on the leather top rasping edgily across overtautened nerves.

Mallory stood quite still, watching him with an expressionless face, cursing himself for his folly. He had overplayed his hand. There was no doubt in his mind—there could be no doubt in the mind of anyone in that room—that Skoda meant to kill him; and he, Mallory, would not die. Only Skoda and Andrea would die. Skoda from Andrea's throwing knife—Andrea was rubbing blood from his face with the inside of his sleeve, fingertips only inches from the sheath—and Andrea from the guns of the guards, for the knife was all he had. *You fool, you fool, you stupid fool,* Mallory repeated to himself over and over again. He turned his head slightly and glanced out of the corner of his eye at the sentry nearest him. Nearest him, but still six or seven feet away. The sentry would get him, Mallory knew; the blast of the slugs from that Schmeisser would tear him in half before he could cover the distance. But he would try. It was the least he owed to Andrea.

Skoda reached the back of the table, opened a drawer, lifted out a gun and looked up at Mallory. Mallory flicked a glance at Andrea and tensed himself for one convulsive fling backward. But there was a scuffle at the table and Mallory was just in time to see Turzig pin Skoda's gun hand to the table top.

"Not that, sir!" Turzig begged. "For heaven's sake, not that way!"

"Take your hands away," Skoda whispered. The staring, empty eyes never left Mallory's face. "Take your hands away, I say."

"You can't kill him, sir!" Turzig persisted doggedly. "You just can't. The commandant's orders were very clear, Captain Skoda. The leader must be brought to him alive."

"He was shot while trying to escape," Skoda said thickly.

"It's no good." Turzig shook his head. "We can't kill them all—and the other prisoners would talk." He released his grip on Skoda's hands. "Alive, the commandant said, but he didn't say how much alive." He lowered his voice confidentially. "Perhaps we may have some difficulty in making Captain Mallory talk," he suggested.

"What? What did you say?" Abruptly the death's-head smile flashed once more, and Skoda was completely on balance again. "You are overzealous, lieutenant; that was exactly what I was trying to do—frighten Mallory into talking. And now you've spoiled it all." The smile was still on his face, the voice light, almost bantering, but Mallory was under no illusions. He owed his life to the young lieutenant. How easily one could respect, form a friendship with a man like Turzig if it weren't for this crazy war. . . .

Skoda was standing in front of him again; he had left his gun on the table.

"But enough of this fooling, eh, Captain Mallory?" The German's teeth fairly gleamed in the bright light from the naked lamps overhead. "We haven't all night, have we?" He hummed a little to himself, looked up abruptly, the smile broader than ever. "Where are the explosives, Captain Mallory?"

"Explosives?" Mallory lifted an interrogatory eyebrow. "I don't know what you are talking about."

"So." Skoda hummed to himself again and walked over in front of Miller. "And what about you, my friend?"

"Sure I remember," Miller said easily. "The captain's got it all wrong."

"A sensible man!" Skoda purred, but Mallory could have sworn to an undertone of disappointment in the voice. "Proceed, my friend."

"Captain Mallory has no eye for detail," Miller drawled. "I was with him that day. He is malignin' a noble bird. It was a vulture, not a buzzard."

Just for a second, Skoda's smile slipped; then it was back again, as rigidly fixed and lifeless as if it had been painted on.

"Very, very witty men, don't you think, Turzig? What the British would call music-hall comedians. Let them laugh while they may, until the hangman's noose begins to tighten." He looked at Casey Brown. "Perhaps you ——"

"Why don't you go and take a running jump to yourself?" Brown growled.

"A running jump? The idiom escapes me, but I fear it is hardly complimentary." Skoda selected a cigarette from a thin case, tapped it thoughtfully on a thumbnail. "H'm-m. Not just what one might call too co-operative, Lieutenant Turzig."

"You won't get these men to talk, sir." There was a quiet finality in Turzig's voice.

"Possibly not—possibly not." Skoda was quite unruffled. "Nevertheless, I shall have the information I want, and within five minutes." He walked unhurriedly across to his desk, pressed a button, screwed his cigarette into its jade holder, and leaned against the table, an arrogance, a careless contempt in every action, even to the leisurely crossing of the gleaming jackboots.

Suddenly a side door was flung open and two men stumbled into the room, prodded by a rifle barrel. Mallory caught his breath, felt his nails dig savagely into the palms of his hands. Louki and Panayis! Louki and Panayis, bound and bleeding; Louki from a cut above the eye, Panayis from a scalp wound. So they'd got them, too, and in spite of his warnings. Mallory looked at them with eyes empty of all recognition, his face expressionless.

"Come now, Captain Mallory," Skoda said reproachfully. "Have you no word of greeting for two old friends? No? Or perhaps you are just overwhelmed?" he suggested smoothly. "You had not expected to see them so soon again, eh, Captain Mallory?"

"What cheap trick is this?" Mallory asked contemptuously. "I've never seen these men before in my life."

"Of course not," Skoda sighed wearily. "Oh, of course not. Human memory is so short, is it not, Captain Mallory?" The sigh was pure theater—Skoda was enjoying himself immensely, the cat playing with the mouse. "However, we will try again." He swung round, crossed over to the bench where Stevens lay, pulled off the blanket and, before anyone could guess his intentions, chopped the outside of his right hand against Stevens' smashed leg, just below the knee. Stevens' entire body leaped in a convulsive spasm, but without even the whisper of a moan; he was still fully conscious, smiling at Skoda, blood trickling down his chin from where his teeth had gashed his lower lip.

"You shouldn't have done that, Captain Skoda," Mallory said. His voice was barely a whisper, but unnaturally loud in the frozen silence of the room. "You are going to die for that, Captain Skoda."

"So? I am going to die, am I?" Again he chopped his hand against the fractured leg. "Then I may as well die twice over, eh, Captain Mallory? This young man is very, very tough—but the British have soft hearts, have they not, my dear captain?" Gently his hand slid down Stevens' leg, closed round the stockinged ankle. "You have exactly five seconds to tell me the truth, Captain Mallory, and then I fear I will be compelled to rearrange these splints —— God in heaven! What's the matter with that great oaf?"

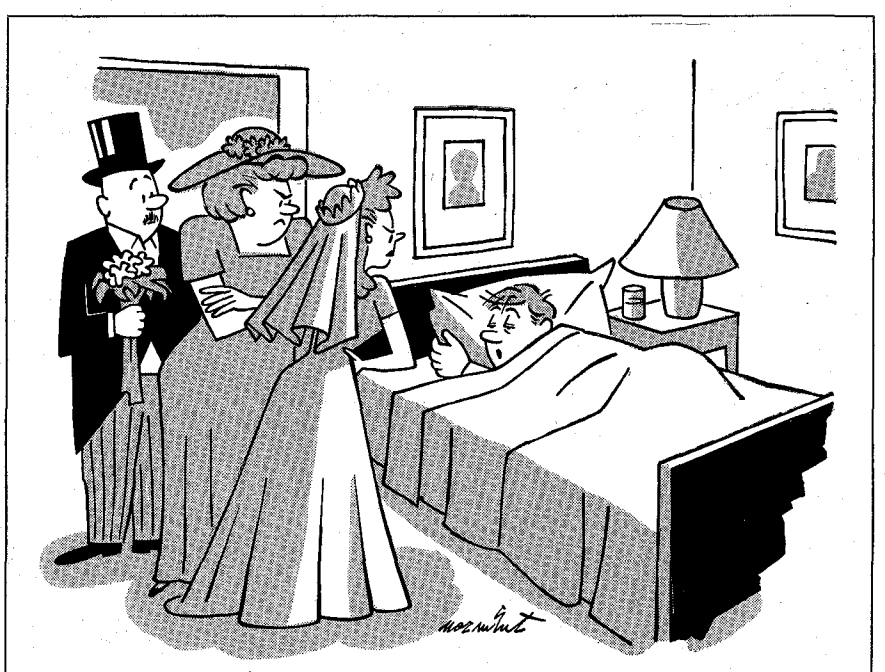
Andrea had taken a couple of steps forward, was standing only a yard away, swaying on his feet. "Outside! Let me outside!" His breath came in short, fast gasps. He bowed his head, one hand to his throat, one over his stomach. "I cannot stand it! Air! Air! I must have air!"

"Ah, no, my dear Papagos, you shall remain here and enjoy —— Corporal! Quickly!" He had seen Andrea's eyes roll upward until only the whites showed. "The fool is going to faint! Take him away before he falls on top of us!"

Mallory had one fleeting glimpse of the two guards hurrying forward, of the incredulous contempt on Louki's face; then he flicked a glance at Miller and Brown, caught the lazy droop of the American's eyelid in return, the millimetric inclination of Brown's head. Even as the two guards came up behind Andrea and lifted the flaccid arms across their shoulders, Mallory glanced half left, saw the nearest sentry less than four feet away now, absorbed in the spectacle of the toppling giant. Easy, dead easy—the gun dangling by his side; he could hit him between wind and water before he knew what was happening.

Fascinated, Mallory watched Andrea's forearms slipping nervelessly down the shoulders of the supporting guards till his wrists rested loosely beside their necks, palms facing inward. And then there was the sudden leap of the great shoulder muscles and Mallory had hurled himself convulsively sideward and back, his shoulder socketing with vicious force into the guard's stomach, inches below the breastbone; an explosive "Ouf!" of agony, the crash against the wooden walls of the room, and Mallory knew the guard would be out of action for some time to come.

Even as he dived, Mallory had heard the sickening thud of heads being swept together. Now, as he twisted round on his side, he had a (*Continued on Page 98*)



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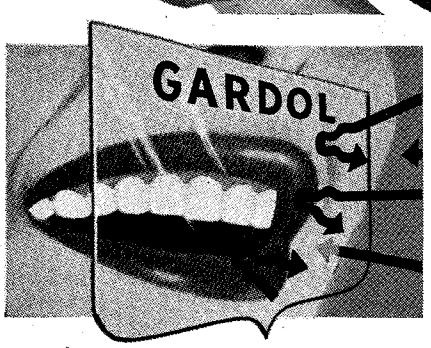

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(*Continued from Page 96*) fleeting glimpse of another guard thrashing feebly on the floor under the combined weights of Miller and Brown, and then of Andrea tearing the machine pistol from the guard who had been standing at his right shoulder; the Schmeisser was cradled in his great hands, lined up on Skoda's chest even before the unconscious man had hit the floor.

For one second, maybe two, all movement in the room ceased. No one moved, no one spoke; the shock, the utter unexpectedness of what had happened held them all in thrall. And then the silence erupted in a staccato crashing of sound, deafening in that confined space. Once, twice, three times, wordlessly and with great care, Andrea shot Captain Skoda through the heart. The blast of the bullets lifted the little man off his feet, smashed him against the wall of the hut; then he collapsed, fell limply to the ground. The eyes were still wide open, as cold, as dark, as empty in death as they had been in life.

His Schmeisser waving in a gentle arc that covered Turzig and the sergeant, Andrea picked up Skoda's sheath knife and sliced through the ropes that bound Mallory's wrists.

"Can you hold this gun, my captain?"

Mallory flexed his stiffened hands once or twice, nodded, and took the gun in silence. In three steps Andrea was behind the blind side of the door leading to the anteroom, pressed to the wall, waiting, gesturing to Mallory to move as far back as possible out of the line of sight.

Suddenly the door was flung open. Andrea could just see the tip of the rifle barrel projecting beyond it.

"Lieutenant Turzig! What's wrong? Who shot?" The German voice broke off in a coughing grunt of agony as Andrea smashed the sole of his foot against the door. He was round the outside of the door in a moment, caught the man as he fell, pulled him clear of the doorway and peered into the adjacent hut. A brief inspection; then he closed the door and bolted it from the inside.

"Nobody else there, my captain," Andrea reported. "Just the one jailer, it seems."

"Fine! Cut the others loose, will you, Andrea?" He wheeled round toward Louki, smiled at the comical expression on the little man's face, the tentative, spreading, finally ear-to-ear grin that cut through the baffled incredulity.

"Where do the men sleep, Louki—the soldiers, I mean?"

"In a hut in the middle of the compound, major. This is the officers' quarters."

"Compound? You mean ——"

"Barbed wire," Louki said succinctly. "Ten feet high—and all the way round."

"Exits?"

"One and one only. Two guards."

"Good! . . . Andrea, everybody into the side room. . . . No, not you, lieutenant. You sit down here." He gestured to the chair behind the big desk. "Somebody's bound to come. Tell him you killed one of us, trying to escape. Then send for the guards at the gate."

For a moment, Turzig didn't answer. He watched unseeingly as Andrea walked past him, dragging two unconscious soldiers by their collars. Then he smiled. It was a wry sort of smile.

"I am sorry to disappoint you, Captain Mallory. Too much has been lost already through my blind stupidity. I won't do it."

"Andrea!" Mallory called softly.

"Yes?" Andrea stood in the anteroom doorway.

"I think I hear someone coming. Is there a way out of that side room?"

Andrea nodded silently.

"Outside! The front door. Take your knife. If the lieutenant ——" But he was talking to himself. Andrea was already gone, slipping out through the back door, soundless as a ghost.

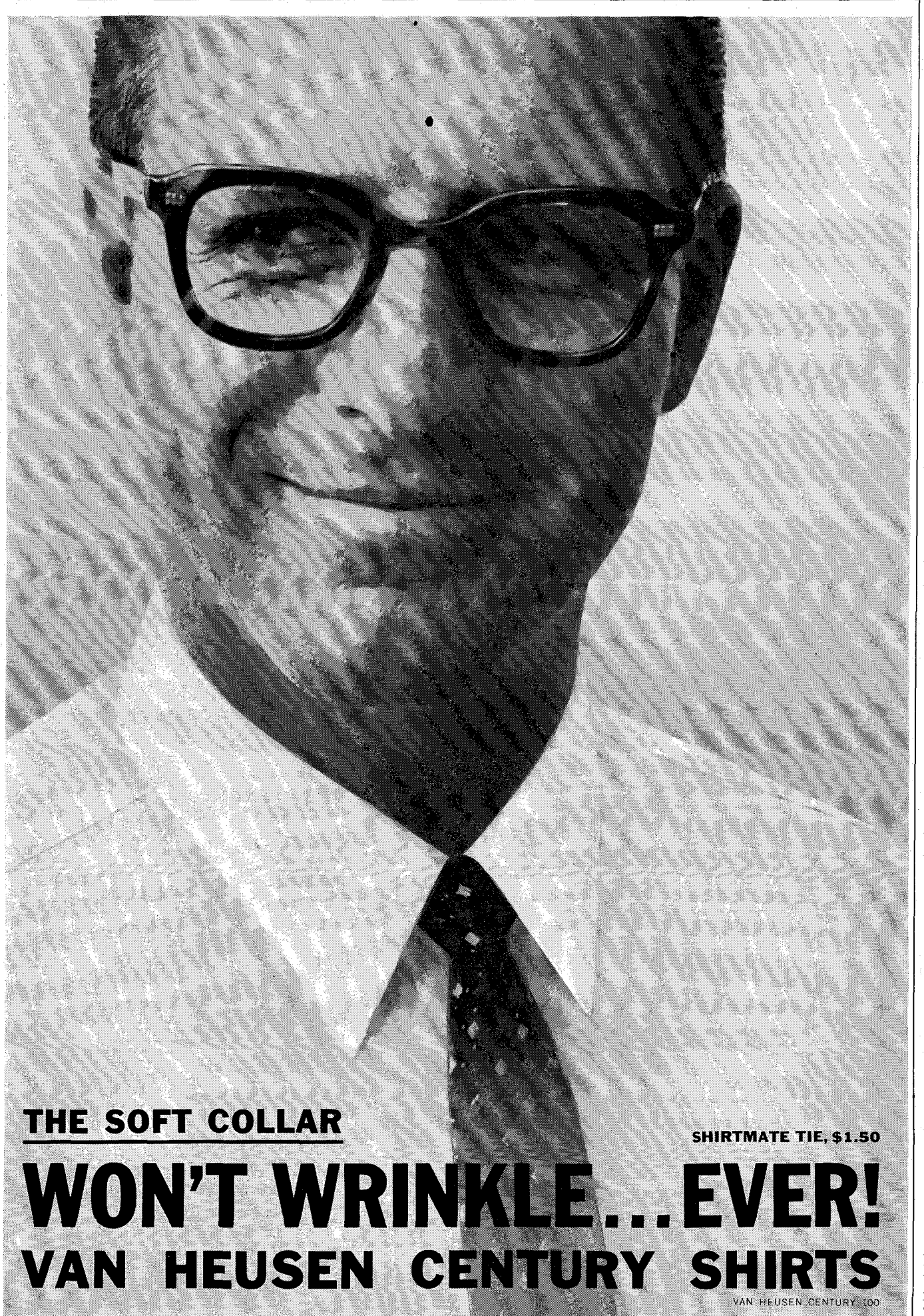
"You will do exactly as I say," Mallory said softly. He took position himself in the doorway to the side room, where he could see the front entrance between door and jamb; his weapon was trained on Turzig. "If you don't, Andrea will kill the man at the door. Then we will kill you and the guards inside. Then we will knife the sentries at the gate. Nine dead men—and all for nothing, for we will escape anyway. . . . Here he is now." Mallory's voice was barely a whisper, eyes pitiless in a pitiless face. "Nine dead men, lieutenant—and just because your pride is hurt." Deliberately, the last sentence was in German, fluent, colloquial, and Mallory's mouth twisted as he saw the almost imperceptible sag of Turzig's shoulders. He knew he had won, that Turzig had been going to take a last gamble on his ignorance of German, that this last hope was gone.

The door burst open and a soldier stood on the threshold, breathing very heavily. He was armed, but clad only in a singlet and trousers, oblivious of the cold.

"Lieutenant! Lieutenant!" He spoke in German. "We heard the shots!"

"It is nothing, sergeant." Turzig bent his head over an open drawer, pretended to be searching for something to account for his solitary presence in the room. "One of our prisoners tried to escape. We stopped him."

"Perhaps the medical orderly ——"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"I'm afraid we stopped him rather permanently." Turzig smiled tiredly. "You can organize a burial detail in the morning. Meantime, you might tell the guards at the gate to come here for a minute. Then get to bed yourself; you'll catch your death of cold!"

"Shall I detail a relief guard?"

"Of course not!" Turzig said impatiently. "It's just for a minute! Hurry up, man! We haven't got all night!" He waited till the sound of the running footsteps died away; then looked steadily at Mallory. "Satisfied?"

"Perfectly. And my very sincere apologies," Mallory said quietly. "I hate to do a thing like this to a man like you." He looked round the door as Andrea came into the room. "Andrea, ask Louki and Panayis if there's a telephone switchboard in this block of huts. Tell them to smash it up and any receivers they can find." He grinned. "Then hurry back for our visitors from the gate. I'd be lost without you on the reception committee."

Turzig's gaze followed the broad retreating back. "Captain Skoda was right. I still have much to learn." There was neither bitterness nor rancor in his voice. "He fooled me completely, that big one."

"You're not the first," Mallory reassured him. "But I think you must be just about the luckiest."

"Because I'm still alive?"

"Because you're still alive," Mallory echoed.

Less than ten minutes later, the two guards at the gate had joined their comrades in the back room, captured, disarmed, bound and gagged with a speed and noiseless efficiency that excited Turzig's professional admiration, chagrined though he was. Securely tied he lay in a corner of the room, not yet gagged.

"I think I understand now why your high command chose you for this task, Captain Mallory. You have a great team."

"We get by," Mallory said modestly. He took a last look round the room; then grinned down at Stevens. "Ready to take off on your travels again, young man?"

"Ready when you are, sir." Lying on a stretcher which Louki had miraculously procured, he sighed in bliss. "First-class travel this time, as befits an officer. Sheer luxury. I don't mind how far we go!"

"Speak for yourself," Miller growled morosely. He had been allocated first stint at the front, or heavy end, of the stretcher. But the quirk of his eyebrows robbed the words of all offense.

"Right then; we're off. One last thing. Where is the camp radio, Lieutenant Turzig?"

"I have no idea."

"What if I threaten to blow your head off?"

"You won't." Turzig smiled, though the smile was a trifle lopsided. "Given certain circumstances, you would kill me as you would a fly. But you wouldn't kill a man for refusing such information."

"You haven't as much to learn as your late and unlamented captain thought," Mallory admitted. "It's not all that important. I regret we have to do all this. I trust we do not meet again—not, at least, until the war is over. Who knows, someday we might even go climbing together." He signed to Louki to fix Turzig's gag, and walked quickly out of the room. Two minutes later they had cleared the barracks and were safely lost in the darkness and the olive groves that stretched to the south of Margaritha.

When they cleared the groves, a long time later, it was almost dawn. The wind was from the south, and warm, and the snow was beginning to melt on the hills. All day long they lay hidden in the carob grove, a thick clump of stunted, gnarled trees that clung grimly to the treacherous, scree-strewn slope abutting what Louki called the "Devil's Playground." A poor shelter and an uncomfortable one, but it did offer concealment.

Away to their left stretched the islands of the Lerades, the nearest of them, Maidos, so close that they could see isolated fisher cottages sparkling whitely in the sun; through that narrow, intervening gap of water would pass the ships of the Royal Navy in just over a day's time. To the north itself, haze-blurred in the purple distance, the island of Kheros lay dreaming on the surface of the sea.

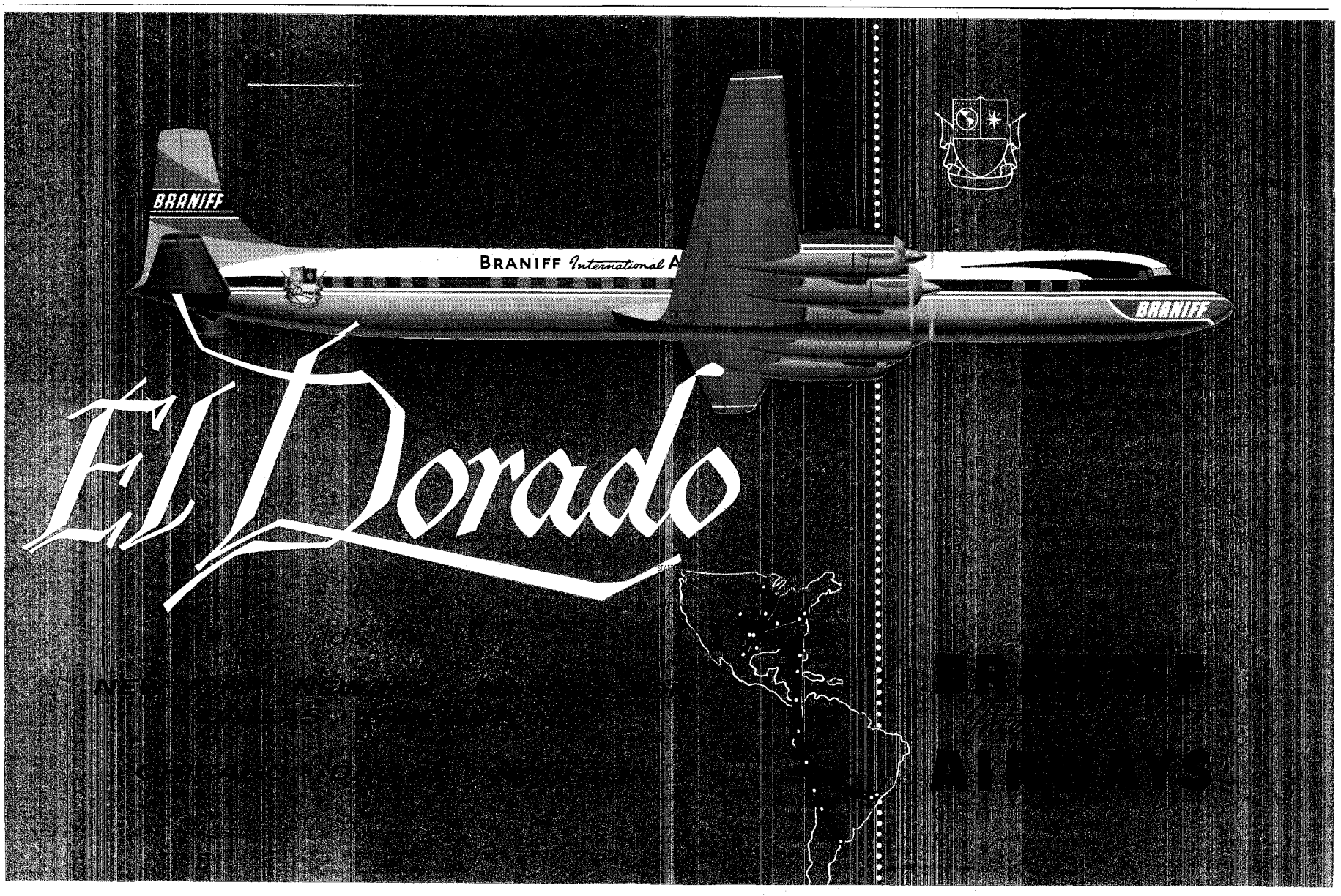
> The man who doesn't know his own strength should become better acquainted with his wife.
>
> SHANNON FIFE

It was a breath-taking panorama, but Mallory had no eyes for it when he had come on guard less than half an hour previously, just after two o'clock. He had dismissed it with one quick glance, settled by the bole of a tree, gazed until his eyes ached with strain at what he had so long waited to see—had waited to see and come to destroy—the guns of the fortress of Navarone.

The town of Navarone—a town of from four to five thousand people, Mallory judged—lay sprawled round the deep, volcanic crescent of the harbor, a crescent so deep, so embracing, that it was almost a complete circle, with only a narrow bottleneck of an entrance to the northwest, a gateway dominated by searchlights and mortars and machine-gun batteries on either side. Less than three miles distant to the northeast from the carob grove, every detail, every street, every building, every caïque and launch in the harbor were clearly visible to Mallory, and he studied them over and over again until he knew them by heart: the way the cliffs to the east—cliffs pock-marked by the bombs of Torrance's Liberator Squadron—stretched a hundred and fifty sheer feet above the water, then curved dizzily out over and above the harbor, and the great mound of volcanic rock towering above that again, a mound barricaded off from the town below by the high wall that ended flush with the cliff itself; and, finally, the way the twin rows of AA guns, the great radar scanners and the barracks of the fortress, squat, narrow-embrasured, built of big blocks of masonry, dominated everything in sight, including that great, black gash in the rock, below the fantastic overhang of the cliff, that housed the guns of Navarone.

Thoughtfully he lowered the glasses and rubbed the back of his hand across aching eyes. At last he felt he knew exactly what he was up against, was grateful for the knowledge, for the opportunity he'd been given for this long-range reconnaissance, this familiarizing himself with the terrain, the geography of the town. This was probably the one vantage point in the whole island that offered such an opportunity together with concealment and near immunity. No credit to himself, the leader of the mission, he reflected wryly, that they had found such a place; it had been Louki's idea entirely.

Mallory turned his head to look at him. The little man was still asleep; wedged on the slope behind a couple of tree trunks, he hadn't stirred for five hours. He'd earned it all, and he'd been awake all (*Continued on Page 101*)



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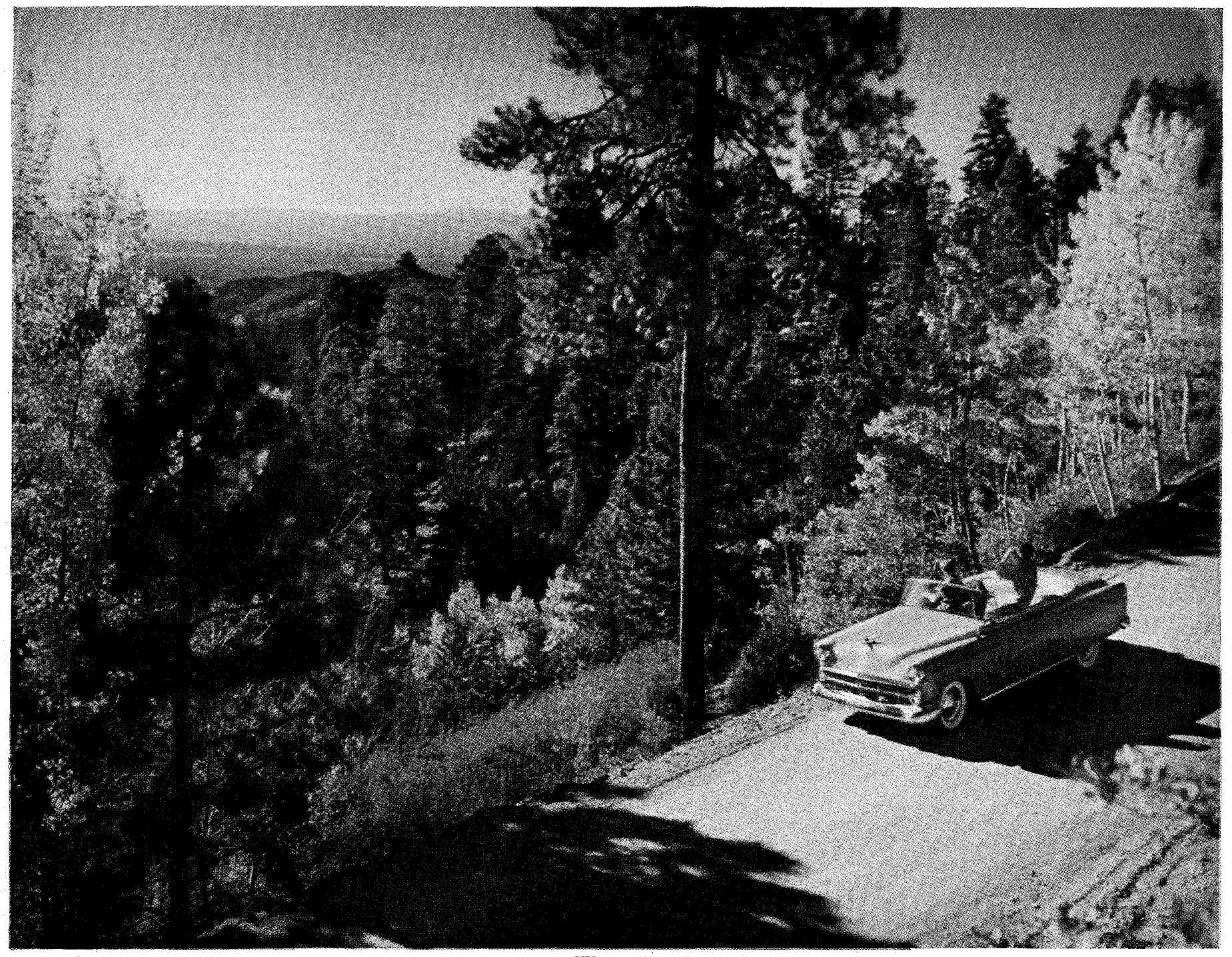

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(*Continued from Page 99*) through the previous night. So had Panayis, but Panayis was already awakening, his transition from sleep to full awareness was immediate, as fleeting and as complete as a cat's. A dangerous man, Mallory knew, a desperate man, almost, and bitter enemy, but he knew nothing of Panayis, nothing at all. He doubted if he ever would.

Farther up on the slope, almost in the center of the grove, Andrea had built a high platform of broken branches and twigs against a couple of carob poles maybe five feet apart, gradually filling up the space between slope and trees until he had a platform four feet in width, as nearly level as he could make it. Andy Stevens lay on this, still on his stretcher, still conscious. He seemed to have passed beyond the need for sleep or had crushed all desire for it. The stench from the gangrenous leg was nauseating, appalling, poisoned all the air around. Mallory and Miller had had a look at the leg shortly after their arrival in the copse, uncovered it, examined it, smiled at each other, tied it up again and assured Stevens that the wound was closing. Below the knee, the leg had turned almost completely black.

Mallory lifted his glasses to have another look at the town, but lowered them almost at once as someone came sliding down the slope and touched him on the arm. It was Panayis, upset, anxious, almost angry looking. He gesticulated toward the westering sun.

"The time, Captain Mallory?" He spoke in Greek, his voice low, sibilant, urgent—an inevitable voice, Mallory thought, for the lean, dark mysteriousness of the man. "What is the time?" he repeated.

"Half past two or thereabouts." Mallory lifted an interrogatory eyebrow. "You are concerned, Panayis. Why?"

"You should have wakened me. You should have wakened me hours ago!" He was angry, Mallory decided. "It is my turn to keep watch."

"But you had no sleep last night," Mallory pointed out reasonably. "It just didn't seem fair."

"It is my turn to keep watch, I tell you!" Panayis insisted stubbornly.

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" Mallory began in exasperation, checked himself and smiled. "Maybe I should go and get some more sleep anyway; you are kind to give me the chance. You will shake me in two hours' time?"

"Certainly, certainly!" Panayis was almost beaming. "I shall not fail."

Mallory scrambled up to the center of the grove and stretched out lazily along the ledge he had leveled out for himself. For a few idle moments he watched Panayis pacing restlessly to and fro just inside the perimeter of the grove, lost interest when he saw him climbing swiftly up among the branches of a tree, seeking a higher vantage point, and decided he might as well follow his own advice and get some sleep while he could.

"Captain Mallory! Captain Mallory!" An urgent, heavy hand was shaking his shoulder. "Wake up! Wake up!"

Mallory stirred, rolled over on his back, sat up quickly, opened his eyes as he did so. Panayis was stooped over him, the dark, saturnine face alive with anxiety. Mallory shook his head to clear away the mists of sleep and was on his feet in one swift, easy movement.

"What's the matter, Panayis?"

"Planes!" he said quickly. "There is a squadron of planes coming our way!"

"What direction?" Mallory snapped.

"They come from the north."

Together they ran down to the edge of the grove; Panayis gestured to the north, and Mallory caught sight of them at once, the afternoon sun glinting off the sharp dihedral of the wings. Stukas, all right, he thought grimly. Seven—no, eight of them, less than three miles away, flying in two echelons of four, at certainly not more than twenty-five hundred feet. . . . He became aware that Panayis was tugging urgently at his arm.

"Come, Captain Mallory!" he said excitedly. "We have no time to lose!" He pulled Mallory round, pointed with outstretched arm at the gaunt, shattered cliffs that rose steeply behind them, cliffs crazily riven by rock-jumbled ravines that wound their aimless way back into the interior. "The Devil's Playground! We must get in there at once! At once, Captain Mallory!"

"Why on earth should we?" Mallory looked at him in astonishment. "There's no reason to suppose that they're after us. How can they be? No one knows we're here."

"I do not care!" Panayis was stubborn in his conviction. "I know. Do not ask me how I know, for I do not know that myself. Louki will tell you—Panayis knows these things. I know, Captain Mallory—I know!"

Just for a second Mallory stared at him, uncomprehending. Almost without realizing it, certainly without realizing why, Mallory found himself running uphill, slipping and stumbling in the scree. He found the others already on their feet, tense, expectant, shrugging on their packs, the guns already in their hands.

"Get to the edge of the trees up there!" Mallory shouted. "Quickly! Stay there and stay under cover! We're going to have to break for that gap in the rocks!" He gestured through the trees at a jagged fissure in the cliff side, barely forty yards from where he stood, blessed Louki for his foresight in choosing a hide-out with so convenient a bolt hole. "Wait till I give the word! . . . Andrea!" He turned round; then broke off, the words unneeded. Andrea had already scooped up the dying boy in his arms, just as he lay in shelter and blankets, and was weaving his way uphill in and out among the trees.

"What's up, boss?" Miller was by Mallory's side as he plunged up the slope. "I don't see nothin'."

"You can hear something if you'd just stop talking for a moment," Mallory said grimly. "Or just take a look up there."

Miller, flat on his stomach now and less than a dozen feet from the edge of the grove, twisted round and craned his neck upward. He picked up the planes immediately.

"Stukas!" he said incredulously. "A squadron of Stukas! It can't be, boss!"

Even as he spoke, the flight commander tilted his gull-winged Junkers 87 sharply over to port, half turned, fell straight out of the sky in a screaming power dive, plummeting straight for the carob grove.

"Leave him alone!" Mallory shouted. "Don't fire!" The Stuka, flaps at maximum depression, had steadied on the center of the grove. Nothing could stop him now, but a chance shot might bring him down directly on top of them—the chances were poor enough as it was. "Keep your hands over your heads—and your heads down!"

He ignored his own advice, his gaze following the bomber every foot of the way down. Seven hundred, six hundred, five, the rising crescendo of the heavy engine was beginning to hurt his ears, and the Stuka was pulling sharply out of its plunging fall, its bomb gone.

Bomb! Mallory sat up sharply, screwing up his eyes against the blue of the sky. Not one bomb, but dozens of them clustered so thickly that they appeared to be jostling one another as they arrowed into the center of the grove, striking the gnarled and stunted trees, breaking off branches and burying themselves to their fins in the soft and shingled slope. Incendiaries! Mallory had barely time to realize that they had been spared the horror of a 500 kilo H. E. bomb when the incendiaries erupted into hissing, guttering life, into an incandescent magnesium whiteness that reached out and completely destroyed the shadowed gloom of the carob grove. Within a matter of seconds the dazzling coruscation had given way to thick, evil-smelling clouds of acrid black smoke, smoke laced with flickering tongues of red, small at first, then licking and twisting resinously upwards until entire trees were enveloped in a cocoon of flame. The Stuka was still pulling upwards out of its dive, had not yet leveled off, when the heart of the grove, old and dry and tindery, was fiercely ablaze.

Miller twisted up and round, nudging Mallory to catch his attention through the crackling roar of the flames.

"Incendiaries, boss," he announced.

"What did you think they were using?" Mallory asked shortly. "Matches? They're trying to smoke us out, to burn us out, get us in the open. High explosive's not so good among trees. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred, this would have worked." He coughed as the acrid smoke bit into his lungs, peered up with watering eyes through the treetops. "But not this time. Not if we're lucky. Not if they hold off another half minute or so. . . . Just look at that smoke!"

Miller looked. Thick, convoluted, shot through with fiery sparks, the rolling cloud was already filling the gap between grove and cliff, borne uphill by the wandering cat's-paws from the sea. It was the complete, the perfect smoke screen. Miller nodded.

"Gonna chance a break for it, huh, boss?"

"Chance it! There's no choice! We either go, or we stay and get fried or blown into very little bits. Probably both." He raised his voice. "Right, everybody!" he shouted. "Fifteen yards along the tree line to that wash; then straight up into the gorge! Don't stop till you're at least a hundred yards inside! . . . Andrea, you lead the way! Off you go!" He peered through the blinding smoke. "Where's Panayis?"

There was no reply.

"Panayis!" Mallory called. "Panayis!"

For a couple of seconds Mallory stood irresolute; then plunged back downhill toward the center of the grove. Maybe Panayis had gone back for something—and he couldn't understand English. Mallory had hardly gone five yards when he was forced to halt and fling his arm up before his face—the heat was searing. Panayis couldn't be down there; no one could have been down there, could have lived for seconds in that furnace. Gasping for air, hair singeing and clothes smoldering with fire, Mallory clawed his way back up the slope, colliding with trees, slipping, falling; then stumbling to his feet again.

He ran along to the east end of the wood. No one there. Back to the other end again, toward the wash, almost completely blind now, the superheated air searing viciously through throat and lungs till he was suffocating, till his breath was coming in great, whooping, agonized breaths. No sense in waiting longer; nothing he could do, nothing anyone could do except save himself. There was a noise in his ears, the roaring of the flames, the roaring of his own blood—and the screaming, heart-stopping roar of a Stuka in a power dive. Desperately he flung himself forward over the sliding scree, stumbled and pitched headlong down to the floor of the wash.

Hurt or not, he did not know and he did not care. Sobbing aloud for breath, he rose to his feet, forced his aching legs to drive him somehow up the hill. The air was full of the thunder of engines; he knew the entire squadron was coming in to the attack, and then he had flung himself uncaringly to the ground as the first of the high-explosive bombs erupted in its concussive blast of smoke and flame—erupted not forty yards away, to his left and ahead of him.

Ahead of him! Even as he struggled upright again, lurched forward and upward once more, Mallory cursed himself again and again and again. *You madman,* he thought bitterly, confusedly, *you crazy madman. Sending the others out to be killed.* He should have thought of it—he should have thought of it—a five-year-old could have thought of it. Of course, Jerry wasn't going to bomb the grove; they had seen the obvious, the inevitable, as quickly as he had, and were dive-bombing the pall of smoke between the grove and the cliff! A five-year-old —— The earth exploded beneath his feet, a giant hand plucked him up and smashed him to the ground, and the darkness closed over him.

TO BE CONTINUED

"His bark is worse than his bite."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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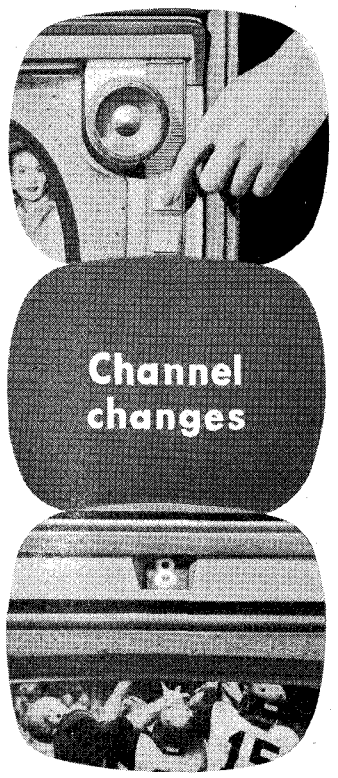

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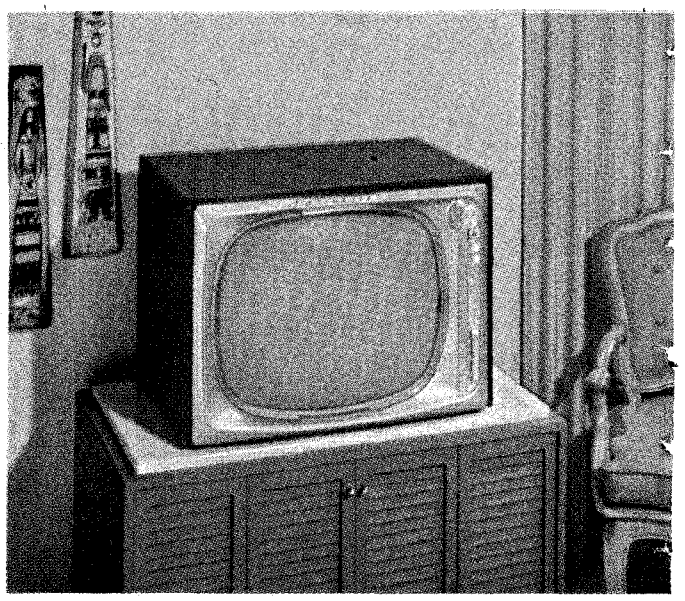

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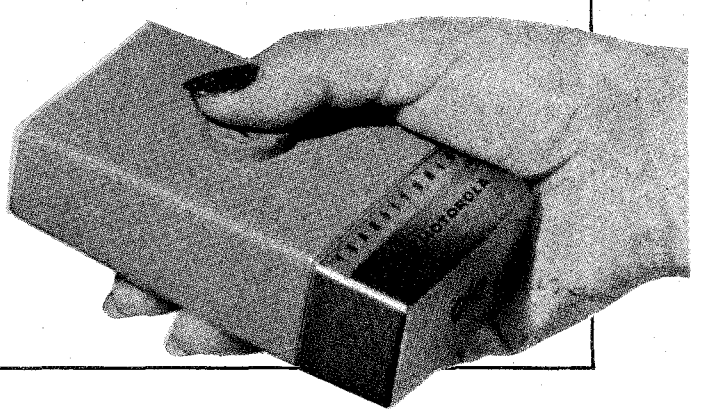

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The Cowardice of Sam Abbott

(Continued from Page 26)

hair and good, dark eyes. Not thin, just right. The only woman in Sam's life, his wife of seventeen years, and a fine wife all the way. She could smile at most kinds of trouble and take the good luck as it came. She wasn't smiling now and there had been no real good luck around for some time.

"Did you ask him why?"

"Andy? No. Should I have?"

"I think so," she said.

Sam was an inch shorter than Clara, thick through the chest and shoulders and short of leg. He'd been tough as a knot in his time, but fifteen years of selling used cars had softened him up, as it will most men. He carried fifteen extra pounds above the belt and his red hair had thinned back from his forehead. He had blue eyes, a little angry now and concerned.

"Well, I didn't ask him. So you tell me."

She didn't want to tell him; she wanted him to get it from the boy. But this was the way it worked in this family. She was the go-between.

"The police were here today," she said.

"The police! About Andy?"

"That's right."

Sam had thought the day's work and frustrations had drained him. They hadn't. His legs became weaker still and began to tremble.

"What'd the cops want?"

"They brought Andy home," Clara said. "Luckily, Bill Phillips was one of the police, his knowing Andy helped." She paused to take a breath. "They found Andy with two other boys riding in a stolen car."

"Oh, no."

"Yes."

"Andy and the kids stole it?"

"Not Andy," Clara said. "Or he wouldn't be on the front porch now; he'd be with the others in Juvenile Court. Andy didn't know the car was stolen. The kids told him it belonged to an uncle of one of them." She looked steadily at Sam's stricken face. "Andy was innocent, Sam. The other kids convinced the police. They believe it. You've got to."

Sam had to take the weight off his legs or fall. He fumbled his way to a kitchen chair. He sat there, wiping his face, weak now with relief.

"That Johnson kid? He was one of them?"

"He was driving."

"I knew that kid was trouble. I never did ——"

"Sam," Clara said quietly. "Pete Johnson is enough like Andy to be his twin. They don't look alike, but they think alike. The only real difference is their names."

"What d'you mean?"

"I mean, there but for the grace of God goes your son."

"Clara! For the love of Mike, Andy's no thief!"

"I don't think Pete Johnson is, either. He's just a bored kid who wanted a thrill. Vacation's getting tiresome, the days are dragging. Well, anyway you don't know Andy wouldn't do the same thing."

"But I do!"

"You don't," Clara said. "You don't, because you don't know what goes on inside his head. And that brings us to the heart of the matter. I've been thinking about it all afternoon. Now we're going to talk about it." There was no scolding in her voice, no complaining. There was quiet determination. "We'll talk about the kind of father you've been."

"For Pete's sake! What've I done?"

"Nothing. That's the trouble. You don't talk to him. You say hello, and that's it, day in and day out."

"Clara, I'm knocking myself out trying to make a living. I come home bushed every night. I don't want to talk; I've been talking all day. Sundays, I ——"

Clara said, "I know how it is."

Sam set his jaw. "All right! I'm a lousy father!"

"No, you're not. You're a busy father. I know you've had all the people and all the talking you can stand when you get home. But you've got to do more, Sam. Tired or not."

"For instance?"

"Sam, a boy Andy's age needs his father. Needs him like he never has before, or ever will again. A boy Andy's age—his character isn't formed. He's trying to form it. What will he be like? He's got to pattern himself after somebody. That somebody should be his father."

"Oh, great!" Sam said. "What a pattern! Be like your old man, kid. A lousy salesman. And I mean lousy!"

"Now shed a few tears," Clara said.

Sam swore, mad at himself. "I take it back."

"You'd better," Clara said. "You're a good salesman. All right, it's been a little thin lately. Things will get better." She looked at him. "Can we get back to Andy?"

"Go ahead."

"When I say a father should show his boy what kind of man he should grow up to be, I don't mean how he should earn his living. It's not that easy. Andy hasn't done anything bad yet, but he could, just like Pete Johnson. He's got to have—what do you call it? A code of ethics?"

"That'll do."

"All right. You've got one, a good one. Maybe you've never put it in writing, but it's there. I've never been ashamed of anything you ever did. I've been proud a million times."

Sam bent his head. "My good wife."

"Will you show him?" Clara asked.

"How?" Sam said. "How'd you do it? Lecture to him? A birds-and-the-bees deal?"

"You show him—over a period of years."

"Nothing to it, eh?"

Clara was silent a moment. "Will you try?" she asked.

"Try?" Sam's eyes came up, angry again. "Of course I'll try! He's my son, isn't he? I want him to fly right, same as any other father!"

Clara turned back to her work. Sam sat a long while staring at his glass. Then he rubbed his head hard.

"You could give me a f'rinstance," he said. "A place to start."

"Start with getting acquainted with him," Clara said. "You'll work it out from there."

One day they're eight or ten, live-wire little hellions, running around. No complexes. No problems. Then you turn around, and suddenly they're six feet tall. They don't run around. They don't say anything. Ask them something and you get "I dunno" for an answer. You don't know them from Adam. Who are they? What are they? What do they think? Those were very tough questions, Sam discovered.

The business of the stolen car—getting over that was nothing. "Nobody's blaming you, lad. You walked into that one with your chin out. Next time, be alert. O.K.?" And then it was forgotten.

But from there? He couldn't go at Andy like an eager beaver; a gluey, sugar-coated pal all of a sudden. No. He had to take it one short step at a time.

There was the bright idea of the power lawn mower, for example. He was going to show Andy the mysteries of the gasoline engine. Working on the same problem, they'd get to know each other. A good idea? Fine, except when they tore it down and put it back together, Jim Eberly had to tear it down and put it back together before it would run again. And the little table saw that was going to be the start of a woodworking shop. Sam's left hand was in bandages for two weeks, and that was the end of that. Oh, he'd set a fine example. Any kid would want to be like him. Any kid with a pointed head.

Then he found Andy with his nose in a hunting-and-fishing magazine. Holy Ike! Why hadn't he thought of that? A natural! Back before he'd gone on the Abbott Ten Year Plan—pay for the house and save Andy's college education in ten years or bust his back—he'd been a hunter. So he'd sneaked up on the boy a few evenings later.

"What d'you say you and me take a swing at the hunting kick?" he said. "I mean ducks and geese. Maybe pheasants."

Andy looked doubtful. "You ever hunt?"

"Did I ever hunt! Look. You've heard of Daniel Boone? You've heard of Kit Carson? All (Continued on Page 108)

Your Mutual Benefit Life Man *says:*

"It's the *policy* plus the *agent* that makes you sleep better!"

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"I think someone is trying to catch your eye."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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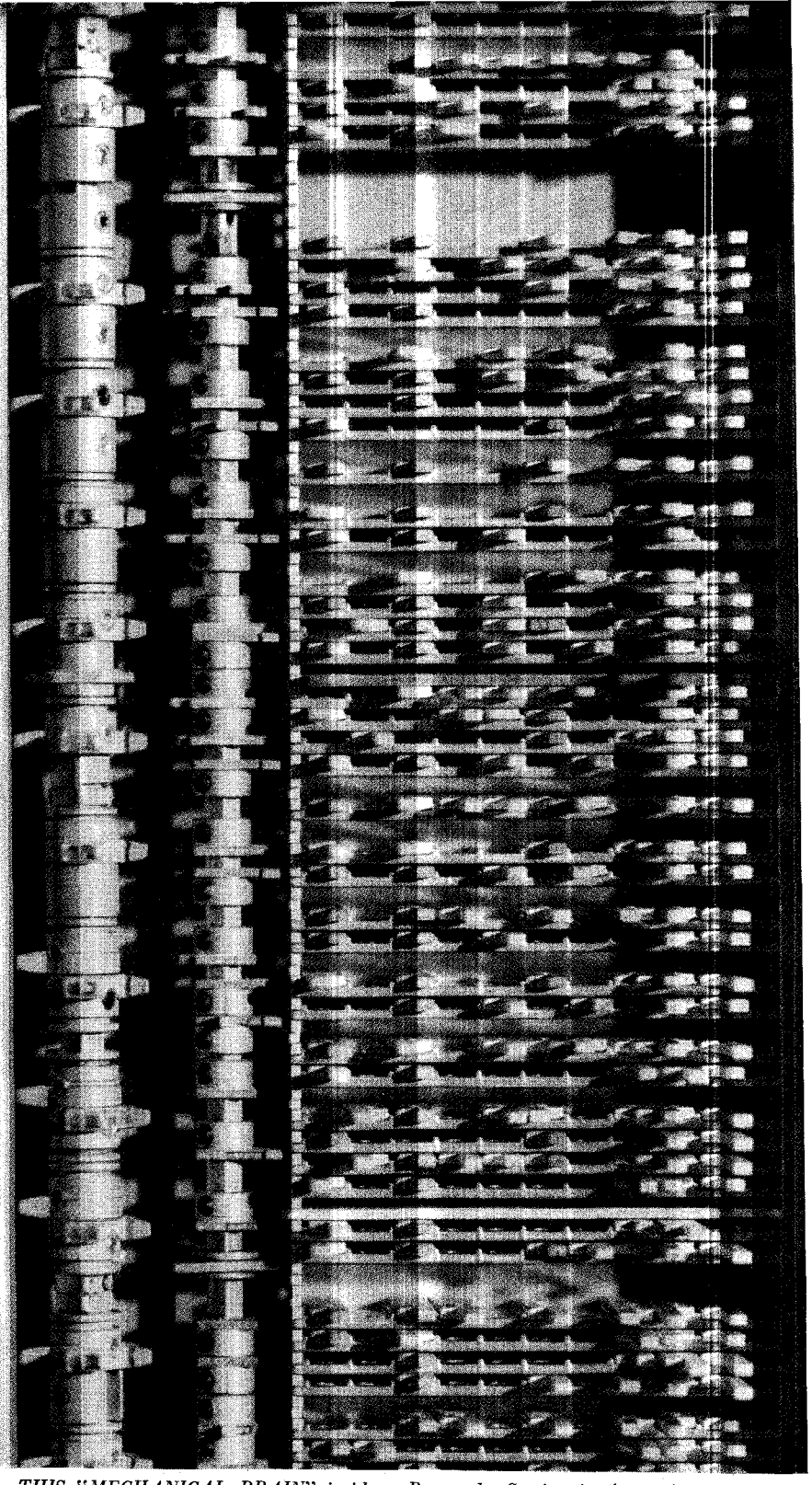
Sixth sense



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makes error-free accounting decisions

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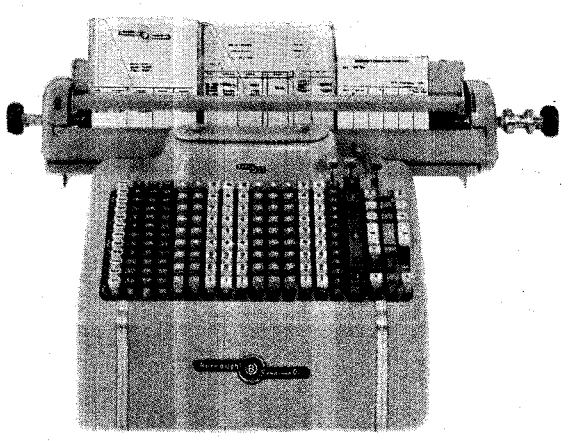

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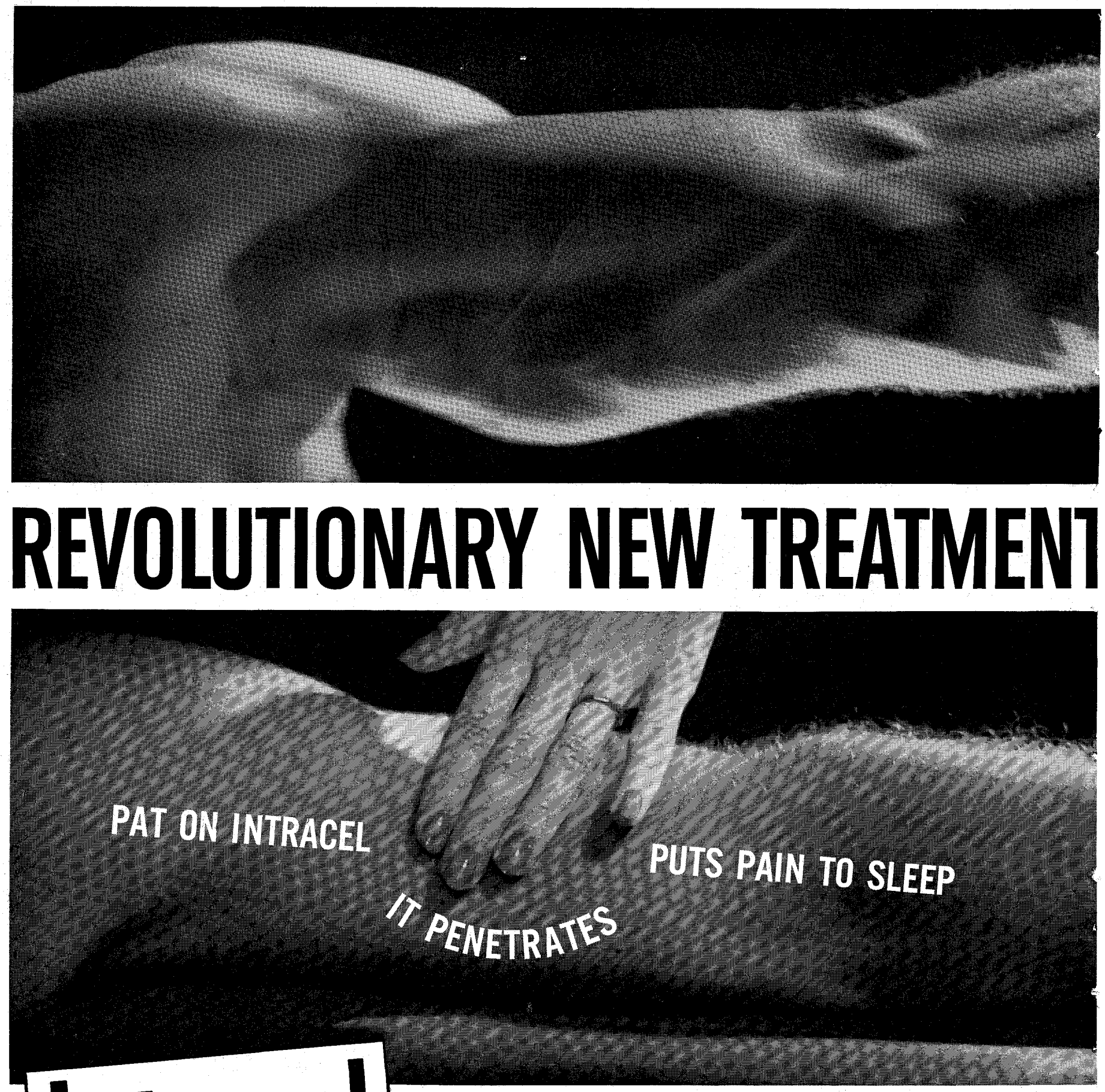

REVOLUTIONARY NEW TREATMENT

Intracel THE COOL, SOOTHING

Now for the first time—a medication that penetrates through the skin and into tissues to give direct relief

At last science has discovered a treatment that can give miraculous relief to the millions suffering from muscular aches, pains and stiff neck due to exertion and exposure, sprains and strains, minor rheumatic pains, muscular lumbago, simple neuritis and neuralgia—even pain from sunburn and insect bites! Now when you are tortured by gnawing pain, you simply pat on INTRACEL, the new cool, greaseless liquid that *actually puts pain to sleep*—swiftly, pleasantly, safely!

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Because INTRACEL is based on this new pri ciple in drug therapy, it's pleasant to use. It not like the irritating liniments and salves co taining turpentine, capsicum (pepper) and chlor form that some people hope will "burn out" pai

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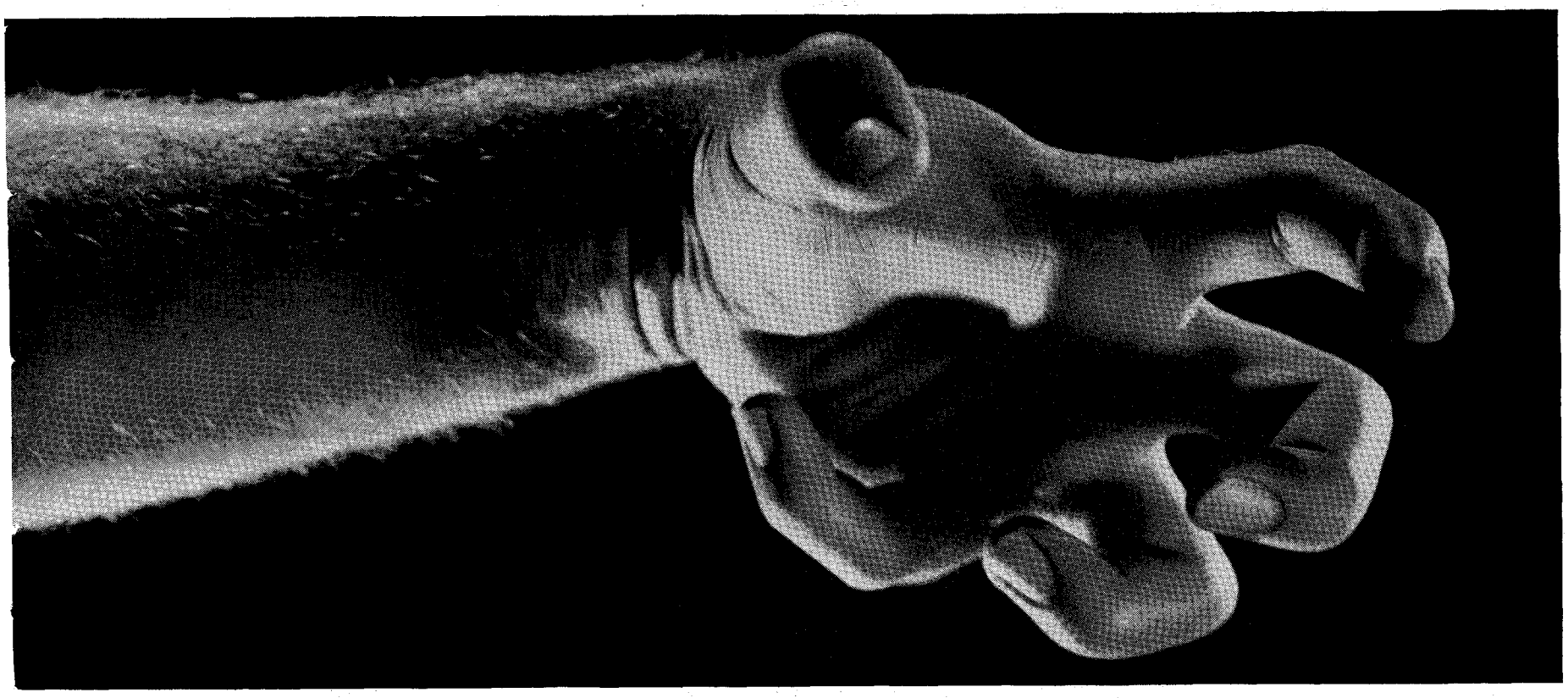

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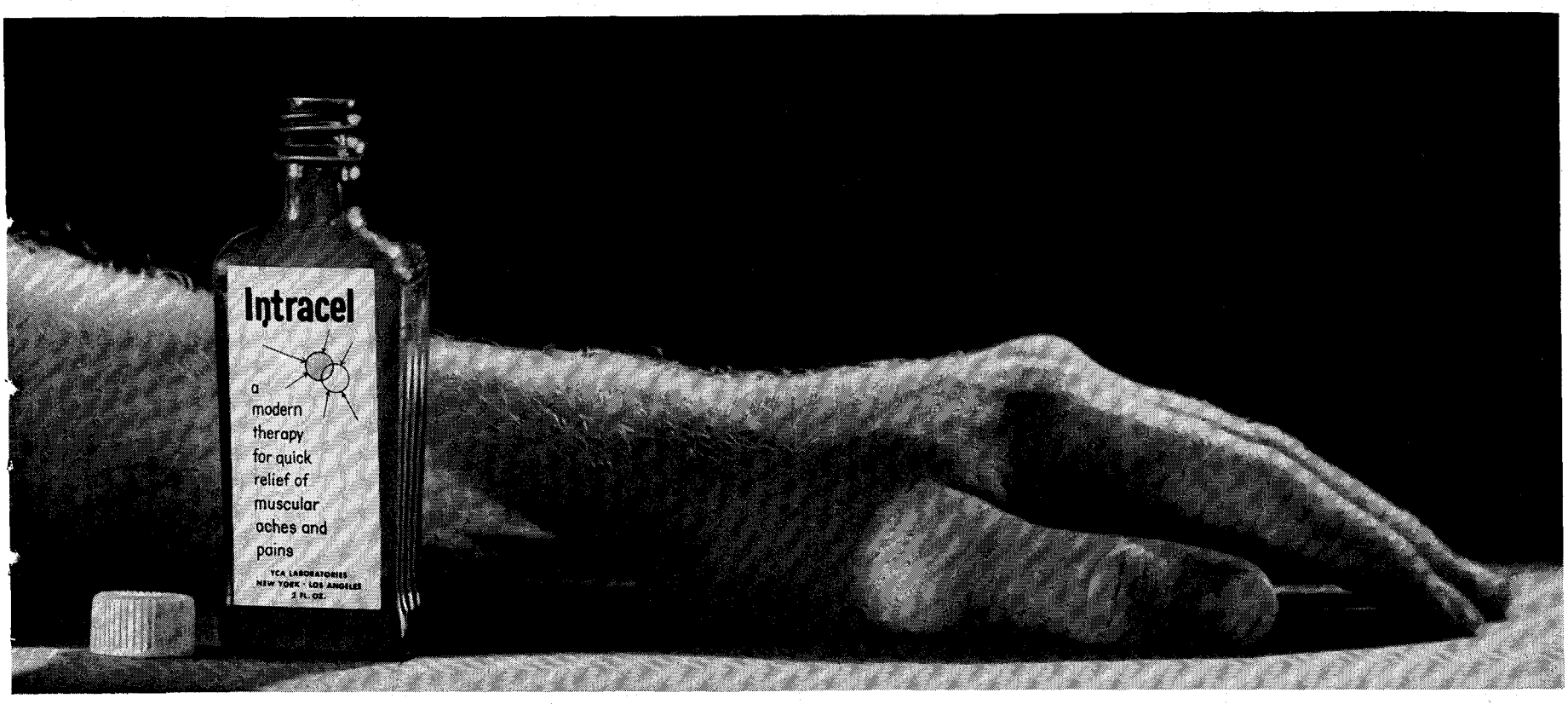

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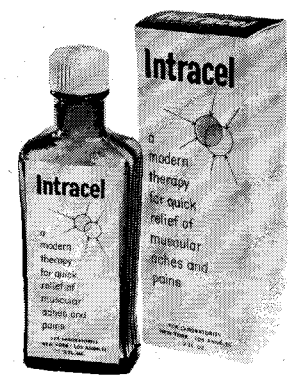

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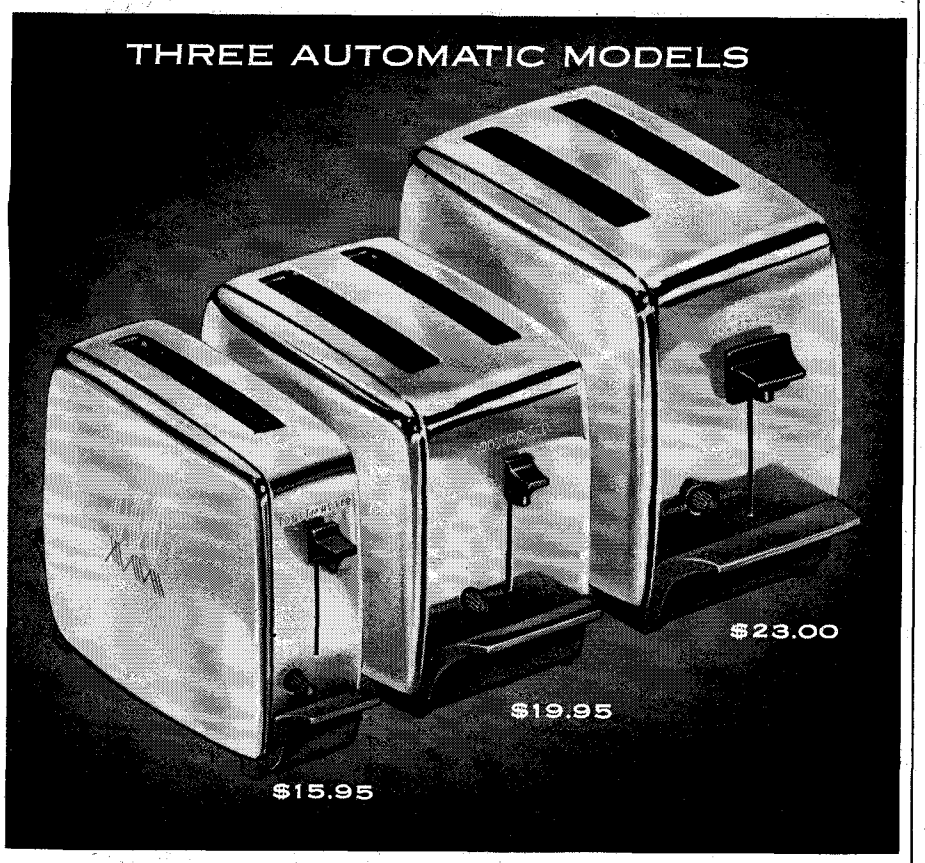

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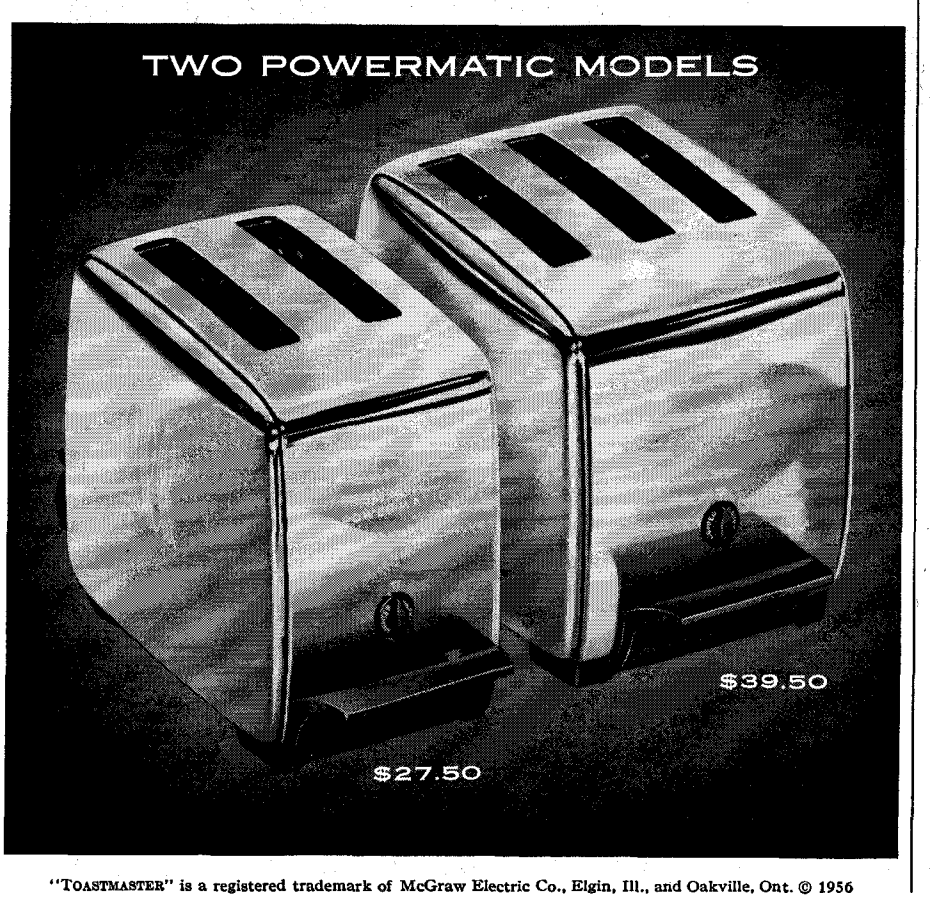

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(*Continued from Page 104*) right, compared to me—and this is the gospel truth—those two were a couple of Cub Scouts. When I was two years old ——"

"Mom!" Andy yelled happily. "Pa's lyin' to me!"

As easy as that. It all came back to him—all the outrageous lies, the fun and the kidding that are a part of hunting. And Andy responded to it like gasoline to a match—bang! They weren't two people then, they were one people planning a deal together. The Ten Year Plan got knocked back a year—so what? It was only money, only work. They made lists, they went shopping. The station wagon they had; they needed everything else: guns, shells, hunting clothes, boots, rainproofs.

"Let's really go nuts," Sam said to Andy. "We get a tent and camping gear, mom goes with us, and we've got a cook."

"Who volunteered?" Clara asked.

"Shaddup, a'ready," Andy said. "You was drafted."

There was plenty of time before opening day to build the excitement. They put the tent up in the back yard, they trained Clara as a camp cook. "I'm the general," Sam said. "Mom's a bird colonel, and you, buster"—to Andy—"you're a private."

"First class?"

"Get him!" Sam said. "No first class, just plain—in charge of KP and slit trenches. Shoot a duck and you make sergeant."

And there was time to learn about guns. "You point a gun at a living thing only when you intend to kill it," Sam said.

A plank, set against the wall of an abandoned rock quarry made the lesson clear. One shot worked horrible damage. "Hit a guy in the stomach," Andy said, his face sober and a little pale, "and he'd be a dead guy."

"Hit him almost anywhere, and he's a dead guy."

Then the trip to Silver Lake, the public shooting ground, for opening day. Sam was astonished at the tent city that was built on the campgrounds. Ten, fifteen years ago, you'd meet a dozen people on a hunt. Now there were hundreds. Good people, most of them, but, like always, there had to be a few heels.

Two of the heels put up a tent not far from the Abbotts' tent. Their names were Chris Mauck and Joe Hensen. Nobody asked their names. Nobody had to, they were that loud. The foul talk and the loud mouths were hard to take. And the carousing until midnight. But what could you do?

"You pay your money, you get to shoot," Sam said.

"I'm deaf," Clara said. "I can't hear ten feet, you guys. So don't worry about it."

"A couple of jerks!" Andy said furiously.

Ten minutes before shooting time, Andy was squirming like a worm on a hot plate. There was gray light everywhere now. The birds were active, whipping by in flocks and scattered singles and doubles. They were nervous because of all the hunters, but not yet gun-shy, and flying low. Never mind that the sky was cloudless, never mind that the birds would go high when the shooting started. The first fifteen minutes would be good.

"Gee-criminy, pa! Is your watch stopped?"

"It's ticking," Sam said. "Maybe the hands are stuck."

Sam hadn't thought he'd be excited. An old hand, and all that. But if he wasn't excited, he was coming down with some kind of a serious disease. His insides were tied in knots, his hands were shaking. They were crouching in a brush blind they'd pulled together at the edge of a shallow marsh. Out in front of them, their decoys were riding pretty. All set. Nine minutes to go.

"Down!" Sam whispered suddenly.

A flock of eight or ten mallards came over, treetop high, and had a look at the decoys. They almost came in, but they had to talk it over. They went on, circling. The birds wheeled above a screen of tall trees that edged the marsh perhaps three hundred yards away.

Somebody yelled, "Take 'em!"

Two shotguns began firing. The birds flared and whipped away. No bird fell. Sam swore to himself. Why did there have to be guys like that? Chiseling on the shooting time, shooting high. Birds that high, you needed a rifle.

Andy said, "Your watch is wrong!"

"My watch is right," Sam said.

But the two gunners in the trees had triggered the rest of the hunters, and the shooting began. It was hard to believe there could be so many guns in the area. It sounded like a war.

"Load up," Sam said. "Let's get ours."

The shooting was great, as it is only in the first few moments of opening day. There were many birds and few of them had learned what it was all about. They flew low, trying to come in as they always had, going away and trying again. Sam and Andy had a lot of good targets. They shot up two boxes of shells and never dropped a bird.

Andy's face was agonized. "What am I doin' wrong?"

Sam laughed. "You're askin' *me?*" He blew the powder smoke from his shotgun. "How many've I hit?"

"Well, what's wrong? You said at two you could ——"

"At two," Sam said, "I had a clear eye and a steady hand. As you get older, your eyes get dim, you get shaky."

"Come off it, pa! Be serious!"

"We're too excited, lad. Too eager. You forgot everything I told you, I forgot everything I knew. We're snap-shooting and jerking that trigger. Look—and this is for both of us—bring that gun up there smooth, get your cheek down there hard on the comb the same way every time. Come up behind the bird, swing with him, get your lead, squeeze that trigger and follow through. Take your time, do it right, and they'll come down."

"If there's any left," Andy said.

The best of the shooting was gone, no doubt about that. The birds were flying high now and fast. The flocks had broken up. Singles and doubles were the best you could hope for, and these had to be called into shooting distance. Sam used the call and Andy waited for a shot. An hour went by with only one chance for Andy, a poor one, another miss. The disappointment in the boy's face started an ache inside Sam. After all this build-up, all this excitement, they couldn't go back to the tent skunked—it would murder the lad!

"Down!" Andy whispered.

A single was coming in from far out, heading for the decoys. Sam talked to him with the duck call and it came straight on. It spooked and flared a little too soon, but it slid into gun range. "Take it!" Sam said.

Andy's gun went up to his shoulder smoothly, cheek down. He swung, squeezed and followed through. Just right! The duck, a big mallard drake, was going away fast, but he crumpled under the impact of a clean hit and dropped like a long fly ball into the marsh a hundred and fifty yards away.

"I got him! I got him!"

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Sam pounded Andy on the back. "That you did!" So much happiness in the kid's face made everything worth while. "Sergeant," he said, "lemme be the first." He pumped Andy's hand.

"Just like you told me, pa. Swing, squeeze, follow through. Boom! Down he came!"

"Like a rock. Well, you better bring him in."

"It's a big one!"

"Big enough to kiss a turkey."

Andy broke his gun, set it aside and left the blind. "Sunday dinner, pa. Big enough for the three of us."

The boy waded away, lanky and awkward in his hip boots and too-big shooting coat. And Sam grinned after him. Eat this bird? Not on your cotton-pickin' life! There was only one first bird in anybody's life. This one was for the taxidermist, for the mantel, stuffed and mounted, if it cost a fortune. Sam was lighting a cigarette, head bent, when he heard the boy cry out angrily.

"Hey! Leave that alone. That's mine!"

Andy was a hundred yards out, knee-deep in the shallow marsh. Beyond him, at the far edge of the marsh, a man was standing, holding the duck. He'd come out of the screen of tall trees—one of the high shooters, one of the guns who'd fired early. And his name was Chris Mauck. He waved derisively at Andy.

"Like hell, it's yours. I got it, ain't I?"

He waded out of the marsh and disappeared into the screen of trees. Andy stared after him a moment, then yelled back at his father. "Pa! Did you see that? He took it!"

Sam was already out of the blind. "Stand fast! Be right with you." He waded rapidly toward the boy. His shotgun was under his arm, forgotten in his anger. It was a double, carried breech-open as it should be. There were shells in the chambers and he'd forgotten these too.

Andy said, "He can't do that! Can he?"

"There wasn't another shot fired," Sam said. "You knocked him down, he's your duck. C'mon!" They waded out of the marsh and went into the screen of trees. "Keep your lip buttoned," Sam said. "I'll handle this." He was so mad his legs were shaking.

Chris Mauck and Joe Hensen hadn't bothered to build a blind; they had depended upon the scant concealment of the trees. Scattered about them were empty beer cans, empty shell boxes and sandwich wrappers. Two shotguns were propped against a rotted log. The only duck in sight was the one Chris Mauck was holding up for his friend's inspection.

Joe Hensen drank from a pint, coughed and said, "A drake, ain't he? It's got that curl on its tail."

"I heard someplace if they got a green head, it's a drake," Mauck said. "This'n got a green head."

The men were twenty-five or thirty, coarse featured, poorly dressed. They had the hard-muscled look of athletes, but plainly they were men whose bodies had been hardened by heavy manual labor. Mauck was tall and narrow-shouldered; he had a long nose and big hands. Hensen was a stocky blond with straight hair and bad teeth. Neither man appeared to be drunk, but drinking had left its mark.

"I'll take that duck," Sam said.

Mauck turned slowly, holding the duck by the neck. He looked at Sam and Andy and he looked at the duck. He pretended to give the statement serious and puzzled consideration. An actor, this guy; a Barrymore.

"You want my duck?"

Sam set his jaw. "It's not your duck. My son shot it, and you darned well know it."

Still the heavy-handed actor, Mauck twisted his long face into a pained expression. He turned to Joe Hensen. "Am I hearin' right? Is this guy sayin' his kid shot the duck?"

Hensen grinned, enjoying his friend's performance. He, too, decided he was an actor. He wiped away his grin with his hand, then stroked his chin. "That's what he's sayin'."

"How d'you figure that?"

"I dunno. He's nuts, maybe."

"Could be." Mauck tipped his head, inspecting Sam. "He don't look real bright, that's for sure. You feelin' all right?" he asked Sam. "You ain't got bells ringin' in your head?"

"You're a real funny character," Sam said. "Only I'm not laughing. I don't want jokes from you. I want the duck."

"What d'you want with my duck?"

"It's not your duck."

"Didn't I shoot it?"

"You did not!"

"How're you gonna prove that?"

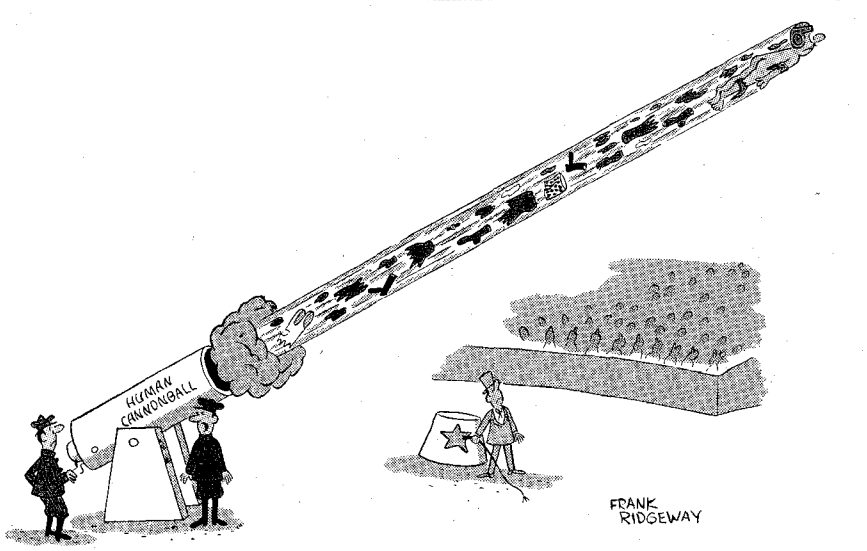
"There was only one shot." Sam felt the blood beating in his temples; he knew his face was red with fury. "The boy fired that shot and the duck fell. It's the boy's duck."

"One shot, he says." Mauck gave that some thought. Then, assuming an expression he thought to be shrewd, he said, "Lemme ask you a question. How d'you know there was only one shot?"

Setting his teeth, Sam said, "That's all I heard, and all you heard."

"It was all I heard," Mauck said. "I give you that. Now lemme ask you this: How about if your kid and me fired at the exact same time? How many shots would you hear?"

Sam stared at the man a long time. Then, his voice thick, he said, "Let's cut



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out the games. I don't want trouble with you. Just give me the duck and we'll get out of here."

Mauck looked at Hensen. "He don't want to play games."

Hensen grinned. "And he don't want trouble."

Mauck said, "But he wants my duck."

"It's not your duck," Sam said.

Something in the way he said it made Andy say, "Pa, let it go! If he wants it that bad, he can have it."

"Stay out of this," Sam said. And to Mauck: "Well?"

Mauck grinned. "That's a smart kid you got there, neighbor. You better listen to 'im."

"I'll leave when I have the duck."

"That so? How d'you figure on gettin' it? I ain't gonna hand over this here duck just on your say-so. I figure it's mine and I get to keep it."

"If I have to, I'll take it," Sam said.

"Whoa, now!" Mauck pretended surprise. "You mean you'll start a ruckus over a little ol' duck like this here?"

"That's what I mean," Sam said.

"I'll be jiggered!" Mauck looked at Hensen. "He's gettin' tough, Joe. Next thing we know he's gonna be trampin' on us. You scared, Joe? You shakin'?"

"Don't feel like it," Joe Hensen said.

"Funny; I don't either." Mauck tossed the duck to the ground behind Hensen and faced Sam, his hands on his hips. "Well, let's get to trampin', neighbor. And don't put me in the hospital, I got an old mother to take care of."

Sam's face was white now. He was forty-five and soft; he knew it and they knew it. Either of them, alone, could handle him as if he were a child. They knew he wouldn't fight. They were pretending it was a possibility, so that he would have to back down, so they could rub his nose in the cowardice. The fury in Sam became a nausea. Somehow, then, the shotgun was in both his hands and the breech snapped closed. His thumb was on the safety, his finger on the trigger. He did not point the gun at Mauck or Hensen, but the threat was clear.

"Give me the duck," he said.

The amusement went out of the faces of Mauck and Hensen. Both men became still, wary. There was a trace of fear in Hensen's eyes, but not in Mauck's. Mauck was staring steadily at Sam, measuring him. The stare held for long moments, then a flicker of derision appeared in Mauck's eyes. He began to relax. Then a hard grin moved his lips.

"O.K., you got a gun," he said. "What about it?"

"Give me the duck," Sam said.

"Or you use the gun?" Mauck asked. He shook his head. "No. You ain't gonna use that gun. You know why? You ain't got the guts to shoot me."

"Don't make me find out," Sam said.

"Why not?" Mauck began to move slowly toward Sam. "I ain't got nothin' to lose but my life. Let's see who's got guts around here, let's try it on for size." He came on toward Sam, his face still wearing the hard, unafraid grin. "All you got to do is shove that safety off and pull the trigger."

Sam pushed the safety to the off position.

Mauck didn't pause. He came on, a step at a time. Sam tried to swing the barrels of the shotgun into line with Mauck, but his arms would not move. Something had frozen them, locked them. He could not point the gun at the man. And Mauck reached out and caught the gun by the barrels and tore it out of Sam's hands. He swung an open-handed blow that caught Sam on the side of the head, and there was strength enough in it to knock Sam down. He was on the ground, head ringing, eyes blurred, when Mauck threw the shotgun into the brush.

"Get up!" Mauck said. "Get up, you yellow belly, and let's see how tough you are."

Andy said, pleading, "Pa—don't!"

Sam didn't get up. Not even when his head stopped ringing, not even when his eyes cleared. He made himself stay down. His anger was close to insanity, but he could think a little. If he got up as mad as he was, he'd fight. And a fight with Mauck would mean a beating. A broken nose, lost teeth, cracked ribs—Mauck wouldn't settle for less. He couldn't let Andy see that, he couldn't show a ruined face to Clara.

"Andy," he said. "Get my gun."

"Pa, you're not goin' to ——"

Hoarsely, Sam said, "I'm not going to do anything. I'm done here. Just get the gun. We'll leave in a minute."

Andy went into the brush after the gun. Sam pushed slowly to his feet. Erect, shaking and breathing heavily, he stared at the grinning face of Chris Mauck.

"You win," he said. "I can't kill you. And I can't lick you. I'm going to walk out of here and leave the duck." His voice thickened. "You don't know what it's going to cost me."

"What's it cost you?" Mauck said. "A bat on the head? You're lucky I didn't use my fist."

"You're lucky I didn't use the gun."

"Why didn't you?"

"I'd like to know," Sam said.

Andy came out of the brush, hurrying. He had the shotgun over his arm, breech open. The boy's face was pale. He knew what Sam had gone through, but he didn't know how much control Sam had. He had taken the shells from the shotgun. Sam took the shotgun from him, a new rage filling his throat. Now he had a boy taking care of him.

"Come on," he said. "I'm licked. They keep the duck."

Mauck called after them, "Keep a-shootin', kid. My limit's six, y'know."

Andy said, "How dirty can you get?"

They waded back across the shallow marsh to their blind. Sam set his gun aside. He couldn't bring himself to look at his son. The kid was worried sick. About him. Not about the duck, not about the bat on the head. About the disgrace, and what it was doing to him. Sam poured a cup of coffee from a vacuum bottle, splashing coffee with his shaking hands. The coffee was hot and it burned. Sam swore. Andy jerked a bandana from his pocket.

"Here, pa."

"Quit it, will you?" Sam exploded. "I'm not a child. I ——" The whipped look that came suddenly into Andy's eyes jerked Sam back to his senses. He struggled to control himself. "I'm sorry! I didn't mean to yell at you."

"It's O.K."

"It's not O.K.! I've no right to yell at you. Look, kid, I'm off my rocker. Give me a chance to get squared away. Will you do that? Will you take five?"

Andy turned away. He pretended to be watching the clear and empty sky for ducks. The pretense was pathetic, the hurt in the lad's face was even more pathetic. Sam's anger turned on himself then. What kind of a louse would take a thing like this out on a kid?

"Andy, I'm sorry."

"There's nothing to be sorry about, pa. Don't even think about it any more. I'll get lots of ducks. They can have it!"

"Wasn't what I meant," Sam said. "You're worried about me—I know that. I shouldn't yell at you. But quit worrying, will you? I'm all right."

"Sure, pa."

Sam tried to steady his hands enough to light a cigarette. The boy went on watching the sky. Neither said anything for long minutes. But Sam knew they were thinking the same thing. He suddenly threw his cigarette on the ground.

"Let's be honest," he said. "I won't tackle those thugs again, and they know it. If we stay here, we're shooting for them. They'll take everything we get."

"What can we do?"

"We can knock it off for now," Sam said. "The morning flight's gone. Won't be any shooting to speak of until three-thirty, four o'clock, this afternoon when the evening flight comes in. We can go back to the tent for a while, then set up another blind somewhere else this afternoon."

"Good idea!" Andy said.

The boy turned quickly to gather up the gear, so quickly that Sam knew this was exactly what he'd been hoping for. And Sam set his teeth against a new surge of fury. He didn't say anything. What was there to say? Could he expect the boy to be any different?

On the way to the tent, Andy said, "Will you tell mom?"

"How can I get out of it?" Sam asked. "One look at us and she'll know something went wrong, and I'm not smart enough right now to think up any fancy alibis."

He was right. Clara knew something disastrous had happened the moment she saw them. Andy's face held hurt and concern. He wouldn't look at her. Sam was as furious as she'd ever seen him. Bottled-up. Hot-eyed. Her heart stopped beating. Was the trouble between them?

"What in heaven's name ——"

Hurriedly, Andy said, "Pa, can I go out and look for a place to put a blind? Maybe I can find a couple of places and you can check on 'em."

Sam said, "Go ahead."

Clara's heart began beating again. The trouble was not between them. "Hadn't you better tell me what happened first?"

Andy looked uneasily at Sam.

Sam said, "That's my job." He dropped his gear against the tent, then put an arm across Andy's shoulders. "We need a piece of open water, like we had. And the wind at our backs. You make the pick, I'll go along with you. O.K.?"

"Shall I build the blind?"

"Sure. And build it good."

He started the boy off with a gentle shove, then stood looking after him. He didn't want to turn and face Clara, he didn't want to say the things he had to say. But there was no escape possible.

"I botched it," he said. "I really kicked it in the head."

"What do you mean?"

He turned to face her then, his good wife of seventeen years. She had her slim hands laced together, her dark eyes were full of love and worry.

"I can't make a simple lawn-mower engine go," he said. "Give me a table saw and I butcher my hand." He pulled off his hat and threw it on the ground. "But I knew about hunting. Take him hunting, I say, and I'll show him how to be a man. Great!" He looked at her. "You know what I did? I showed him how to be a coward."

"What in the world ——"

"D'you think I'm a coward?"

"I know you're not!"

"Don't be so sure," Sam said. "Yesterday, I'd've agreed with you. I'd've said I had as much guts as anybody. I'd have sworn to it. But not now."

"For heaven's sake, what happened?"

Rage boiled inside Sam again, his voice thickened. "I almost shot a guy. Oh, don't worry. I didn't—no guts. But I should have. He asked for it, he had it coming. Any man with the backbone of a snake would have shot him. But not me. What happens to me? I couldn't even point the gun at him. He took it away from me and knocked me down with a slap of his hand. And I stayed down!"

Clara's face went white. "What are you saying?"

"You heard me right," Sam said. "And Andy was in the front row. Saw the whole thing. That's the way ——"

"Never mind Andy!"

"But he was ——"

"You said you almost shot a man!"

"Clara, listen ——"

"Tell me what happened!"

"All right, all right," Sam said. "I'll tell you." And he told her, his voice bitter and savage with an anger directed at himself. "Now you tell me something," he said. "Why couldn't I shoot that man?"

"Over a duck? Sam!"

"You think there was only a duck at stake?"

"Well, it was his first duck," Clara said. "But, good heavens, Sam! A duck isn't worth a man's life."

"You don't see it," Sam said. "What's the difference, a duck or somebody's crown jewels? The duck was ours. He took it from us. I didn't have the guts to stop him."

"A duck, Sam ——"

"Clara, for the love of Mike! Try to see inside the thing, will you? There's a principle involved here. A man's got a right to protect his property. No matter what it is. A pocketknife, a marble, a duck. Not only that; he's *got* to protect it. That's the only thing in the world that keeps the thugs from taking over—they know if they try they'll get hurt. It's the job of every decent man to keep reminding them. Kill them, if you have to, if they drive you to it."

"He didn't drive you to it. All he did was ——"

"Take the duck—sure, I know."

"Well?"

"Clara, look! He sized me up. Here's a potbellied, chickenhearted slob—this is what he thinks—here's a slob with no backbone, no guts. He won't fight. He's afraid to fight. So everything he's got is mine. All I've got to do is act tough, growl at him, snarl at him, act like I'm willing to fight, and he'll give me anything he's got. How about that?"

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

More women would be attractive if they weren't so busy being charming.

One trouble with the prospective four-day week is that a man will have to work harder to support all his leisure-time hobbies.

When everyone laughs at your jokes, the boss is probably telling them.

More and more married women are working, some of them at home.

Nothing seems to minimize the size of fish you catch as much as witnesses.

A woman who outstrips her competition is apt to be in a new evening gown.

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"I'd give him the duck."

"Oh, great! There's a woman for you. Don't fight. Don't get your nose bloody. Don't get your eyes black. Give 'em anything they want, but don't get hurt! You know what would happen if all men were like that?"

"If all of us were like that ——"

"That's the point. All of us aren't like that. As long as there are people, there'll be men like Mauck and Hensen. Black-hearted bandits. Just because they're tough, because they're willing to take a chance on getting hurt, or killed, they can walk all over the good people—if the good people let 'em. The good people can't let 'em. That's what I want Andy to know. That's where I failed him. I acted like a door mat. D'you want Andy to be a door mat? What kind of a country would we have if everybody was a door mat?"

"We'd be civilized ——"

"Civilized door mats. Wonderful! For men like Mauck to wipe their feet on. The hell with being civilized. Andy's got to learn to fight, to kill if he has to, to protect what's his and what's right—that first! Then he can be civilized. I know all this. So why couldn't I show it to him? No guts—is there any other answer? Somebody must have civilized the hell right out of me!"

"Sam, listen to me," Clara said. "I want Andy to be a man like you; just exactly like you."

"I don't!" Sam said.

"Well, I do. Because you're good and decent. All right, civilized. You're upset now. You feel you've disgraced yourself in front of your son. Failed him. But it's not so. It took courage to do what you did. To stay out of bad trouble, to take care of yourself because Andy and I depend upon you."

"Baloney!"

"You don't have to believe me. I know, and I'll bet Andy does. And there's something else. Mad or not, you're too kind to kill a man, or even put him in the hospital over a duck. No matter how much of a stinker he is. No matter how much you hate him. Go ahead, talk about principles, but that's the real truth."

Sam went to her. He cupped her chin in his hand. "You're my good wife," he said. "You work hard for me. Anything you can do for me, you'll do. And that includes picking me up when I'm knocked flat. You're trying to pick me up now. I love you for it. But don't try so hard. It sounds phony."

Angrily, Clara said, "I mean every word ——"

"Whoa, now," Sam said. "Listen. I'm a triple-plated washout. Let's both admit it. But the world isn't going to end today. There's tomorrow and tomorrow. I've got to go on living. So I will. I won't stay down. I'll get up. I always do, don't I?"

"Yes, but ——"

"A little time, that's all it'll take. Don't crowd me, don't feel sorry for me. Just let me get used to it all by myself. Think I can't? Just watch. Ten minutes from now, nobody'll know anything's wrong. A week from now, *I* won't. I can put it away and forget it. I've got to, so I will. But you've got to treat me like a grownup. Nix on the soft soap. O.K.?"

Clara pressed her lips together, exasperated. "You're a stubborn, thick-headed idiot!"

He grinned. "That's the kind of soap I like."

"It isn't soap," she said. "It's the simple truth."

Sam took a walk for himself. A long walk. Not to think things out. As far as he was concerned, there was nothing to think out. Triple-plated washout said it all. What he wanted was to get started living with it. Without self-pity. He hadn't had an attack of that since he'd been dropped from the high-school basketball team.

He wandered across the game range. It was state-owned, thousands of acres of marshes, fields, woods, streams and lakes, just the way God made them. A wonderful place for a man with bruises to heal. He felt much better in an hour; in two hours he was ready to stop and talk to people. He had coffee with a young married couple in a blind, he sat on a log and discussed politics with an old-timer. And he spent another hour finding the owner of a lost retriever pup.

"Some dog," the owner said. "Took off when the guns started firing this morning. I guess he was gonna retrieve every duck that came down anywhere."

"Just eager," Sam said. "Next year my boy and I are going to have us a pup. A dog's half the fun."

He went on, climbed a fence and reached the highway. The sun was well past noon and warm. He felt much better now. Near normal, he told himself, hungry and thirsty. He decided he'd stop at the lodge opposite the entrance to the game range for a bottle of beer before going back to the tent for lunch.

The lodge wasn't much, a country store and service station, expanded into a barrackslike hotel to cater to the men who didn't bring camping gear. The store sold pancake flour, canned beans, rubber boots, decoys, shells and soda pop. An archway opened into a large room that served as a restaurant during mealtimes and as a bar through the rest of the day. The hunting was slack in the early afternoon; the plank tables and the long

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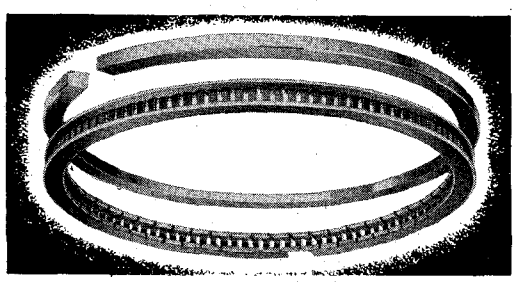

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benches were crowded. Sam found a seat against the wall, beside an old gentleman who wore thick glasses and a glum look. He had two bottles of beer in front of him; he pushed one toward Sam.

"One waitress," he said, "and she's swamped."

Sam said, "Thanks."

"I suppose you got the limit?"

"No," Sam said. "I got skunked."

"Well." The old gentleman smiled. "That makes two of us. The only two, if what I've been hearing is true." His eyes gleamed behind thick glasses. "The way I figure, there's more birds shot in here than out in the blinds."

"That could be," Sam said.

"It's a kid's game," the old gentleman said. "An old crock like me, bum eyes, I shouldn't even try."

"It's good for you," Sam said. "Skunked or not."

He heard a voice he knew and turned, and the good feeling that had been with him the last hour vanished. Mauck and Hensen were sitting at a table close by. They'd washed and shaved. Mauck had swapped his hunting clothes for a Hawaiian shirt and a jacket with a squirming dragon on the back and sleeves. Hensen still wore rubber boots, tin pants and a soiled sweat shirt.

"Friends of yours?" the old man asked.

"Hardly," Sam said. "Had an argument with them this morning. They roughed me up." He looked at the old man. "And I took it. I walked away."

"Don't blame you," the old man said. "Two like that. Ugly as they come. They've been rough-talking the waitress. Nobody around here pays any attention. They're too tough."

"Your order, please," a soft voice said.

The waitress was standing beside the table. She was young, a handsome girl. She'd obviously been recruited from one of the nearby ranches to help with the hunting-season rush—she had that clean, back-country look. Her uniform was a size too small, her cap was a size too big. She was oddly flustered, ill at ease.

"A pair of beers," Sam said. And when she'd gone, he turned to the old man. "They rough-talked her? She's just a kid. Sixteen or seventeen."

The old man nodded. "Watch."

The girl had to pass the table where Mauck and Hensen sat to reach the bar. Mauck lifted an arm to bar the aisle. He grinned up at her and said something Sam could not hear. Color flamed in the girl's face. She shook her head. Mauck said something more, and again she shook her head. Then Mauck let her pass. He called after her.

"Eight o'clock," he said. "I'll be waiting."

The old gentleman made a sound of disgust. "He's been trying to date her. A thug like that, a kid like her—rotten. But what can the girl do? He won't take no."

At that moment, Hensen's eyes found Sam. He thumped the table with a doubled fist. He grinned widely.

"Hey!" he said. "There's our ol' pal, Tubby!"

"What d'you know?" Mauck's grin was just as wide. "Drinkin' beer with the men. How about that guy?"

Hensen said, "We had him figured wrong."

"Looks like," Mauck said.

Sam did not move or speak. He watched Mauck rise and come toward him, heavily and carefully. They'd drunk until midnight last night, they'd been drinking through the day—now it showed. Mauck's mouth was loose, his eyes bloodshot and ugly. But the man was still capable. He swayed very little, standing before Sam, grinning.

"Tubby," he said. "How's m' boy?"

Sam waited silently.

Mauck turned to call across the room to Hensen. "He won't talk, Joe. Our ol' buddy won't talk. D'you think I busted his talker when I smacked him? Or d'you think he's sore at me?"

Hensen said, "He's chicken, that's what's the trouble. Plain ol' chicken, that's all."

The room was suddenly quiet. The hunters—men of all ages, twenty-five or thirty of them—stopped talking and turned to watch. Sam felt the blood surging into his face. He stared up at Mauck, trying to control himself.

The old gentleman murmured, "I—I'm late," and left the bench to melt into the crowd. Mauck put his hands on the table.

"You chicken?" he asked. "Is that it?"

"I don't want trouble with you," Sam said.

Mauck called to Hensen: "He ain't chicken, Joe. He's smart."

"I say he's chicken," Hensen said.

"How're you gonna prove it?"

"Twist his nose, see what happens."

Before Mauck could twist his nose—there was no doubt in Sam's mind that he would try—Sam got to his feet. He circled the table and went toward the archway that led into the general store. He didn't look back.

"Hey, Tubby!" Mauck called after him. "What I wanted was to tell you I changed my mind about the duck. It's mine, but you can have it. All you got to do is go after it. Hey, Joe! What'd you do with that duck?"

"Left it out in the brush," Joe said.

Mauck said, "Hear that, Tubby? All you got to do is find it!"

Sam went through the archway, his face burning. Somewhere behind him a man laughed, a nervous tittering. Sam walked into the grocery section and found Andy there, an openmouthed Andy, clutching a bottle of pop, trying hard to pretend he had not seen or heard. *Once is not enough*, Sam thought. *It's got to happen twice.*

"Let's get out of here," Sam said.

Andy gulped. "Sure, pa."

They went out into the warm sunlight and crossed the highway to reach the road that would take them back to the tent.

Andy's duck, his first duck, the one he was going to have mounted for the mantel, was out in the brush somewhere, thrown away. It was hard to take. Andy's hands were fists, thrust into his back pockets. There was misery in his eyes.

"I—I built us a blind," he said.

"Good kid," Sam said. He was fighting for control, trying to hold his voice steady. "How was that for a show? Any better than the first?"

"I—I don't know what you mean."

Sam found his control. "Forget it," he said. "I was going to take it out on you again. But I'm not, not this time. I'm going to say the man's too much for me. I'm going to tell you I'll walk away from him every time, and you'll have to make what you can out of it."

"I don't blame you, pa."

"Nor can you be very proud of me," Sam said. "But look, tell me about the blind you built. Let's try to get over this before we get back to the tent. Your mother needn't know it happened again. Once is worry enough."

But Clara knew. She said, "Not again?"

"Same kind of a deal," Sam said. "But I didn't wait to get slapped, I walked away quick." He picked up his shotgun. "C'mon, Andy. We came here to hunt. Let's hunt."

Andy had built a fine blind, better than the one they'd had earlier. There was a light breeze, blowing away from them across the decoys. Any duck that came in would swing to land upwind and come straight at them. No ducks came in. The sky was too clear, the day too fine.

There was one wonderful, breath-taking high point in the afternoon. That was the evening flight. It was a migratory flight, the birds were high and moving with clear purpose, south and west. Thousands upon thousands of them, wing-to-wing across the sky, horizon to horizon. They did not call to one another; the sound of their wings was music only God could make.

"Your duck stamp buys you that," Sam told Andy. "The money you pay buys breeding ground and game preserves—without the hunter, there'd be no birds."

To watch the migratory flight was almost enough to make the trip worth while. Almost, but not quite. It could hold their attention and fill their minds for only twenty minutes. Then it was gone, and they began to think of Mauck and Hensen again. Try as they might, they couldn't shake it. After the evening meal, Sam faced the reality.

"Then it's agreed. You'll learn how to make coffee and he'll give up his bagpipe."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Look, you two," he said to Clara and Andy. "This was supposed to be a fun trip. Let's be honest. The fun's knocked out of it; it's turned into a wake. What's the good of trying to bring it back to life? Wouldn't it be better to write this one off and work up a new head of steam for next week or the week after?" He looked at them. "Am I talking like a quitter or am I making sense?"

"You're making sense," Clara said.

Andy said, "Likewise."

They struck camp, loaded the tent and gear into the station wagon. It was dark by then, a near-full moon was pushing up above the trees. "That's one of our troubles," Sam said to Andy. "The birds feed at night when the moon's bright, and migrate during the shooting hours."

"It'll be nice driving home," Clara said. "You'd better get gas, hadn't you, Sam?"

"If the joint's still open."

The lights above the pumps before the lodge were on, but when Sam pulled up beside them no one came to fill the tank. The service-station attendant was one of five or six men clustered around a battered sedan parked just outside the fall of light. They were talking, and now and then one of them looked into the back seat of the sedan. Sam listened to the wordless run of their voices, wondering, and then he heard a sound—a mewling cry, thick with fear and pain—that made the hair crawl on his neck.

"Wait here," he said. "I'll be right back."

He left the car and walked across the gravel drive. The service-station attendant turned to look at him, but did not move. One of the others, a weathered, stocky man lifted a face stiff with anger and swore in a wooden voice.

"What's wrong?" Sam asked.

"Plenty," the attendant said.

"We're waiting for an ambulance—and the cops." The speaker was a young man whose eyes were sick. "I found her on the road. I picked her up and brought her here."

"Found who?" Sam said.

The young man gestured toward the car. None of the others moved or spoke. The windows of the sedan were down; from within came the mewling cry. Sam took one step and then another, almost against his will. He looked inside the car, looked once, and turned away. He closed his eyes, but the image of the crumpled, beaten thing on the back seat was with him still and would be until the day he died.

"Who?" he said thickly. "Who ——"

"Jeanie," the attendant said. "Jeanie Borden. Lives down the road. She's been workin' at the lodge."

Sam said, "What I meant—who did it?"

"Mister, I wish we knew," the stocky man said.

"She tried to talk," the young man said. "Beat up like she is, busted jaw an' all, it didn't make much sense. She was crawlin' in the gravel when I found her." He rubbed his face with a shaking hand. "They was two of 'em; I got that much."

"A rough and rotten job," the stocky man said. "She's lucky to be alive. All these hunters around, it ain't goin' to be easy to find the men responsible."

Sam said, "She was the waitress?"

He saw the attendant's head bend in a stiff nod, and then the sound from the back seat of the sedan set his teeth on edge.

"Where's that ambulance?" the young man said.

"Man, it's near fifty miles to White City," the attendant said. "It's goin' to take a while. And for the cops too."

Sam said, "Did she say anything at all? Any name?"

"Chris. That's what it sounded like," the young (*Continued on Page 114*)

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(*Continued from Page 112*) man said. "And something about a dragon. That's what makes no sense."

"It makes sense to me," Sam said.

He left the group around the sedan and went back to his car. He opened the door on Clara's side. "Out!" he said harshly. "Both of you. Wait here!"

Clara said, "Sam!—what's wrong?"

"You might see if you can help." Sam took her arm and helped her out. "There might be something you can do." He pointed a finger at Andy. "You," he said. "Stay away from that sedan."

Andy got out. "Pa, wait ——"

Sam slid across the seat and got beneath the wheel. He started the motor and put the throttle on the floor, bending the station wagon away in a tight U turn. Andy yelled. Sam threw a glance at the off door and hit the brake. Andy was clinging to the seat, half in and half out of the car, frightened but completely determined.

"I'm goin' with you!"

"C'mon, then," Sam said. "Get in!"

The door slammed. Sam took the station wagon across the highway and sent it into the road that led to the camping area, tires screeching. Andy's voice was choked.

"I know what happened," he said. "I know what they did. And it was Chris Mauck and that other guy, wasn't it?"

"Who else could it be?" Sam said.

"What're you goin' to do?"

"See if they're still here," Sam said. "If they are, see that they stay until the cops arrive."

"But how can you ——"

"Some damn way!" He realized now that he hadn't thought that far ahead. Stop them! That was all, that was enough. But now —— "My gun's just back of the seat. The shells are with it. Get the gun, load it up."

Andy scrambled around, bent over the seat. In a moment he turned back, the gun in one hand, the shells in the other. He broke the gun open, loaded it, snapped it shut.

"The safety's on," he said. "But gee, pa—what about help?"

"I don't need help," Sam said. "I don't want it."

"But the last time ——"

"This time is different!"

It was different in a way that was not quite clear to Sam. He was the same man, they were the same men. "But this's for keeps," he said silently. He was cold inside. He'd been angry before, but he wasn't now. Not in the same way, at least. Not in this cold, clear way, knowing he would do anything he had to do and knowing it with absolute certainty.

"They won't get away," he said.

He switched the headlights off and eased the station wagon over the shadow pools of a piece of rutted road. The spot where their tent had been pitched was on the left, the screen of trees was just ahead. Sam halted the car and waited. There was voice sound beyond the trees, a flashlight's pale beam danced there. Sam took the gun from Andy. The boy's hands were hot and sweating.

"Wait here," he said.

He left the car and walked toward the trees. He went through the trees on a narrow path and halted in the shadow just beyond. Mauck and Hensen were breaking camp in frantic haste. Their tent was down, a brown puddle of canvas in the soft moonlight. Sam watched Mauck wad it into a heap and stow it in the back of a pickup truck. Hensen was gathering pots and pans. Sam didn't show himself. There was time now, time to wait, time to be sure.

"Drunk," Hensen panted. "I'm still drunk."

Angrily, Mauck said, "Maybe I was sober!"

The pans made a bright clattering against the metal body of the truck. Mauck swung the flashlight beam around the littered campsite—bottles and cans and wadded paper. Hensen heaved the tailgate up and locked it in place.

"You were crazy drunk," he said. "Why'd you have to hit her?"

"Shut your yap!" Mauck said.

And still Sam waited. The flashlight beam found a stump that had done duty as a chopping block. An ax stood there, haft tipped toward the sky. Mauck moved that way through a patch of moonlight. There was no dragon on the back of his jacket. He had turned his jacket inside out.

"Come on!" Hensen said desperately. "Come on!"

Mauck said, "Dog it off! Nobody's goin' to find her until morning. We'll be long gone!"

Sam walked out of the shadows then, the shotgun held high across his chest at port arms. A light sweat oiled his hide, but inside him there was no fear. He walked into the moonlight and stopped where he could see both men.

"You fellows are not going anywhere," he said.

Hensen froze beside the truck, breath exploding in a half sob, half curse. "Told you!" he said. "I knew it!" And Mauck turned away from the stump, swinging the flashlight to bear on Sam.

"Tubby! Whatta you want?"

The flashlight was small; Sam could see past the weak beam. "You didn't move fast enough," he said. "They found her. And you're waiting for the police."

"Is that so?" Mauck's voice was strained, careful. He snapped the flashlight off, passed it from hand to hand. "Found who?" he said. "Neighbor, you're barkin' at the moon."

"The girl," Sam said.

Hensen swore again, brokenly.

"Stand easy," Sam said, "and you won't get hurt."

"We got a phone call, we're goin' home," Mauck said. "We don't know nothin' about no girl." He toughened his voice. "We're pullin' out an' you ain't stoppin' us. If I got to tramp you down, that's what I'm goin' to do."

"No, you won't," Sam said.

"That gun ain't scarin' me!" Mauck's voice was harsh now. "I took it from you once. I'll do it again and shove it down your throat."

"Don't try," Sam said.

He saw the bunching of Mauck's shoulders, the sideward movement of his feet. He brought the barrels of the shotgun down and thumbed the safety off. He did not point the barrels of the gun at Mauck. As before, he obeyed the first rule of gun handling and held them away. As before, the gun was no more than a threat.

"Steady," he said.

Mauck was moving then. He hurled the flashlight at Sam's head; in his haste his aim was bad. He spun and snatched the camp ax from the stump. Sam waited quietly. He waited until Mauck's arm came up, and then he swung the gun into line and fired. The shotgun's voice rocked the night. The ax was gone and Mauck's right hand simply ceased to be. He took two backward steps on buckling legs, staring at the stump of his wrist. And then he fell heavily.

Hensen was creeping away in the shadow of the truck. He straightened suddenly, and ran. Sam yelled, "Hold it!" And when Hensen had almost reached the far trees he swung the gun and fired again, this time at the legs. The voice of the gun and Hensen's scream were nearly one. Hensen went down as if a giant's hand had struck him. He lay there, face hidden in his arms, moaning.

And now there were shouts in the night. Booted feet were pounding on the trail. Sam turned to find Andy close by, his face a white glimmering in the shadow of the trees.

Sam said, "Get the first-aid kit."

"You didn't kill ——"

"No," Sam said quietly. He put the shotgun down and slipped his belt from the loops. He had never made a tourniquet, but he was sure he could. "If the girl dies," he said, "they'll be around to hang."

The police were impersonal when they arrived, coolly efficient. They took Sam's name, his home address, his statement. And then they held him while they questioned witnesses and questioned Mauck and Hensen. A reaction set in and Sam became badly shaken.

Clara was furious. "The way they act, a person would think you'd attacked the girl!" she said. Then, at last, a lieutenant of the state police came to the car.

"Hensen has confessed," he said. Now his voice held warmth and friendliness. "Our thanks to you, sir. You've saved us a good deal of time and expense. Few men would have had the courage to act as you did."

"Can we go home now?" Sam asked.

"By all means," the lieutenant said. "We'll keep in touch."

Late as it was, the highway was a welcome escape. Sam didn't want to think about what had happened, he didn't want Clara and Andy to think about it. He filled the car with talk: " . . . I know a place east of the mountains. It's high country, not too good for ducks, but there's geese aplenty. We'll head up that way next time. A fellow named Jackass Smith owns the place. The way he got his name ——" After an hour of that, Andy crawled into the back of the station wagon and bedded down to sleep.

A little later, Clara said, "Sam, are you going to talk it over with Andy? I mean, what happened. I think it's important that you do."

"Clara, for the love of Mike!" Sam said, pleading. "Haven't I had enough? Why belabor the point? He can see it. I backed away from those characters. If they can use me for a door mat, they can do anything. So the girl got hurt. But do I have to make a production of it? Can't I save a little?"

Clara was silent a moment. Then, quietly, she said, "If you weren't driving, I think I'd kick you in the shin. My stupid, thickheaded husband, you've got the wrong slant. The right slant is that a good man doesn't fight over trifles. But when it's important ——"

"Hey!" a sleepy voice behind them said. "What d'you think I am, a kid or something? I got eyes, I got brains. I can figure things out without a diagram!"

Sam grinned. "Thanks, pal. That was a tight corner your mother had me in. I'll do the same for you sometime."

THE END

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

The high-school bands played free of charge on so many occasions that the musicians' union complained they were taking the bread out of professional bandsmen's mouths. So the union got the legislature to pass a law against it. The law prohibited bands of public schools and institutions from playing free at private functions whenever professional musicians were available. To enforce the law, the union went to court.

"Those bands were organized and trained with tax money," counsel for the union argued, "and our tax money shouldn't be used to create something which does us out of a living."

"This is a free country," the attorney for the school bands replied. "Nobody can stop us from playing on our own time just to make jobs for somebody else. As citizens, we can play all we please whenever we please."

If you were the judge, would you let the bands play on?

. . . . . .

The school bands won. The court ruled that the youngsters, not as students but as citizens, could play as they pleased. "It could hardly be contended," the court continued, "that a law is valid which forbids one citizen to render his neighbor a service merely because there was an artisan in the same county whose avocation it was to perform such services for compensation."

Based upon a 1941 Tennessee decision.

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Terror of the Big Ten (Continued from Page 31)

believes in minding his own business, twice within the last eleven months he has found himself in the middle of major rhubarbs. First he was charged with dirty playing, and then with receiving illegal financial aid.

These crises have passed, and Ron Kramer is still going about his own affairs. He has learned early in his athletic life that being a big star can involve more than just cheers and rave headlines. Kramer now can hope to become a noncontroversial figure again, but he'll never be an obscure one. He's too much of a standout.

Michigan has had many fine football players, and some top all-round performers too. At Ann Arbor they don't often get as excited about anyone as they have about Ron Kramer. Since his freshman year they have been saying that he could be the greatest Michigan athlete since Bennie Oosterbaan, a nine-letter man and three-time All-American football end in the 1920's.

Oosterbaan himself, now in his ninth season as head football coach at Michigan, says, "I think he's twice as good as I was. He's bigger and stronger, and can do more things." Calm-spoken Bennie, who is one of the authentic nice guys of the coaching business, clearly means this. When asked by an interviewer a while ago to give a summing-up on Kramer, Oosterbaan said, "Put it this way. You're a writer. You know writing ability when you see it, don't you? Well, it's the same way in athletics. When I first saw Kramer in spring practice in 1954, I knew right away he could be as good as he wanted to be—the way he handled his body, the way he moved. The only thing I didn't know was how much desire he had. I found out that he wanted to be as good as anyone there ever was."

On more than one Saturday afternoon since then, Kramer at left end for Michigan has indeed been "as good as anyone there ever was." Yet Oosterbaan and others at Ann Arbor feel that Kramer still hasn't had a chance to demonstrate his extraordinary capabilities to the full. Injuries periodically have hampered his efficiency. Michigan has been hoping that after a summer of mending, this will be the season for Big Ron to go all the way at the top of his form.

It is quite a tribute to Kramer that people should be expecting him to accomplish even more, since he has already accomplished so much. In his two previous football seasons he was the team's high scorer both years, and an almost unanimous choice in 1955 as an All-American end. He was an end who made not only spectacular pass catches but also spectacular blocks and tackles. He carried the ball occasionally on end-around plays, and even threw a couple of passes. He punted and kicked off and converted points after touchdown.

In basketball he also was the Michigan high scorer both years, setting a new school record last season. His teammates voted him their most valuable player and elected him captain for the coming year. In track, where it has been a scramble for him to compete at all, he nevertheless came along fast enough to score both years in the climactic Big Ten meet. "He could be a national champion in the shot-put and discus if he had the time to concentrate on them," says the Michigan track coach, Don Canham.

Kramer almost missed out on track altogether last season because he was in spring football practice between April sixteenth and May twelfth. The year before, he had passed up the spring workouts. This past spring, however, Kramer risked his chances for another track letter in order to prepare himself for possible conversion from left end to right halfback on the football team.

Michigan has a shortage of good halfbacks this year, but a bountiful supply of ends, headed by right end Tom Maentz, another versatile performer, who was considered by some to have had a better over-all season in 1955 than Kramer. The highly personable Maentz, a buddy of Ron's, is the Michigan football captain this fall.

Grooming Kramer for backfield duty was largely an insurance measure. Oosterbaan still expected to use Ron mostly as an end in 1956 unless a real crisis were to develop. If circumstances should force the switch, then Kramer's prospects of repeating as an All-American this year would be small.

Kramer displays a philosophical attitude toward this, as he has toward all the ups—and downs—of his athletic career. He is known as a fellow who doesn't let rave press notices throw him off balance, and it has been much the same on the occasions when he drew unfavorable comment. However he may feel about this sort of thing in private, he wisely hasn't complained about it in public.

The major intercollegiate sports can put a lot of pressure on a young man like Kramer, who didn't reach the age of twenty-one until this summer. The strain shows on occasions like the week before last year's crucial Ohio State game which was to end in a frustrating defeat for Michigan. Approached by a reporter as he came off the field after a late practice session, Kramer exclaimed, courteously but plaintively, "Gee, I don't see how I can find any time to talk to you! I've got to let the trainer work on me, and then I've got to eat, and then I've got to study. I have two exams coming up. And I've got to get plenty of sleep for this football game. I won't have a minute all week!"

Kramer eventually found some minutes, but he was too preoccupied to say very much. With the same reporter under everyday conditions last spring, he was relaxed and freely discussed his experiences and plans.

One fellow who really knows Kramer is bouncy Tony Branoff, now graduated, who was the leading ground gainer in the 1955 Michigan backfield. Branoff and Kramer invariably were together weekends, usually at the Ann Arbor home of the brother of Tony's fiancée.

Branoff says, "During the football season, women mean absolutely nothing to him. He doesn't think about social life. After a football game, if somebody is giving a little party, it may be eight or eight-thirty before he even shows up. He'll have been in the training room getting heat treatments and warm tubs and stuff like that. He never makes dates in advance for the weekend. He may call a girl at the last minute, or he may come alone. Sometimes I'd kid him, 'You ought to get yourself a woman,' and he'd say, 'I just don't have the time for it now.'"

With his thick black hair, his virile face and his rangy athlete's build, Kramer should have little trouble finding a girl. He is big and powerful—six-three and 220 pounds—yet quick-moving and graceful. Says ex-football coach Herbert O. (Fritz) Crisler, now Michigan's director of athletics, "He has that wonderful God-given physical equipment that we all dream of. He has perfect co-ordination. There is not a muscle in his body that works against another muscle."

In Michigan's 42–7 opening-day football win over the University of Missouri last year, he put on a one-man show that caused the veteran Missouri coach, Don Faurot, to proclaim, "Bar none, Kramer is the best end I've ever seen." Ron caught seven passes for 109 yards and three touchdowns, although consistently covered by two men. He punted for a forty-one-yard average, batted five-for-five on extra-point attempts and kicked off like a pro—four times he booted the ball out of the end zone.

Kramer is an end who can be outstanding even when he never gets to catch a pass, as happened the next week against Michigan State, the Big Ten's eventual Rose Bowl representative. Michigan threw the ball only twice all afternoon, neither time to Kramer. Although outgained, the Wolverines won, 14–7, through opportunism on offense and tenacity on defense, at which Big Ron excels.

"He's quite a traffic director out there," observes the Michigan freshman football coach, Wally Weber, a white-haired gentleman of vivid phraseology. "Either he makes the actual tackle or he contains the play. He puts a stopper in the pipe and causes ball carriers to flow to other tacklers. He plays defense so violently as to disturb unborn future generations."

In the Michigan State game Kramer was in the Spartans' way for the entire sixty minutes. One of the decisive plays of the day was in the second quarter, when State had the ball on the Michigan five with third down and goal to go. Clarence Peaks undertook to speed around Kramer's end for a tying touchdown. Ron not merely stopped the play but smeared it all the way back to the ten, to kill off the scoring threat.

The next week against Army—a team Michigan had never beaten in five tries—the Cadets were triple-teaming Kramer when he went out on pass plays. This led to the first touchdown in a 26–2 Wolverine victory, with quarterback Jim Maddock passing to wide-open Terry Barr, who carried to the Army one. Kramer also had an important assist in the second touchdown, which came on an eighty-two-yard punt return by Barr. Leading the way up the side line, Kramer resoundingly took out the next-to-last Army defender around midfield.

That, unfortunately, was Ron Kramer's last activity for quite a while. In making this block he failed—through what he describes as inexcusable carelessness—to put his shoulder into it sufficiently. So he got the brunt of the impact on the vulnerable rib area below the armpit.

"The outer surface of the ribs was not disturbed," explains Michigan trainer Jim Hunt, "but there was damage under the ribs. Lung tissue was displaced. There was air in the pleural space which had to absorb."

Doctors estimated that Kramer would miss the next four or five games. Wearing a protective pad, he returned three weeks later to figure importantly in a stirring Michigan rally which beat Iowa, 33–21. He put in heavy duty the rest of the way, and finished the season as an All-American.

Coach Bennie Oosterbaan thinks that under the circumstances, Kramer had a truly remarkable 1955 season. However, after the injury, Ron couldn't quite maintain the superlative standard that Oosterbaan visualized for him. "He was having to protect the upper part of his body," Bennie says. "He wasn't running with the same freedom and grace."

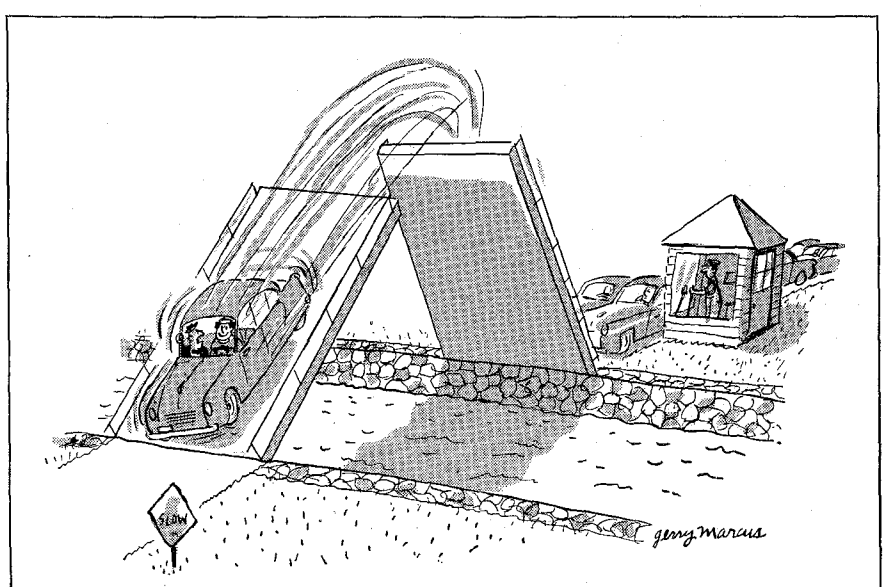
Whether or not Kramer finishes up being ranked as one of Michigan's all-time-great athletes, he already rates as No. 1 at his prep school, East Detroit High. He won all-state high-school honors in football and basketball in both his junior and senior years. He was also the star of coach Larry Hartsig's track squad, winning his four events in almost every meet—the low hurdles, the high hurdles, the high jump and the shot-put.

Back in junior high school Kramer was a baseball catcher and a heavy hitter. Some think he could have had a real future in this game. At Michigan, baseball coach Ray Fisher still wishes Kramer would come out for the ball team. However, Ron adopted track as his spring sport in high school, on the theory that it would improve his speed and agility.

Kramer had a B average in his class work at East Detroit High. He was a member of the student council. In 1952 he was crowned king of the Coronation Ball. For a Michigan function last fall, incidentally, Kramer was nominated to escort a distinguished visiting belle, Lee Meriwether, Miss America of 1955. Ron fought shy of this delicate assignment, recommending that the honor go to the head of the student government.

When the time came for Ron Kramer to enroll at college in 1953, the competition for him understandably was intense. Kramer himself, like most college boys, just won't go into details about how he was recruited.

Anyway, the schools in the chase included Michigan, Michigan State, Navy, Southern California, Purdue and Indiana, the latter being interested in him primarily for basketball. At East Detroit High they say that Michigan actually didn't pursue



"Is 'whoops' all you're going to say?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Kramer as fiercely as several others. However, Michigan benefited from the volunteer salesmanship of some of the people at the high school, notably Ron's football coach, Al Asbury.

"I didn't go there myself, but I've always thought the University of Michigan was a fine school," says Asbury. "I kept urging Ron to go to a school that would give him a good education, instead of going for the best offer. I drove him up to Ann Arbor at my own expense to two of the Michigan football games, and got him to meet the people in the athletic department.

"There was one Texas school that offered him $4000 a year, plus a so-called job that would bring his income up to $10,000. Another southern school offered him a convertible and $265 a month. There was at least one Big Ten school that went beyond the legal conference offer. But Ron finally took Michigan and, as far as I know, he's not getting anything more than the rules allow."

In view of this testimony, which was volunteered last November, it is ironic that Kramer subsequently should have been singled out this past summer as an example of how football players at Big Ten schools collect more than they're supposed to. The sum involved in Kramer's case was not $10,000 a year, nor $4000 a year, nor even $265 a month. It was a $560 grant-in-aid that Michigan issued to Kramer for the 1955–56 school year.

Under Big Ten rules governing financial aid to athletes, a boy who maintains a C average in his classwork may have his tuition paid. To receive anything more than that, he must average C-plus or better. However, there is also a clause which allows broad leeway for giving a boy extra help in "circumstances unrelated to his athletic skill."

Ron Kramer's grades at Michigan have been at the C level, entitling him only to a tuition scholarship. Last fall Athletic Director Crisler told this writer that this was the only assistance Kramer had received. Shortly after his Army-game injury in October, however, Ron applied for help to the dean's office, which administers a fund for "needy and deserving students" who—for legitimate reasons—don't have good-enough marks to qualify for regular scholarship grants.

Kramer said that his injury had caused him to miss so much class time that he would have to put in extra hours of studying, and thus couldn't continue with a part-time job in a bookstore. He stated that his family was unable to make up the income this would cost him.

Ron wound up being awarded $560 toward his estimated $1500 total expenses for the school year. Some 488 students—only eighty-seven of them on athletic teams—received grants of this sort at Michigan last year. The university had been doing this for years, and no issue ever had been made over the grants to athletes. What set off a furor this time was the fact that toward the end of the spring term, Kramer suddenly turned up with a new automobile.

Says Michigan's dean of men, Walter B. Rea, "Ron had never had a car, and when he made the request for aid, I am sure that he did not anticipate having one. As Ron later stated, 'What actually happened was that my mom and dad wanted to buy the car for me. You know how parents are. They borrowed the money from my uncle and aunt to do it. They're selling a lot to repay my uncle and aunt.'"

When a magazine publicized the Kramer affair in midsummer, the case came up for consideration by the Big Ten, which ruled that Michigan had been wrong in thinking that the conference code permitted such cash awards to athletes. Commissioner K. L. (Tug) Wilson adds, "It was the opinion of the Eligibility Committee that while Michigan was in error, no penalty was appropriate because the error was in apparent good faith, the ambiguity was acknowledged, and the affair did not represent undercover aid."

Kramer has not applied for any grant-in-aid this year. He would be unlikely to get it, even without that Big Ten ruling. Dean Rea declares, "We seldom look with favor upon any request for financial aid, even a loan, if the applicant owns a car."

Ron's family is in moderate circumstances. His mother works in the serving line at the high-school cafeteria, although not from absolute necessity. Ron's dad, John Kramer, is a foreman at Detroit Chevrolet Forge, where he has worked for more than twenty-five years.

The elder Kramer is somewhat smaller than his son—a gracious, well-proportioned man of dignified bearing. John Kramer was born in Skidmore, Kansas. His father was an Austrian coal miner who came to this country to work in the soft-coal fields of Southeastern Kansas.

Ron's dad never got any chance at athletics. One of a family of eleven, he finished grammar school and then had to go to work in the mines himself. As a young man, he moved on to Detroit and its automobile industry. When he got a foothold, he married Ron's mother, the former Adeline Tschiltsch, who comes from Franklin, Kansas. Mrs. Kramer is a live-wire type. People say that Ron got his reserved manner from his father and his competitive fire from his mother.

Some husbands can do no wrong. They wouldn't dare.

HOMER PHILLIPS

Ron has lived all his life in East Detroit, where he was born on June 24, 1935. East Detroit is a middle-income suburb just outside the city limits of Detroit. In the past quarter century its population has mushroomed from 3000 to more than 30,000. It stretches out for block after block of housing subdivisions, mostly single-story cottage types.

The Kramers have lived in the same nicely kept frame house for sixteen years. "Once when Ron was still young we thought of moving to another neighborhood," the father says, "but he didn't want to go. He said to me, 'You don't know how mean those kids are over there!' He always liked it here."

Ron's parents didn't push him into his sports career, but they have enthusiastically supported it. When he first tried out for high-school basketball as a ninth-grader, coach Fred Lee recommended that the boys put up home backboards to practice on. Ron and his dad nailed one up that very night. There were times later on when school coaches felt that he was doing too much of this homework on top of his regular sports practice; they'd come around nights and get him to stop.

The parents left the choice of a college up to Ron himself and say they're very happy with the way it worked out. They never missed a game when Ron was playing at East Detroit High, and they saw every Michigan football game the past two seasons except for the 1954 opener with the University of Washington in Seattle. Ron has a fifteen-year-old sister, Anna Marie, who roots for her brother and Michigan as stanchly as her parents.

This is a close-knit family. Ron's mother says, "When he was in high-school basketball and we'd go out early to watch the junior-varsity game, he'd always sit with us in the stands during the first half, instead of going off to sit with the other boys. When he comes home from college for a weekend now, he doesn't run around as much as you'd think he would. Most of the time he just stays around the house. One of his high-school friends that we got to know pretty well is overseas in the service. He wrote me a letter a while ago, and he put in it, 'How is your Baby?'"

Ron entered Michigan in the fall of 1953. Freshmen at Big Ten Schools don't have organized teams with outside schedules, but Kramer established himself as a basketball comer in scrimmages with the varsity and as a football prize during spring practice. He received the Meyer W. Morton trophy awarded each spring to the "most improved player" on the squad.

As a sophomore in 1954 Kramer was a starting end from the beginning. In the first quarter of the opening game against the University of Washington, he came up with two nice pass receptions. Before the quarter was over, though, he had to leave the game with a banged-up hip.

This didn't keep him from being back in there the next week, and neither did a knee injury he later got in the fourth game, against Northwestern. These leg troubles did prevent him from reaching his full peak in 1954. However, only the Michigan insiders were aware of this, because Kramer was pretty terrific as it was. On numerous Saturdays this big No. 87 at left end made the difference as Michigan progressed to a respectable six-and-three record. The Wolverines tied with Wisconsin for second place in the Big Ten.

Against a favored Iowa team, Kramer made a leaping pass grab at the goal line and then twisted across to tie the game at 13–13. A moment later he won it by converting his second extra point of the day. On defense he was in the Hawkeyes' hair all afternoon.

Down the stretch in the last three weeks of the season, Kramer was a standout every Saturday. In a 14–7 win over Illinois, he outjumped two defenders for the pass catch that set up the winning touchdown, and also blocked an Illinois punt.

In the next game, against Michigan State, Kramer blocked two punts, recovering one himself for a touchdown, to spearhead a 33–7 Michigan victory. He was voted Lineman of the Week in an Associated Press poll. Then came the finale with undefeated Ohio State. The Buckeyes won, 21–7, but had to work hard all the way. After the game coach Woody Hayes of Ohio State singled out Kramer as the chief reason. "He kept turning in plays for the strong center of Michigan's line to handle," Hayes said. "He contained us all day."

The following Monday, Kramer reported to coach Bill Perigo's basketball team, which had been getting ready for its season for almost a month. Ron was somewhat the worse for football wear, but after substituting in the first six games he became a regular. Although he is only six-three, he wound up playing center; with his tremendous leg spring, he was Michigan's leading rebounder. He was the leading scorer, too, averaging sixteen points per game for the season and 18.9 in Big Ten play.

From basketball Kramer moved directly into track. Coach Don Canham suggested that he first take a breathing spell of a week or two, but Ron wanted to start right in. "I don't like to sit around," he will tell you.

Although Kramer's track statistics have not been sensational in themselves, some observers think that they actually constitute his most extraordinary achievement, considering that he gets so little time at this sport, which, for the champions, is an all-year occupation.

He has given up the hurdles, which were a specialty of his at high school; Ron doesn't have quite enough sprinting speed to stay with the best college hurdlers. His events at Michigan have been the high jump, the shot-put and the discus. He had never thrown the discus before, yet in his first Michigan meet, as a sophomore, he placed third against Stanford with a heave of 137 feet 9½ inches. In his second meet against Fresno State he won the discus with a 145-foot toss.

At Michigan a man can get a track letter either by winning an event in a major dual meet or by placing in the Big Ten championship meet. Ron just squeezed in via the latter route in 1955, tying for fifth in the Big Ten high jump. In last spring's Big Ten meet, despite the very limited time he had to get ready, he high-jumped six-four to tie for fourth place. He put the shot 50 feet 8½ inches to finish in sixth place, just out of the scoring.

What Kramer did during his second year of football in 1955 has already been summarized. The season ended on a painful note for Ron in the windup game against the defending Big Ten champions, Ohio State. Up to this point Michigan had a seven-and-one record. Victory over Ohio State would give the Wolverines the Big Ten title and a Rose Bowl trip.

Unhappily for Michigan, All-American Howard (Hopalong) Cassady led an Ohio State attack that kept the Buckeyes in charge most of the afternoon. Michigan was unable to move the ball very much itself, but was so dogged on defense that Ohio State held only a 3–0 lead after three quarters. In the fourth quarter, though, Cassady finally broke over for a touchdown. Then things went from bad to worse for Michigan as unsuccessful Wolverine gambles set up first a safety for Ohio State, and then another touchdown, making the final score 17–0.

Penalties figured in the last Ohio State scoring drive. For the rest of the game penalty markers were flying all over the place, with Michigan frantically trying to come back for at least a consolation touchdown. Shortly before the end, Kramer was put out of the game by the officials, as was tackle Al Sigman.

Both were ejected for protesting decisions. In Kramer's case—as the game movies later showed—he had been trying to steal the ball from an Ohio State back, which the rules allow. To an official his vigorous effort looked like slugging, and a personal foul was called. When Kramer heatedly remonstrated, out he went.

After the game he apologized to his coaches for having blown his top, but assured them that he hadn't been guilty of the additional offense of using his fists. Some of the spot-news stories erroneously reported, however, that Kramer had been bounced for fighting. A number of people jumped to the conclusion that Michigan in general and Kramer in particular had abandoned sportsmanship and turned the game into a slugfest.

"Sixty years of tradition have been wiped out by two minutes of unsportsmanlike conduct," said one typical alumni letter. WOLVERINES RATE ROSES FOR SHAME, read a headline in one Detroit newspaper.

Kramer was the target of much of the criticism. He stoically kept his peace and plunged into the basketball season. At the annual varsity-freshman game the Tuesday (*Continued on Page 120*)

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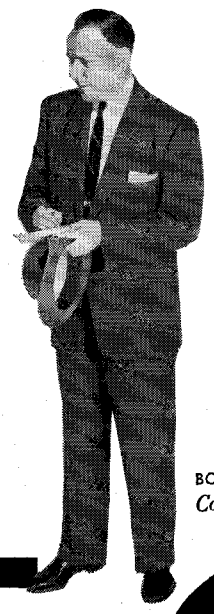

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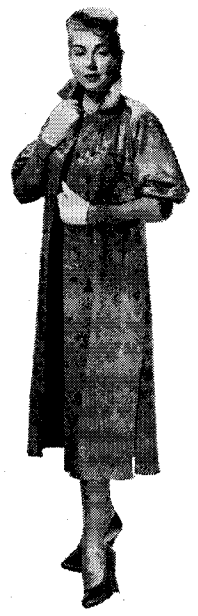

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(*Continued from Page 118*) after the Ohio State trouble, there was almost dead silence in the stands when Kramer first stepped on the floor. When he scored his first basket, there was some scattered hand clapping. By the time he left the floor after producing twelve points, he received a satisfactory round of applause.

He handled himself well as the basketball season went on, and before long a counterreaction set in both at Ann Arbor and elsewhere in the Big Ten. Kramer once again became a big Michigan favorite.

His football chest injury didn't clear up completely. "Twice he got hit there, and each time it brought him right down on his knees," Coach Perigo reports. However, Kramer set new Michigan scoring records for a road game (thirty-four points), for a home game (thirty points) and for a season (448 points—a 20.3 average). He was doing some scoring from outside as well as under the boards.

Michigan has good sophomore material coming along, and Captain Kramer's team this winter should be able to improve on the basketball record of the last two seasons, when the Wolverines finished in the Big Ten second division both times.

As a Michigan freshman, Ron lived in a dormitory. His second year he roomed in an apartment. Last year he switched to the Sigma Chi fraternity house. "I didn't know much about fraternities when I first came here," he says. "I sort of held back on it. But a lot of the fellows on the football squad were in Sigma Chi—Ed Meads, Terry Barr, Jim VanPelt, Marv Nyren, Charley Brooks, Larry Faul. Now I'm there myself, and I like it fine." His roommate is Charley Brooks, another end.

Kramer's concentration on sports has left him little time for other extracurricular stuff. However, he was tapped as a junior for the Michigamua honorary society. Earlier he was elected over a non-football player as a student representative on the Michigan athletic board, although he didn't win in any landslide. "You'd be surprised how many people around here vote antiathlete," says Tony Branoff, who used to be a member of the board.

During the summers of 1954 and 1955 Ron was a counselor at a boys' camp in Cooke, Montana, along with football teammates Tom Maentz and Terry Barr. This past summer he went to a camp himself as a member of the Air Force ROTC, then went to work on a construction gang. He was working there—and also putting in some hours at a gas station—when the story broke about his $560 grant.

A psychology major, he has been taking courses at Michigan designed to prepare him for industrial-relations work. Ron says he's found this a very interesting field and wants eventually to make it his career. His marks might well be higher if he weren't so busy with sports, which obviously are the biggest thing in his life right now. He hopes to play some pro football next fall before being called to serve his hitch with the Air Force.

Meanwhile Big Ten football is the current order of business for Ron Kramer and Michigan. At right halfback in this year's spring practice, Ron did a lot of ground gaining, but Bennie Oosterbaan says Kramer can't possibly become a great ball carrier in the space of a single season. If Ron does have to make the change, though, they can still get considerable use out of his pass-catching skills.

In the past few years the running game has been the major weapon of most of the good college teams. Few of them have developed consistent passing attacks. This has been largely the case at Michigan recently, but not because Bennie Oosterbaan planned it that way. When Kramer first began showing his stuff at spring practice in 1954—his wonderful pair of hands, his grace and agility—Oosterbaan began dreaming of a passing offense in which they would throw the ball to Big Ron as many as a dozen times a game. The dream never quite materialized, what with Kramer's injuries and Michigan's lack of a really gifted passer.

However, the dream has never quite been abandoned either. Kramer has shown a lot on the football field for Michigan in his previous seasons, but the fans still haven't seen him as he could be. This just might be the year.

Who Will Take California? (Continued from Page 35)

Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, but since 1946 has sent to Congress enough Republicans to swing the balance in the ceaseless struggle between the party's Eastern and Midwestern wings.

Perhaps the key political fact about California is that the more it changes the more like the rest of the U.S.A. it becomes. Take the unsung community of Huntington Park, five miles south of downtown Los Angeles. This city's 30,000 residents cast only about 15,000 votes. Yet, in each of the last three presidential elections, Huntington Park has voted almost exactly the same percentage Republican as has all of California—from 42 per cent for Thomas E. Dewey in 1944, to 46 per cent in 1948 to 57 per cent for Eisenhower in 1952.

This performance is all the more remarkable because it defies the usually accepted theory that California's weird political gyrations have been caused by the influx of out-of-state migrants who have almost doubled its population since 1940. For Huntington Park happens to be one of the few California cities whose population count has remained virtually constant over the last fifteen years. How are we to explain this paradox—that a community barely able to hold its census own should be the perfect voting barometer for our fastest-growing state?

Part of the explanation will be found in the curious kind of city Huntington Park is—a cross between a bedroom and a supermarket. Its main street, Pacific Boulevard, serves as a shopping artery for half a dozen nearby communities. At a nickel an hour, parking meters alone yield the city $125,000 a year. Huntington Park's location also makes it an easily accessible residence for workers employed in nearby industrial communities.

In particular, Huntington Park tends to draw the newer arrivals to California, who are unmarried or childless or who are not yet ready to buy their own homes. Where only 46 per cent of the residents of Los Angeles County live in rented dwellings, a full 60 per cent of Huntington Parkers do. Many of these renters dwell in so-called "second units" which the older residents, in defiance of zoning ordinances, have erected behind their own homes or over their garages.

So many of these property owners are widowed or retired that one sixth of Huntington Park's potential voters are over sixty-five. These older residents, rather than the newcomers, have been primarily responsible for the Republican voting trend of recent years. A door-to-door canvass which I conducted of several typical Huntington Park precincts revealed that the bulk of the factory workers has remained loyal to the Democratic Party. Among the "landlord" residents, though, the big California boom has sparked what might be described as a "small-property revolution."

One gray-haired widow, for example, had been a strong admirer of Franklin Roosevelt. During the war years she rented part of her home to transient workers. She saved enough money to build twenty rental units in 1947 and, when the venture proved successful, another fourteen. In 1948 she still voted for Truman. But when, with the outbreak of the Korean war, rent control was imposed, she decided "it was time to change my Democratic registration."

Again, on a nearby street I stopped at the home of a glass cutter, who had come from Belgium about six years ago. A truck had just driven up, bringing screen doors for two new rental units which this man and his wife had built in the rear of their home. In Belgium "we were Socialists," the couple said, but they were voting Republican this fall. "I know the Democrats are for the workingman," the husband conceded, "but you can't do without capital."

The upsurge of this small-capitalist psychology can be seen through all of California. What has happened there, one might say, has been the emergence of the American equivalent of the French *rentier* class, which has acquired such world renown for the zeal with which it guards its savings from tax collectors and government spenders. California, of course, has always been a haven for people seeking to live on their savings. During the 1930's many of these "senior citizens," hard pressed to make ends meet, were fervent supporters of crackpot pension plans. But the uninterrupted boom touched off by World War II opened astonishing opportunities to buy property, sit back and watch it triple its value—or more.

It is in neighborhoods with the heaviest concentration of small property owners that one finds the stiffest opposition to the floating of new bond issues and to public-housing proposals, as well as the most vehement outcries against foreign aid. This swelling rentier class, of course, is not composed solely of oldsters. One Huntington Park newspaperman, on getting out of the Army, plunked down the few hundred dollars he had saved as a down payment on a home. The home had an extra duplex apartment, so he found himself a landlord. Using the income from the duplex as collateral, he borrowed money to put up three additional rental units. By 1956 the rental income from these units had virtually paid off his debt and original investment. A Roosevelt supporter when he owned no property in his youth, this newspaperman has voted Republican in recent years.

Throughout the state the growth of the *rentiers* has advanced in much this same speculative pace, with many persons buying properties because "all my neighbors were doing it." Much as other Americans have been investing in the stock market, Californians have been betting on their own equivalent of Wall Street—the population market. With this boom has come a

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basic shift in political thinking—a change which is being duplicated to some degree in the rest of the country, and which could prove the most significant development of the whole 1956 election.

Since 1932 the strongest single Democratic asset has been the fear of "another Hoover depression." Even in 1952 Dwight D. Eisenhower won not because this dread was absent, but because the bitterness over the Korean war was strong enough for many Democrats to feel "Let's have hard times as long as we get the war over with."

During the current campaign, though, in every California city, men and women who voted for Stevenson in 1952 have told me that they intend to shift to Eisenhower in November. Some explain with such remarks as "He kept his word by ending the Korean war." Many more echo a painter in Compton, who never has voted for a Republican President—"The financial situation is too good to go against Ike."

Many of these shifting voters insist "We still are Democrats" and that it is Eisenhower personally—"a good, honest man" runs their refrain—whom they are voting for. But more careful probing indicates that a significant change is under way in the voters' general evaluation of both parties.

To penetrate beyond the attraction of Eisenhower's personality, every voter interviewed was asked, "What do you feel is the difference between the two parties?" Stalwart Democrats usually snapped back, "The Democrats are for the workers and the Republicans for big business." But one-time Democratic voters, who talked of supporting Eisenhower, tended to waver and shift in their responses.

"We know what the old differences were," observed one woman, "but I don't feel those differences still hold."

A mechanic remarked, "I always felt the Democrats gave the little man more of a break, while the Republicans were for the big shots. But it hasn't worked that way under Ike."

Significantly, this turn to a more favorable attitude toward business and the Republicans shows up far more strongly among younger voters and white-collar people than among factory workers. In Lakewood, twenty miles south of Los Angeles, only one ninth of the factory workers interviewed said they would vote for Eisenhower. Among the white-collar elements—teachers, clerks and salesmen—half of those interviewed were for Eisenhower. In Sunnyvale, thirty-nine miles south of San Francisco, the results were somewhat the same. Only three out of ten manual workers were for Eisenhower, compared with three of four white-collar voters.

The similarity in the responses one gets in communities like Lakewood and Sunnyvale is particularly enlightening because it is an indication of what is going on through the entire nation. As late as a year ago, Lakewood, now a city of 50,000, was little more than wasteland, while Sunnyvale, which is getting a new General Motors plant, has tripled its population since 1950. Both cities, in short, are virtually brand-new and typical of the many tract developments which have come to encircle urban centers in California and other states.

These communities mushroomed into being so swiftly—with homes being erected not in individual units, but by hundreds or thousands at a time—that they shine with an unreal, makeshift gloss. They obviously have not been in existence long enough to acquire any distinctive political character of their own. And yet they are not so formless, after all. For invariably the voting of each of these communities stratifies along the same lines of income and occupation that govern the voting of every major metropolitan center in the whole country. The higher the income level, the more Republican is the vote; the heavier the concentration of industrial workers, the more solid is the Democratic preponderance.

So uniform through the whole country is this voting by economic class that it has come to be taken for granted. Yet it is just this, I believe, which explains why—contrary to popular belief—the constant migrations into California are making its voting ever more predictable.

The simple fact is that wherever people move they take with them the political attitudes which reflect their economic standing. The net effect is that the more our population is reshuffled geographically, the more alike becomes the voting of different parts of the country—regardless of whether they lie in the North or in Dixie, along the Eastern seaboard or beyond the Rockies.

Simultaneously, these same forces are knitting the different parts of individual states into a more unified political whole. California, for example, has often been described as "two separate states" politically, reflecting the rivalry between San Francisco, cosmopolitan and urbane, and

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Los Angeles, with its oil derricks, religious cults and smog sufferers. This sectional conflict actually has become institutionalized by many state laws—for example, there is the requirement that the Democrats and Republicans rotate their chairmen annually between Northern and Southern California. Both parties also pursue sharply conflicting strategies in the two halves of the state. In Los Angeles the political battle pits extremists versus extremists. Around San Francisco Bay the struggle is essentially for the middle ground, with moderation keynoting the policy of both Democrats and Republicans.

But when one examines the forces in conflict, it seems clear that the political differences between the two metropolitan centers is less a reflection of a traditional sectionalism than of the major political cleavages dividing the whole country. The San Francisco atmosphere reflects the fact that both parties are competing for the same vote—that of the more conservative-minded workers. In his three races for governor, Earl Warren anticipated what Eisenhower has done in blurring the lines of antagonism between workers and employers with "liberal" economic measures. This strategy has been followed by Gov. Goodie Knight, also a Republican, who campaigned in 1954 with the endorsement of the American Federation of Labor.

In Los Angeles, of course, organized labor never has won the acceptance it has enjoyed in San Francisco. Usually this hostility is attributed to the dominant influence of the Los Angeles Times, which was bombed in a labor war in 1910, with twenty men killed. Until his death in 1944, Harry Chandler, the Times publisher, would commemorate each anniversary of the bombing by visiting their graves. His son, Norman, the present publisher, while less extreme in his views, still boasts that the Times is the one metropolitan newspaper in the country which does not have a contract with the Typographical Union.

Yet I question whether this old feud is the real cause for the political extremism that characterizes Los Angeles politics. Back in Harry Chandler's day there was a strong economic reason for Los Angeles' open-shop tradition. Merchants and manufacturers felt that lower wage scales were needed to compete with San Francisco. But this is hardly a consideration today. Aircraft manufacture, Southern California's largest single industry, has more than tripled its employment since 1950 and is one of the highest-wage industries in the country.

The real causes of the bitter political battling in Los Angeles are the racial and religious intolerances which divide so much of the community into two hostile political coalitions. One of the more striking paradoxes in present-day American politics is that racial tensions are growing more acute at a time when differences over economic issues are being moderated. If San Francisco can be said to typify the forces of moderation economically, Los Angeles remains an arena for our still-unresolved social conflicts.

Unique in the variety of population elements it has attracted, Los Angeles County has close to 300,000 Negroes, almost as many Mexican-Americans, around 500,000 Catholics of other nationality backgrounds, about 400,000 Jews, and hundreds of thousands of Texans and Okies, Easterners and Midwesterners. Virtually every religion, every part of the United States and every social and economic class is represented. Such varied elements would pose very thorny assimilation problems in the most stable community. Los Angeles is not what you would call a stable community. The phenomenal growth of the city has had the effect of abruptly dumping these diverse elements into one communal pot and bringing them to a rapid pressure boil, socially and politically.

Consider the impact of the quick increase in Negro population. Between 1940 and 1950 the number of Negroes in Los Angeles County almost tripled, and the gain continues today at the rate of 1700 a month. During World War II little new housing was available and the colored people remained concentrated in a few areas, such as the Watts and Central Avenue districts. But when the postwar housing boom came along, a spectacular reshuffling of the city's population ensued, with Negroes moving into neighborhoods previously white.

It is not easy to describe the tensions that exist today among the white residents on streets where Negroes have begun to penetrate or soon will penetrate. I picked five such areas for the systematic interviewing of voters. At times I could not help but feel that I was talking with people who felt themselves under siege. Everyone knew exactly where the closest Negro family lived. Often I heard remarks like, "Alameda Street is the dam. If they ever break through ——"

The great fear obviously is that property values will tumble if Negroes move into one's street. Many persons interviewed had little objection to working alongside Negroes or to sending their children to the same schools as colored children. But they drew the line—often profanely—at living alongside Negroes. Many of the neighborhoods into which Negroes have been moving are in the older parts of Los Angeles, with a heavy concentration of just the kind of small property owners who are so numerous in Huntington Park—elderly folk, who rent out part of the houses in which their whole life's savings may be invested.

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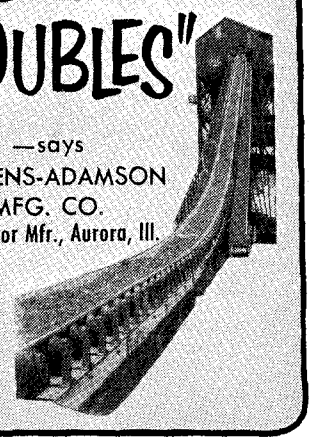

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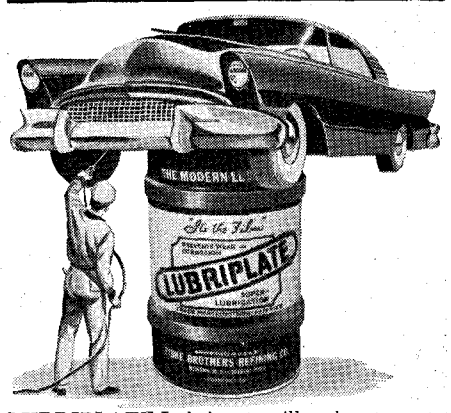

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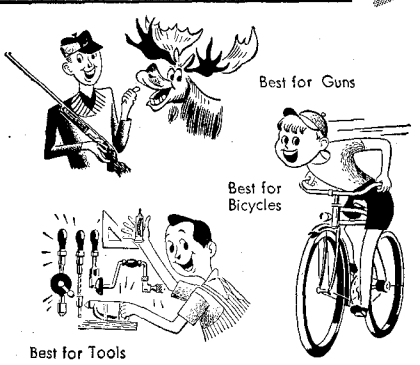

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The emotions stirred by this steady expansion of Negro residents during the last ten years have been a prime cause of Democratic defection. Precinct workers calling on registered Democrats have had doors slammed in their faces, with the remark, "I'm not a Democrat any more. Try those Negroes down the block." Typical of the answers given me in my own interviewing was that of a railroad engineer's wife. Originally from Iowa, she had turned Democratic in the depression and still spoke gratefully of how "Franklin Roosevelt saved us." She was bitter about Eleanor Roosevelt, though, and was voting Republican because, "The Democrats want to do too much for the Negroes."

Comments of typical voters interviewed in the Los Angeles area make it clear that to many persons the label "left-winger" or "communist" also evokes antagonisms toward Negroes; and also toward Jews and other minority elements. Richard Nixon, in his 1950 Senate race against Helen Gahagan Douglas, was among the first California politicians to use these labels and that fact still is cited by many persons I interviewed for voting against Eisenhower's re-election.

Anti-Negro tension is only one of the ethnic conflicts boiling furiously in the Los Angeles melting pot. In 1953 the Los Angeles school board, after a bitter row, dropped the use of teaching scripts which explained the workings of UNESCO, a subsidiary agency of the United Nations. Ostensibly the controversy was sparked by charges that UNESCO was "subversive" and "communistic." Actually it was largely a demonstration of anti-Jewish and anti-Negro feelings.

In 1955 a Mrs. Georgiana Hardy won election to the school board in the face of accusations of being pro-UNESCO. A precinct-by-precinct comparison of her vote reveals an extremely sharp polarization along ethnic lines. The precincts most strongly in her favor covered mainly the neighborhoods with the heaviest concentrations of Jews, Mexican-Americans and Negroes—elements comprising about a fourth of the city's population.

These same precincts also voted most heavily "Yes" in a 1946 referendum on the creation of a Fair Employment Practices Commission to outlaw job discrimination. In the 1953 race for mayor these same precincts were aligned most heavily against the winner, Norris Poulson, who was put forward by the Los Angeles Times in its fight against public housing. At the other extreme, the precincts most heavily against Mrs. Hardy also were the most strongly opposed to FEPC and public housing. And they were the strongest in support of Mayor Poulson.

The depressing way in which extremism tends to feed on its own opposition can be clearly seen by a look at the anatomy of the congressional districts of Los Angeles. When the boundaries of these districts were redrawn by a Republican-controlled Legislature in 1952, the legislators insured as many "safe" Republican seats as they could contrive. This was accomplished by lumping nearly all of the heaviest Democratic voting precincts into four districts. These were conceded to the Democrats virtually without contest. The remaining districts became formidable strongholds of Republicanism.

This deft operation had the effect of concentrating the bulk of Los Angeles' so-called "minority elements" into three congressional districts. The gerrymandering involved was fantastic and the art work involved remains genuinely imaginative. The 26th District, now represented by Jimmy Roosevelt, is so weirdly shaped that it has been described as looking like "a picture of a dog playing a piano."

This redistricting, true, reflects a highly inequitable apportionment of the population. But that is not so dismaying as the fact that the maneuver encourages racial and religious extremism in politics. Had the districts been drawn with some attention to fair geographical boundaries, the so-called "minority elements" would have been spread out through many more districts. The natural tendency of politicians representing such "mixed" constituencies would be to seek practical means of reconciling the conflicts amongst them. But, as things are, the politicians who now represent the strongest Democratic districts have little choice except to take the most militant and extreme position on civil rights.

By doing so, they naturally risk alienating other Democratic voting elements, such as the workers who have migrated from the South and the small property owners. The Republicans can capitalize on this situation, and do.

The Democratic dilemma is made more acute by the prevailing trend toward economic conservatism. Not only in Los Angeles but through the whole country the famed Roosevelt coalition brought together the most diverse elements—children and grandchildren of the immigrants who peopled the bigger cities, plus Negroes, white Southerners, hillbillies from the border states and Midwestern farmers. The cementing force holding these elements together politically was the New Deal's economic appeal. As that economic adhesive has lost much of its sticking power, the ever-latent strains among these varied ethnic elements have become more difficult to reconcile.

Given this picture of Los Angeles, it is not surprising that the Republicans there have developed a strategy which seems to depend upon the Democrats nominating someone who can be attacked as a "leftist" or "parlor pink." One Republican politician boasted to me, "I've helped left-wing Democrats win in the primary, so I could campaign against them as radicals."

One might think that the Democrats would try to defeat the Republican strategy by running "middle-of-the-road" candidates. Adlai Stevenson's nomination, of course, represented a triumph for such a moderate Democratic course in national terms. But in California itself a flexible political strategy is not easily developed, largely because of the state's curious lack of effective party organization.

In other states a political leader, or a combination of them, can virtually dictate the nomination of some candidate who will be acceptable to feuding factions. But in California this sort of unifying leadership is missing because of a crusade led nearly fifty years ago by Hiram Johnson. When Johnson, fiercely independent, swept into the governorship of the state in 1911, he rammed a series of drastic reforms into the constitution which seemed to assume that political parties *per se* constituted the original sin in politics. To prevent the building of patronage machines, the election of most local officials was made nonpartisan. But the Johnson Reform which most bedevils California politics today is the state's famous system of cross-filing, which permits candidates of either party to run in the primary of the opposing party.

As cross-filing has operated in the past, the same candidate has often been able to capture the nominations of both parties, leaving no contest for the general election. The net effect has been a virtual destruction of any real sense of party responsibility—something most students of California politics agree is sorely needed in the state. Currently, in fact, both California Democratic and Republican leaders are striving energetically to regain control of their own party nominations by creating "Democratic Clubs" and "Republican Assemblies" which openly indorse favored candidates.

In 1952 a referendum to abolish cross-filing was beaten by a narrow margin, but California voters did approve a companion measure which requires candidates to designate whether they are Democrats or Republicans. The result of this step forward has been a sharp reduction in the number of candidates winning the nominations of both parties and a surge of partisan feeling which, some observers are convinced, may well mark the beginning of a trend toward real two-party politics in California.

This trend is being pressured by a number of other political developments. For example, a bitter feud over water supply has been raging between Los Angeles and California's famous Central Valley, where irrigated lands produce a sixth of all the fruit and nuts grown in the United States, a fourth of our rice, and a tenth of our cotton.

Many of the Central Valley's more influential landowners and business leaders have been trying to acquire the balance of power between Democrats and Republicans—and so diminish the political influence of Los Angeles in the state. Their ingenious strategy was explained to me by Jack O'Neill, a wealthy landowner. It calls for building up the Democratic strength in the state Senate and Assembly to offset what is considered a strong dose of big-city control within the Republican Party. Should the Democrats win control of the Assembly, as seems possible, a Central Valley man, Hugh Burns, is in line for the post of speaker.

To sum up, the drama of politics today in California parallels, to a remarkable degree, the conflict on the national political stage. California's Central Valley landowners, seeking to protect their water interests, do not differ too much from the farmers of the Middle West who talk of "playing off one party against the other to get the farm program we need." Between the big-city centers of Northern and Southern California, the struggle is much the same as the extremism-versus-moderation battle which rages across the length and breadth of the whole country.

The trends analyzed here indicate that California is tending steadily to become normally Republican in national voting. True, 750,000 more California voters are registered as Democrats than the Republicans muster. But many of these "Democrats" are like Agnes R. Platt, the town clerk of Huntington Park, who confessed, "I'm for Eisenhower, but my father was a Confederate veteran, so I stay registered as a Democrat."

Since 1936 all but eight of California's counties have shown a rise in the Republican percentage in each successive presidential election. These Republican gains have been heaviest among the middle-class elements who, I would judge, now hold the balance of voting power in the state. Compared with 1952, President Eisenhower has lost votes among California's farmers. My interviewing also shows a resurgence of Democratic solidarity among the state's industrial workers. Still, Eisenhower's hold on California's middle class, which has been growing so spectacularly in recent years, seems strong enough for him to carry the state, barring, of course, a possible failure of his health or armed intervention over the Suez Canal.

The consistency of the Republican gains since 1936 casts some doubt on one complaint of the Democrats—that their troubles are caused by the Republican bias of most California newspapers. The crusading McClatchy newspaper chain, whose Sacramento, Fresno and Modesto Bees blanket the Central Valley, supported Stevenson in 1952 and Roosevelt before that. Yet the Republican vote in the Central Valley climbed seventeen percentage points between 1936 and 1948 and another ten per cent in 1952, both rises being somewhat heavier than the state average.

Still, the fact remains that these Republican gains are based largely on California's economic boom. They could be nullified if the economy went into a tailspin. As one sharp-tongued reporter on the Los Angeles Times put it, "We have a cold-war economy in this state, and what do we do if it stops? During the depression when migrants came to Los Angeles without jobs or money, the chief of police would round them up and hustle them onto trains and move them out of the state. Today if the same kind of people come to California, they're loaned money to buy a house and a car and to send for their relatives."

This reporter's picture is exaggerated, of course, but there is no question that California's economy has been built to an astonishing degree on cheap credit. This boom seems to have won for the G.O.P. notable political success. But in doing so, in my judgment, it has committed the Republicans to maintaining this prosperity by the continued management of the country's economy. THE END

"Well, they seemed to enjoy themselves."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The Other Korea (Continued from Page 28)

proudly to their past. It is not pleasant to live in a country that has been hacked in two by foreigners, that has seen its life blood drain away in fanatical civil warfare, a country that still lives in a sort of international limbo, pitied by its few friends and despised by the rest.

Korea does have a great past, but it is not easy to find visible traces of it in the modern war-torn nation. The treasures of the National Museum are not on display, but are safely hidden away, as are most private collections. Stately temples, towering pagodas and beautiful Buddhas do exist, but most of them are in out-of-the-way places, often deep in the mountains. Time and again, Korean and alien armies—Chinese, Mongol, Japanese and Manchu—have swept up and down the peninsula. As a result, the only surviving treasures are those which could be concealed or stood safely off the beaten track.

I had plenty of time to reflect on the inaccessibility of Korea's historical treasures as I bumped over the back roads of Korea with my friend, Dimitri Boria, in our search for the pictures on these pages. The Korean Government had offered to send some artistic masterpieces to be exhibited in the United States in 1957 and it had been decided to obtain some color pictures of ancient Korean buildings and monuments to accompany these works of art. Boria, a very gifted United States Army photographer, had been assigned to get these. I was riding along with him as extra baggage.

A trip to the artistic and historic shrines of Korea was not quite like a drive to Mt. Vernon or Williamsburg. In fact, it was more like an expedition to the High Sierra. It involved canned rations and sleeping bags, rides in single-engined planes uncomfortably pressed between lowering clouds and ragged mountaintops. And then there were the seemingly endless hours by jeep or truck, usually late at night, because Boria needed the daylight hours for his work.

The Korean countryside, with its thatched, mushroom-shaped farmhouses and neatly tailored rice fields pressed close against granite-ribbed hills, is quaint by day. But under a full harvest moon it becomes mysteriously beautiful. It is also strangely deserted and empty of lights. Any blaze of electricity was likely to prove to be an isolated American military post where lonely GI's gave us a hearty welcome along with the meal or gas we asked for.

Even in the dark, one is reminded that this is a country that recently has been at war. In many areas all the bridges have been destroyed and a vehicle must wallow as best it can through the water. And at every major river crossing and at frequent other check points, the ubiquitous Korean MP stands guard, checking all who pass. This is hardly to be wondered at. Many of the artistic monuments we visited are located in mountains that until recently were overrun by communist guerrillas.

It is in the higher mountains where one finds the chief traces of the past. There, among the towering peaks brilliant with autumn foliage, stand the temples and monuments that bring to life the historical traditions of which the Koreans are so proud. As an area of high civilization, Korea is roughly of the same age as the British Isles, and the beginning was exactly the same—partial conquest by a great empire. In 108 B.C., a few decades before Caesar's legions brought Roman civilization to England, the armies of the great Han Empire of China marched into Northern Korea and set up four border commanderies.

When the Han Empire, like Rome, declined, native Korean kingdoms replaced the Chinese colonies in Korea. Eventually, in 668 A.D., one of these kingdoms, called Silla, won out over the others and unified the country. Thus Korea, already in the seventh century, emerged as a unified nation and essentially the same country it is today in area, people and language. It was several centuries later before even the oldest countries of Europe assumed their present shapes.

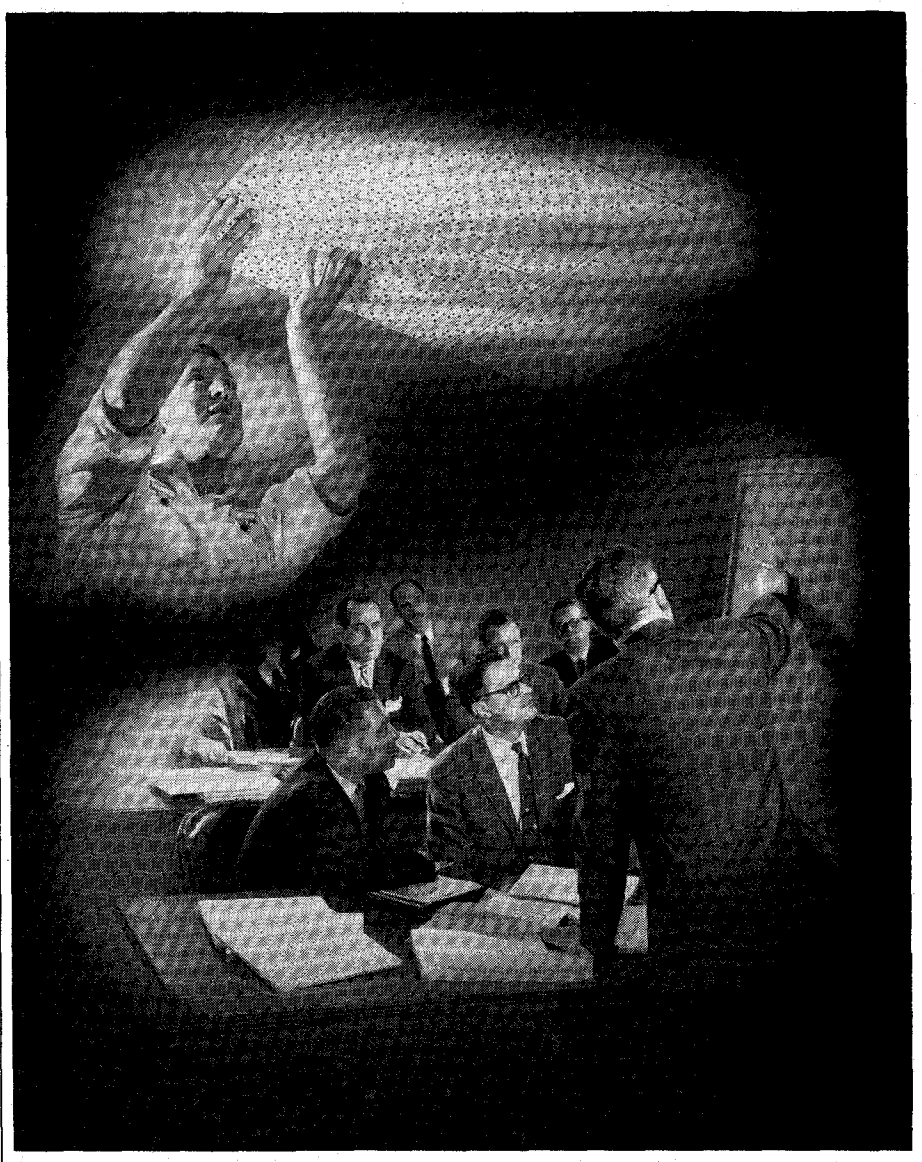
Even before Silla had unified Korea, another great change had come to the peninsula. This was a second conquest—but this time a spiritual conquest by the great Indian religion of Buddhism. Like the Christian penetration of Britain, this was to have a far deeper and more lasting effect than conquest by a foreign army. Buddhism rolled like a great wave eastward by way of Central Asia to China, then on to Korea and from there on to Japan.

With Buddhism came the arts and sciences of India and China, and also cultural influences from even farther afield. In Northwestern India and in what is now Afghanistan, Buddhism had encountered the artistic heritage of Greece, brought there originally by the armies of Alexander the Great. Here Indian religious ardor and Greek love of beauty combined to form a great Buddhist sculpture—Buddhas with the serene faces of the Orient, clad in the simple sweeping folds of the Greeks. This Greco-Indian art, as reinterpreted by the Chinese, became the basis of the classic Buddhist art of Korea.

In many places throughout Korea we came across square stone pagodas of the Silla period that reflect the strength and sturdiness of the Tang Empire of China, at that time the strongest and richest nation in the world. An even more impressive sight is the Pulguk-sa, a once-great monastery near the old Silla capital, and incidentally not far from the Pusan perimeter, where a handful of valiant Americans first stemmed the communist onslaught in Korea. Here one sees stone walls and balconies and intricate stone pagodas that seem to have flown directly to South Korea from the earliest Buddhist shrines of India.

Near the top of the rugged mountain behind the Pulguk-sa is a grotto that commands a magnificent view eastward across the Sea of Japan. I was glad to find that a group of young American marines from a nearby base had found the spot and were obviously enjoying its beauty. In the grotto stand a massive stone Buddha and a series of lesser deities and saints in bas-relief that reveal an earlier Greek and Indian heritage behind their more recent Chinese ancestry. All these treasures show quite clearly that in the eighth and ninth centuries, when most of Europe was an isolated cultural backwash, Korea was an advanced nation on a major highroad of world civilization.

In 918 a new dynasty supplanted the ancient line of Silla and the country was renamed Koryo, the origin of our own name for Korea. Under the Koryo kings great monasteries were still erected and huge Buddhas were sometimes carved from the living rock, but the most distinctive art of the period was in the very different field of porcelains. The pale green celadon ware of China was much admired by the Koreans, but they did not simply borrow the art of celadon making. Rather they improved on it by introducing beautiful new shapes and by adding graceful designs done in inlaid clays of



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different colors, usually white or gray. The result was a type of porcelain still prized as one of the most beautiful ever produced anywhere in the world.

The Koryo dynasty was replaced in 1392 by a dynasty usually known by its family name, which is variously spelled Yi, Li, Lee—or even Rhee, by the venerable president of Korea who shares this common Korean surname. This dynasty, enduring until 1910, fashioned a small replica of the Ming Empire of China. The nation became a sort of ideal Confucian state that remained truer to the ancient Confucian ethical teachings of China than did China itself.

In Korea the past often seems very close to the traveler, but nowhere is it closer than at the Pusok-sa, the "Monastery of the Floating Stone," high on the slopes of Mt. Taepaek, near the east coast. The "Floating Stone" of the name is explained by an ancient legend. A Chinese girl fell in love with a Korean monk who had come to her country to study, and, when he sailed home, she followed his ship into the sea and drowned. But, reincarnated as a dragon, she became his guardian deity and in the form of a dragon-shaped rock came sailing through the air to his aid at a moment of danger.

The main hall of the Pusok-sa is the oldest wooden building in Korea, but the monastery is a mere shadow of what it once was. At present it has only three monks and a half dozen buildings, but once there were thousands of monks and hundreds of buildings. Stately stone Buddhas of Silla date, which once were the objects of worship in these now-vanished halls, today stand scattered in the fields around the Pusok-sa, forlorn and neglected.

We shared the small but cozy quarters of the monks of the monastery, sleeping on the paper-covered, packed-clay floor, which was heated from a fire outside by a system of flues underneath the clay. It may not sound luxurious, but a warm Korean earth floor makes a wonderful bed on a cold autumn night high in the Korean mountains, as many American soldiers learned a few years ago.

At sunset that evening the maples flamed scarlet above us. Endless miles of hills and valleys stretched away below us and the shadows of departed grandeur added a touch of mystery around us. Perhaps to complete the mood, Boria sang us a song from his youth, and a very special song it was, for Boria, loyal American that he is, was born in the barren, rugged land of Albania. The haunting melody of the Albanian herdsman's song somehow fitted in perfectly with the melancholy beauty of the scene.

The Haein-sa, on Mt. Kaya, long a guerrilla stronghold in Southwestern Korea, is nestled in even higher and more beautiful mountains than is the Pusok-sa, and its present buildings are much larger and grander. The monastery, however, is chiefly remarkable for its huge collection of ancient wood blocks—that is, hand-carved blocks of wood, designed to print a whole page at a time. These are stored in two very long buildings and number 4745 wood blocks dating from the Silla period, and 81,258 carved in the middle of the thirteenth century, at the height of the Mongol invasions of Korea. The texts are part of the Tripitaka, the huge collection of sacred literature of Buddhism, and this tremendous printing enterprise was undertaken as a sort of magical defense against the invaders. Each of the birchwood blocks measures nine by twenty-seven inches and weighs about eight pounds. Beautifully carved, they are still, after more than seven centuries, in perfect shape for printing. Nowhere else in the world is there a collection of ancient printing materials at all comparable to the wood blocks of Haein-sa.

Yes, the Koreans do have a glorious past, and there is a good reason why we should show it the interest and admiration it deserves. We have fought a costly war in order to save South Korea from aggression, but this war will have been fought at least partially in vain unless South Korea can use the time we helped buy for it to grow into a stable and prosperous democratic country. To do this it needs our aid, but not just physical aid alone. It also needs our interest, sympathy and understanding, and these the Koreans feel they have not had. We might well start by showing an interest in the great artistic treasures and ancient traditions of which the Koreans are so justly proud and which so fully merit our admiration.

THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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From Starvation to Stardom

(Continued from Page 24)

should be able to decide if she's ready to turn pro.

Sophia won't talk money, because the tax collectors of too many countries get a whack at her earnings. Around $200,000 per picture would be a good educated guess. "Oh, yes, we'll see!" she said, with a skeptical shrug, when I pointed out that she will have earned around $2,000,000, by the time she's twenty-five.

She shrugs well. Sophia has none of the taut, seam-bursting nubility that characterizes the typical well-endowed American star. She is a tall, strong, big-framed, wide-hipped, healthy girl of distinctively European style. Her face, with its wide, high forehead, high cheekbones and slanted almond eyes, is striking rather than pretty.

How the American public will like her remains to be seen. Her measurements will attract connoisseurs of statistics, but at first Kramer will have to rely on the tested drawing power of Cary Grant and Frank Sinatra to get people to pay their way into his show. But if Sophia Loren catches on in the United States as she has in Europe, and as Kramer thinks she will ——

"You can stick me with this prediction: this girl will explode within two or three years as the world's greatest actress," Kramer said, with the zeal of a man so far in hock that he knew he had better be right. "I've worked with some great talents, but in this twenty-two-year-old youngster I see the greatest of them all. You know, lots of actresses play long emotional scenes well, but the ability to handle small critical ones with measured precision is the real test of genius. Sophia does this already. What'll she be with a little more experience?"

Cary Grant, veteran of thirty successful pictures, says, "The remarkable thing about this child is her composed concentration. Sophia doesn't need props or trick mannerisms. She can 'come on straight,' as we say in this business, and do the job with a clean minimum of motion."

There was nothing in Sophia's beginnings to suggest such success. She was born September 20, 1934, in Pozzuoli, a suburb of Naples, the first child of Ricardo and Romilda Scicolone. It was a very poor family, and apparently not a happy one, because the parents separated after the birth of a second child, Maria, on May 8, 1938.

Mrs. Scicolone took the two children and went to live with her mother, Luisa Zotti. Sophia can't remember when the war started, being too busy minding the baby while her mother and grandmother worked. War became just normal living to her, never having known any other kind of world.

Every night the four of them—the two women and the two small girls—hurried to the long, dark railroad tunnel that was Pozzuoli's air-raid shelter. Sophia learned about aerial bombs at such an early age that they never really frightened her.

But one night they started too late for shelter or else the Allied planes came over earlier. They had to run for it, and Sophia tripped and fell. The women carried her, bleeding and unconscious, into the dark tunnel. Sophia still has a small but distinct scar on her chin where she hit a tie or rail. All her life she'll wear that mark of the war.

No attempt was ever made to separate Italian children from their families into raid-free refugee camps, as in England. Whole families stuck it out together, and Sophia was only one war waif who did not know that little girls in other countries had warm, safe beds at night, and plenty of food to eat. She thought this was the way everybody lived.

Food. Oh, how she loves to eat today, remembering those war years! Fortunately she does not put on weight easily, at least not yet. "I love having plenty to eat," she said simply.

The daily bread ration during the war was 100 grams a day—when they could get it. Mostly they lived on what the Neapolitans call *farinella* and the Italians *polenta*. To us, it's mush. Bites of meat, cheese and other protein foods were extraordinary rarities. Cheap candy—probably pretty awful, but remembered gloriously today, was somehow available, and somehow kept the two growing girls' lean little bodies stoked with energy.

Stanley Kramer's wife, Anne, who Americanized the English that Sophia learned in a cram course in Italy, is another who speaks of the girl's tremendous composure. She believes that Sophia developed it as a defense against the emotional horrors of war. Other kids may have become savage little thieves; Sophia had self-sufficiency and character and just plain guts, to pull her through the worst childhood possible.

"One of the touching things about her is her innocence," Mrs. Kramer said. "I think the real key to Sophia's personality is that she doesn't even realize how hard life has been on her. Still, maybe she does realize. Look at the way she guards her sister, giving her all the things she never had at the same age."

Clothing was as scarce as food. Mostly the sisters wore drab navy-blue school uniforms until they literally fell to pieces. Despite her meager diet, Sophia grew like a weed, and nothing ever fitted her very long. They never had coats, and considered themselves lucky when they had shoes in the winter.

The time came when Sophia had absolutely nothing to wear. Her mother ripped up an old camel's-hair coat and made the child a dress from it.

"I'll never forget it," Sophia said. "It lasted two years by letting the hem down again and again, and it was so thick I didn't even need a coat!"

Only an iron constitution could have survived such a childhood, and Sophia apparently thrived on it. Today she's as healthy as a horse, with a firm, strong handshake like a blacksmith's, a rather violent tennis game and the endurance to work everyone else on the set off his feet.

The Italian armistice was signed in 1943. Dictator Mussolini was strung up by his own people in 1945, when Sophia was only ten. She has only the haziest recollection of these events.

"It was a big time in history, and one who was there should be able to say, 'I remember.' I'm sorry, I cannot," she says. "All I remember is that the war got worse."

We were talking on the terrace of the exclusive Felipe II Hotel in El Escorial. Sophia finished her iced coffee. A liveried waiter glided forward—yes, at the Felipe II they glide—to ask if the señorita desired more. Or would she perhaps desire that a screen be established to shut off the wind and the autograph seekers who kept interrupting us?

Sophia thanked him absently, shaking her head as she tried to recall the politics of 1945. No go. The war to her was bread, was a warm dress made from an old camel's-hair coat.

"I'm sorry, I remember nothing."

Naples, with its harbor and rail yards, was an important prize that the Germans

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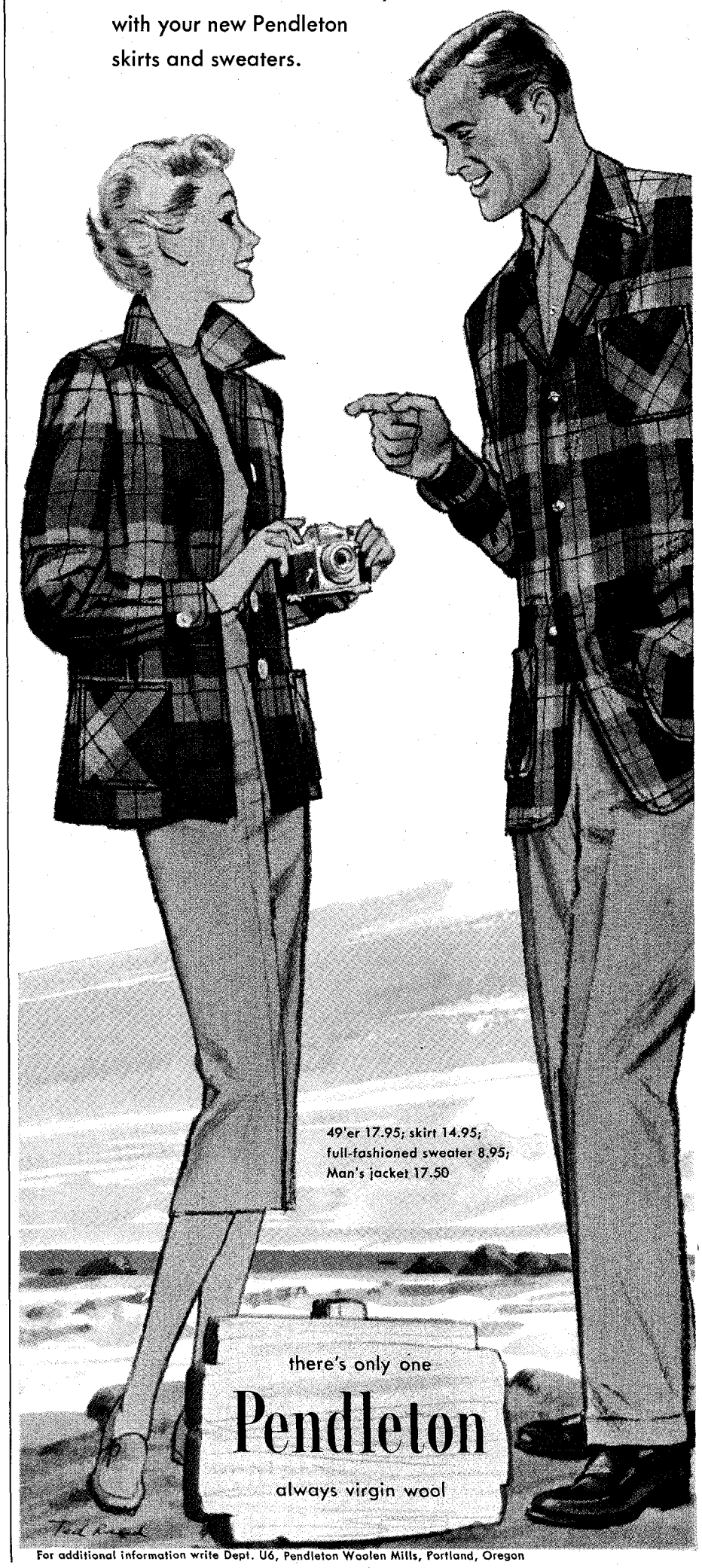

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defended brutally, when they took over from the defecting Italian army. The battle for the city culminated in four days of uninterrupted street fighting, the Nazis falling back and the Allies advancing literally one house at a time.

And each day Europe's future movie queen clasped her little sister's hand and trudged off to school, stopping only to stare in blank admiration at the long, orderly files of marching Germans. "They were so big and blond and strong, and their marching was like ballet," she sighed. "So beautiful!"

To the two undernourished girls, "beautiful" probably meant well fed. The municipal bread line was in the railroad station, and a real foul-up it was, thanks to disrupted communications. People stood in line as long as five days, a physical impossibility to those who needed the bread worst.

Sophia and her mother took turns, holding their place in line as it crept forward by inches. Meanwhile the Germans and Americans whanged away at each other with machine guns, bazookas and mortars from the heights surrounding the city. When one came too close, the people in the bread line ducked—and held their places.

"But we got the bread!"

One day there came a lull in the gunfire. Sophia did not know it, but the beaten Germans were pulling out. She heard a strange racket outside and ran out on the balcony to watch.

Up the street, surrounded by screaming children, came a whole battalion of soldiers in bright plaid skirts, their knobby knees and hairy legs swinging rhythmically under their whipping hems. To Sophia, those kilted Scots will always remain the most vivid highlight of a war that otherwise was a boring monotony of riots and air raids and hand-to-hand battles in her home streets.

She's still kid enough to get a kick out of the idea of fighting men wearing skirts. Her green eyes glinted merrily as she said, "I ran down and helped stop them. We just filled the street so they could not go on. One of them gave me a tin of butter, two biscuits and our first coffee in years and years."

Then came the Americans, better fed even than the Germans, but not so sternly disciplined. Rowdy, ready boys from Georgia and Nebraska and New York and Arizona, secretly homesick boys who would just as soon have passed up this free European excursion, occupied the ancient city beside the bright blue bay. Like Americans everywhere, they made themselves right at home, and the Neopolitans, for a slight fee, opened their houses to them.

Every night the same boys returned to the same houses, until they could speak of it as "my place." They ate and drank and danced to their own phonograph records, and the ones that came to Sophia's house made pets of the two fiery-tempered little girls.

"And oh, how they drank!" Sophia recalls, with a shiver of admiring horror. But they liked kids. They taught the girls boogie-woogie and American slang, some of it a bit ripe. Sophia learned to love jazz through hearing Louis Armstrong on a portable PX phonograph. She still loves it.

She also learned to like Nat King Cole, Perry Como and another young crooner who then was the idol of American girlhood. His name was Sinatra, and in the unimaginable future this same Frankie was to play her lover in her first American film.

They were roughnecks, those GI's, but they were kind to Sophia and her adored baby sister, and they played an important part in her life. Maybe they're one reason she wonders how she'll do when she gets up there among the "big professionals" in Hollywood. They knew her when she was a half-starved, skinny, ragged little imp of nine and ten.

What if they see her in an American film and don't like her? What if they say, "You can't kid us, Sophia. We know you! Back to Pozzuoli for you."

The war eventually ended. Then began the dreariest time of Sophia's life. She was probably the homeliest child in Naples—too tall for her age, flat-chested, big-boned and ungraceful, and with enormous green eyes that burned resentfully out of a dark, large-featured face. The kids called her The Stick—behind her back. Sophia was always a good rough-and-tumble, free-style fighter.

About that time the Scalintella, a romantic ballad about the picturesque old street stairways of Naples, came out. The first time Sophia heard it, sung by some strange kids on the street, she broke up their harmony violently. One line described the stairs as "very long, very narrow, very dark." She thought they were singing about her.

"To be ugly is the worst thing that can happen to a girl," she told me. "In Italy it means you must have a career. Italian girls have careers only if they cannot get married."

It was obvious that The Stick would never catch a man; so she enrolled at the age of twelve in the Teacher's Institute. There she stayed, hating every minute of it, until she was fifteen.

"Then I became nice," she said, drawing the word out expressively. "I stopped growing taller and began to grow the other ways, and men began to look at me when I walked down the street. Because you are a man, you would not understand how wonderful it is for a girl to know she is becoming nice."

When she enrolled at the age of fifteen in a Naples beauty contest she was almost as well developed as she is today. She placed second, wearing a pink evening gown that her grandmother had made long enough to sweep the floor. It was not only fashionable but it hid her feet. They simply could not scrape up enough money for evening shoes.

On the strength of this one victory, the mother, from whom Sophia apparently inherits her ambition, her audacity and her tool-steel will, consented that the whole family move to Rome for an assault on the film industry. The first thing Sophia had to learn was her own language. Her provincial Neapolitan accent was no good for pictures. While she went to school to correct it, she worked as an extra and modeled for popular-magazine photographers.

There were two and a half years of this hand-to-mouth life. Then Sophia got the lead in a semidocumentary picture entitled Africa Beneath the Sea, playing the daughter of a scientist who led a fanciful submarine expedition to the depths of the Red Sea. It was not merely her first starring role but her first airplane ride to her first motion-picture location.

Even before Africa Beneath the Sea was released, offers for other parts started coming in. The Rome film industry is a clubby colony, and word of the exciting young newcomer spread quickly. The part Sophia took was the lead in still another film version of Aïda.

Now, Aïda is by no means the most fully dressed feminine character in classical fiction, and when the producers saw her in the offhand wisps of chiffon that she wore as the Princess of Egypt's slave girl, the stampede was on.

Altogether, Sophia Loren made twenty-seven pictures in three years, sometimes working in three of them at the same time, at three different studios. These films, released in bunches like bananas, simply overwhelmed Italy. The emotional Italians love to love people anyway, and here was a youngster who had everything—personality, a "different" kind of beauty, a figure like classical statuary, and a rapidly developing talent that set them searching the archives of the adored *Duse* for comparisons.

The odd thing is, she never made what we would call a sexy picture. Her specialty is the down-to-earth role of the ordinary working girl or young wife. The lobby cards and billboards promised things that the films simply did not deliver.

But the Europeans, like Americans, seem to understand that producers are only trying to be agreeable when they advertise the Italian equivalent of WHAT WAS THIS WOMAN'S SHAMEFUL SECRET? over the picture of a weeping girl in lingerie. They kept coming back to watch Sophia do her working girls and young wives with problems.

Her big break came when Vittorio de Sica, director-producer of the prize-winning The Bicycle Thief, hired her for The Treasure of Naples, which is still playing to full houses all over Europe. Her position as an artist was assured when de Sica chose her to play opposite him in other films, in which he was not only actor but director too.

Sophia's last Italian picture was The Luck of Being a Woman, with Charles Boyer. It was Boyer who tipped Stanley Kramer to the girl's possibility. On the strength of his enthusiastic reports, Kramer arranged to see some of Sophia's pictures and then opened negotiations for her to star in The Pride and the Passion.

There were several hazards, the main one being that Sophia had only started to learn English, and spoke it with a real organ-grinder's accent.

"By the time you are ready to shoot, I will be ready to speak my lines," she promised Kramer sedately.

She was.

I watched her do a scene with Cary Grant on a windy hilltop outside of Segovia. The famous composure is there, all right, and if you watch long enough, it becomes a little pitiful. To me, it was the steely self-discipline of a girl who became an adult at the age of nine, dodging bullets and scrounging for bread in an adult theater of war.

I also saw some rushes of her work. Rushes are freshly printed film strips from yesterday's shooting, and are not the most favorable way to study a new and unfamiliar talent.

Sophia's a puzzler. Not even veterans like Sinatra and Grant can muscle her out of a scene, and indeed find themselves playing up to her with a generosity not common in the movie business. She's distinctively different, with a fresh talent unspoiled by acting clichés, and there's a lot of her. That's the least that can be said.

Because of the income tax, salaries paid to European film stars are not publicized as in America, and there flourishes a mellow legend that they work for art's sake plus expenses, with a little odd change thrown in now and then. This is not really the case. Movie popularity has an ascertainable market value, and it would be strange indeed if Sophia has not already earned a lot of money by any standards, and saved a lot of it too. Much of her savings is invested in real estate, which, in the improbable event that she falls on her face in Hollywood, will care for her comfortably the rest of her life.

Her mother and sister too. The three are as close, as fiercely loyal to one another, as they were in the bitter days in Pozzuoli. Wherever Sophia goes, there, too, goes her beloved younger sister. While Sophia has anything to say about it, the eighteen-year-old Maria will never lack for anything that money can buy.

The GI's who taught Sophia boogie-woogie, slang and an enduring taste for American jazz would be pleased to know how their skinny, sassy little mascot turned out. Boys, the kid is doing O.K.

THE END

The Perfect Squelch

Everything that Joe and Betty had was better by far, in their opinion, than anyone else's. And so it was when their baby arrived. The little boy was bright and normal. But his parents soon began boasting as if they had an infant prodigy.

One evening when the baby was a year old, Joe and Betty went to a party. Both talked at length about their wonder child. After all the young couples present had discussed their children, the hostess tried to change the subject. Betty, however, obstinately dragged out photographs of her baby. Handing them to the guests, she asked, "Can't you just see the gleam of genius in that picture?"

"Perhaps," her hostess said mildly. "But why didn't you have him autograph it?"

John K. Mundell

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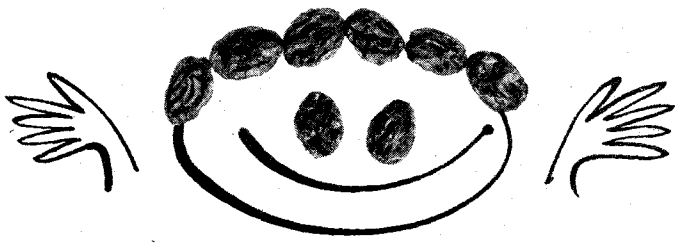

I'm a Raisinlander, as you can see—
Fond of people (like they're fond of me)
Into your hand I'd love to hop
'Cause I'm born to be eaten, sez my pop!

—translation of old Raisinland folksong, author unknown

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A grape when it *graduates* all of a sudden turns into a raisin. And starts packing the world's largest flavor bite for bite! So there you have it—the reason why kids (and everybody) love to munch on raisins as in scene above. The *taste surprise* also comes through wonderfully when raisins are sprinkled over cereal and salads... popped into cake mixes, cookies and meat sauces. Keep a couple of packages on hand—you should have 'em anyway for energy and iron. Your baker has the idea, too. Serve raisintoast at breakfast—and other raisin baked things—frequently!

EVERYTHING A **BAKER** BAKES TASTES GOOD AND SAVES YOU WORK

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The Lazy Beaver

(Continued from Page 40)

The old beaver closed his eyes and grappled with himself. "You don't know," he said presently. "Ah —— Get on home," he said, his voice rising, "before I bite you. Manitou knows how many beaver-hours of work have been —— Go on, before I forget myself or The Head comes here and finds us."

Thus inauspiciously begun, things went from bad to worse. Rapidly and inevitably, Ahmik, born a member of the sober, provident *bourgeoisie*, turned into Ahmik the Artist; poisoned by the joys of creation, he began to take the downward path. He sneaked off by himself, to places where he could practice his scales, and scamped his work. He spent less time combing his hair, and began to have a faintly frowsy, Bohemian look. His attention wandered; he sat with a lackluster eye, withdrawn into an alien world, and one evening when his father—who had been watching him—suddenly stopped in the middle of his improving discourse they all heard plainly the pat-a-pat-a-patty-pat-pat of Ahmik's forefeet. Ahmik himself presently became aware of the silence and the eyes of all upon him.

His two brothers, on one side, and his sister, on the other, were staring at him with horrified fascination; his mother was watching him in a puzzled way, but his father had humped up his back, and instead of the overworked, middle-aged character Ahmik was accustomed to, he had suddenly become the personification of established order and authority. He was formidable, and the old, ingrained habit of obedience moved within Ahmik.

He was confused, and the only thing he could think of was to bluff it through.

"Yes, dad?" he asked.

"Ahmik," his father said, "I don't understand what's got into you. Manitou knows, I've tried to give you a decent upbringing, but you don't do your work, you sit around with your mind somewhere else, and your fur looks like a—a swamp rabbit's. Don't you feel well? You're always twitching and moving your feet. What is it?"

"My stomach hurts," Ahmik said, catching at that straw. "It squirms, sort of. It's always squirming."

"Papa," his mother said, "maybe it's parasites. You remember Ahmiska, three years ago, when ——"

"He's wormy," Ahmik's sister said, with delight. "Ahmik's got ——"

"Quiet, please," Ahmik's father said sternly. "All of you except Ahmik go out. We'll be along presently."

They all went dutifully out.

"Now, Ahmik," his father went on, "you had better eat a little medicinal hemlock bark when you go out. I'm sure it will help you. I hope it will, for your attitude concerns me. You seem to have lost your sense of responsibility entirely, a sense that has been the mainstay of us beavers since our race began. It has stood us well. Where would you find a beaver starving in winter, like some other creatures I could name who have been reckless and improvident during the harvest seasons? I call to mind a proverb. It is about a grasshopper and an ant, who, although they are insects, demonstrate my point. It seems there was ——"

The proverb went on and on, and Ahmik—although he had heard it countless times—had to listen. He sat, cursing the tiresome insects to himself and longing to get away, but with an air of rapt attention.

The dreary proverb came to an end. "And so," his father went on, "you can see what I mean, I'm sure."

"Yes, dad."

"Now —— Ahmik, you are doing that thing with your feet again. What is it?"

Ahmik stopped doing the thing with his feet. A sort of desperation took hold of him. He knew that he would have to come up with some sort of answer, and he knew that his father wouldn't begin to understand what he was talking about. He took an oblique course.

"Dad," he said, with some trepidation, "do all beavers have to do the same things? Couldn't some of them build bridges instead of dams, or sing like the birds?"

His father stared at him. "Build bridges? Sing like the birds?" he asked, in a shocked tone. "Sing! Ahmik, have you taken leave of your senses? The birds who waste their time singing all summer must exhaust themselves in the fall flying to Manitou knows where to get something to eat. Sing like the birds, indeed. It is certainly evident that you haven't had enough to do. From now on, you will go on the tree-cutting detail at the north shore of the pond. Go there now."

He thrust Ahmik before him out through the passage and went his way. Ahmik swam toward the north shore, full of revolt and bitterness. He realized that everybody was against him, and that he would have to carry on a guerrilla warfare against them or betray his art. On the way he encountered Ahma, a female of his own generation who seemed to be turning up all the time and plagued him by somehow always getting in his way. She smiled shyly at him; he pushed her rudely aside and went on.

Winter came at last, and the pond froze over; a thick sheet of ice took the place of the sky. There was no more work to be done, and the beavers, shut away from the world, changed the tempo of their lives. They spent a great deal of time on the sleeping platforms of their lodges, combing their hair and taking long naps; when they grew hungry they went out through the passages, swam to the submerged woodpile, cut off a stick and brought it home to dine upon the bark. It was a dullish time, but not uncomfortable, for the beavers' body heat kept the lodge warm and the opening at the top in the roof took care of the ventilation.

For Ahmik, it was all very trying. He couldn't get away by himself, and what with the crowded condition of the place, he had a difficult time putting into execution the tunes that ran continually through his head. It was worse since he had been on the tree-cutting detail, for, besides memories of a stiff neck and an aching jaw, he was plagued by recollections of the great improvement in his repertory brought about by syncopating his loud, crunching bites into the trunks of the trees he had felled. This had added great depth, dimension and color to his compositions, and he hadn't had much chance to develop it.

He began to sneak out to the woodpile to work over his notions, but all he got out of it was a waterlogged semisilence without resonance and a dense cloud of stirred-up mud. Besides that, he often found Ahma lying in wait for him, looking rather bloated, as though she had held her breath too long. At first he shouldered her aside, but she always came back for more; he finally gave up these bootless excursions.

It was a bad time for Ahmik; he suffered severely; but, if he had only realized it, the suffering was necessary for his artistic development. As he longed more and more for the breakup of the ice, as he thought longingly of the coming spring, which would scatter flowers everywhere and reawaken the world, a change took place painfully within him. The simple marches which had so delighted him a month or so before, somehow began to seem too slight and facile, all thumping rhythm and no significance; he grew ashamed of them. For a time after this, he couldn't compose at all. Black despair took hold of him for a time, but presently, in the lamentable emptiness of his head, there began to appear the ghostly framework of a different kind of music altogether; a sort of long-hair Ode to Freedom, without melody, dissonant, discordant, tortured and profound. It had the elemental longing of the spirit to express itself, the wild desire for revolt, the urgency and color of blood. Or so he thought. At any rate, it excited him beyond all measure, and in the grip of it he ground his teeth, groaned, and swayed so athletically that once or twice he pushed a sleeping brother into the water of the passage and stirred up a fine to-do.

"Now let me get this straight—four men accosted you on the street, knocked you down, and forced you to drink some foul-tasting liquid. . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

It is impossible to say what they would have done with him if the breakup of the ice hadn't come along in the midst of his struggles. He was awake, as usual, and heard the distant, echoing rumble; he left the lodge and swam frantically about under the ice until he found a patch of open water on the north shore. He climbed out into the sun again; there were three fine trees in front of him, and he ran to the first one, sat on his flat tail and took three warming-up bites into it. The crunching sounds echoed across the icy pond; they loosed the long-pent-up demands of creation within him, they carried him away, and immediately he was patting, crunching and groaning in full career. Then he realized that he was without percussion and began to run wildly and heedlessly back and forth to the water to slap with his tail. On the fourth trip he almost fell over Ahma, who had mysteriously appeared. He tried to dodge her, but she dodged with him; they fell in a squirming heap.

"Get out of my way!" Ahmik panted, clawing.

"No!" she said, getting a firm hold on him. "No! You've got to listen to me!"

"I won't listen, damn it! Let me go!"

"I won't let you go until you listen."

It was impossible to shake her loose; she stuck like a bur. "All right, all right," he said. "Hurry up."

"We'll be three years old soon," she said. "You know we all make a—a permanent arrangement when we're three."

"A permanent arrangement?" Ahmik demanded. "Do you mean that you and I should make a permanent ——" Words failed him; he began to struggle anew.

"I've always admired—ouch—you, Ahmik. You need me. If we were married, I could take care of you."

Ahmik, beginning to lose his concentration, struggled in a fury of desperation, but it availed him nothing. He suddenly went limp. "I haven't time," he said, inspired. "Later on, maybe, if I can get around to it, I might manage something more temporary."

He was sure this would free him, but instead there was an outraged grunt behind them. Ahma turned, squeaked and vanished into the water; The Head himself stood there, huge and menacing, with fire in his eye.

"So," he said, "your twisted mind has come to this. I had fears, but I never thought that my ears would ever hear such an intolerable—ah—proposition, which strikes at the very foundations of our state." He took a breath. "I should have been prepared for it. Your growing irresponsibility, your flagrant malingering; odd behavior, false tail signals, and now, cynical immorality —— And look at that tree! Wasted! Hacked and cut in every direction. We'll never get it down now." He took another breath and drew himself up. "I cannot have it. I will not have it. I —— What are you doing with your forefeet? Are you defying me, you pestilential wretch?" He rushed, growling, at Ahmik, who turned and fled down the shore, over the dam and away.

It was a poor season for a lonely wayfarer accustomed to the warmth and security of the lodge, (*Continued on Page 130*)

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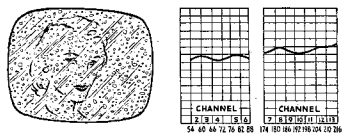
FACTS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT TV ANTENNAS AND PICTURE QUALITY

by Harold Harris, V. P., *Engineering and Research, Channel Master Corporation*

Engineers have known for years that the most elaborate TV set with a poor antenna will not perform as well as an inexpensive set with a good antenna. Here are ways a modern, scientifically designed antenna improves picture performance:

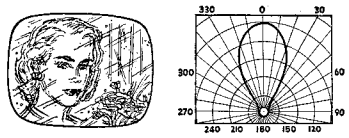
"SNOW" and antenna power



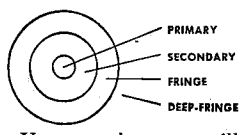
"Snow" is caused by the electronic "noise" in every TV set, and appears only when the signal is received weakly. The more powerful the antenna, the more effectively it will reduce snow, simply because it strengthens the signal. For best reception, it is important that the antenna be powerful on *every* channel, not just on one or two.

"GHOSTS" and antenna directivity

Your antenna picks up one signal directly from the transmitter. A split second later, it may pick up the same signal reflected off buildings or hills, causing "ghosts." A highly "directive" antenna reduces these reflections by rejecting unwanted signals coming from side or back.



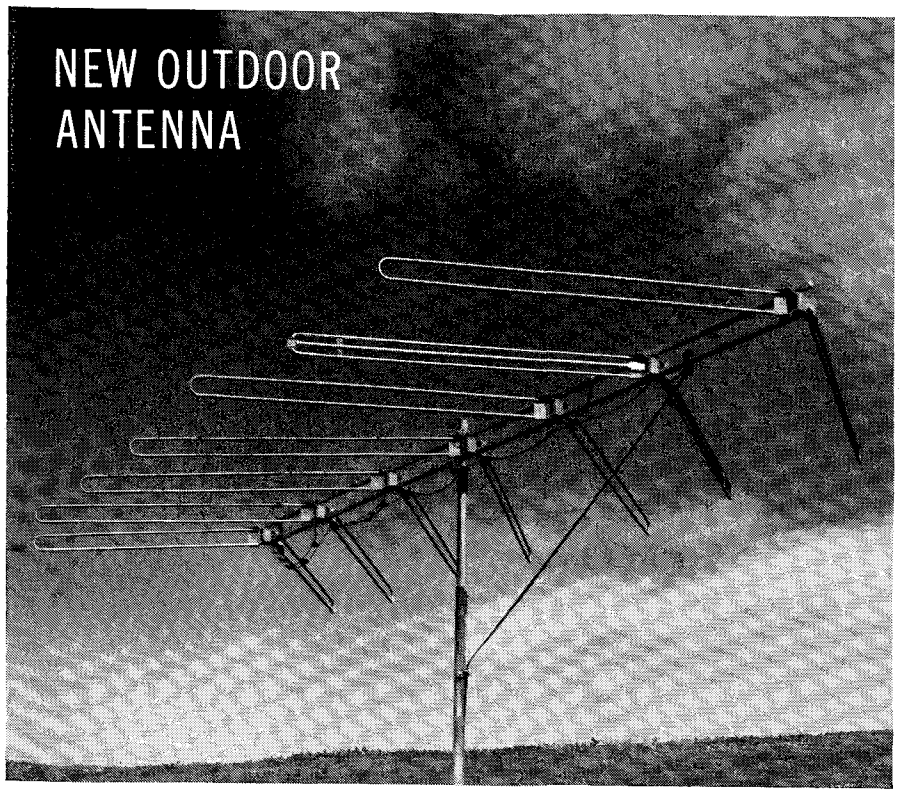
What's your reception area?



The proper antenna for you depends on where you are with respect to the TV transmitter. Your service man will tell you how powerful an antenna you need for best pictures in your area. If you'd like to find out more about antenna design and how it relates to the quality of your pictures, write for free, informative booklet, "Better Pictures on Your TV Set." Address: Channel Master Corp., Ellenville 2, New York.

BETTER TV PICTURES FOR ALMOST EVERYONE

Two completely new antennas developed by Channel Master electronic research for color or black & white reception



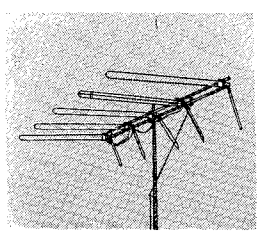
Powerful ***CHANNEL MASTER*** *T-W with "Traveling Wave" design improves reception on all channels in all areas*

If you're not getting clear, sharp pictures on *every* channel (2 to 13), there's a completely new kind of antenna scientifically designed to solve your problems. The Channel Master T-W is the first antenna to make practical use of the "Traveling Wave" principle, which electronically reinforces the signal on *all* channels — not just on one or two. No other antenna works so powerfully to eliminate "snow" on the entire TV band. It reaches out to bring in stations beyond the range of present antennas.

This new design also *rejects unwanted signals*, like reflections or interference from other TV stations. It cuts down on "ghosts" and "venetian blinds"... pulls in at full power the channel you're tuned to. Perfect for color reception.

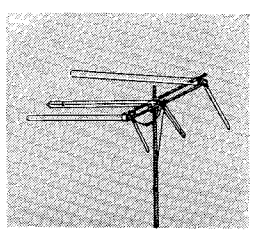
The Channel Master T-W offers exceptional resistance to wind and ice loading. It's all aluminum . . . can never rust. Double-strength "truss" construction throughout makes it the strongest, sturdiest antenna ever designed . . . means long years of trouble-free reception.

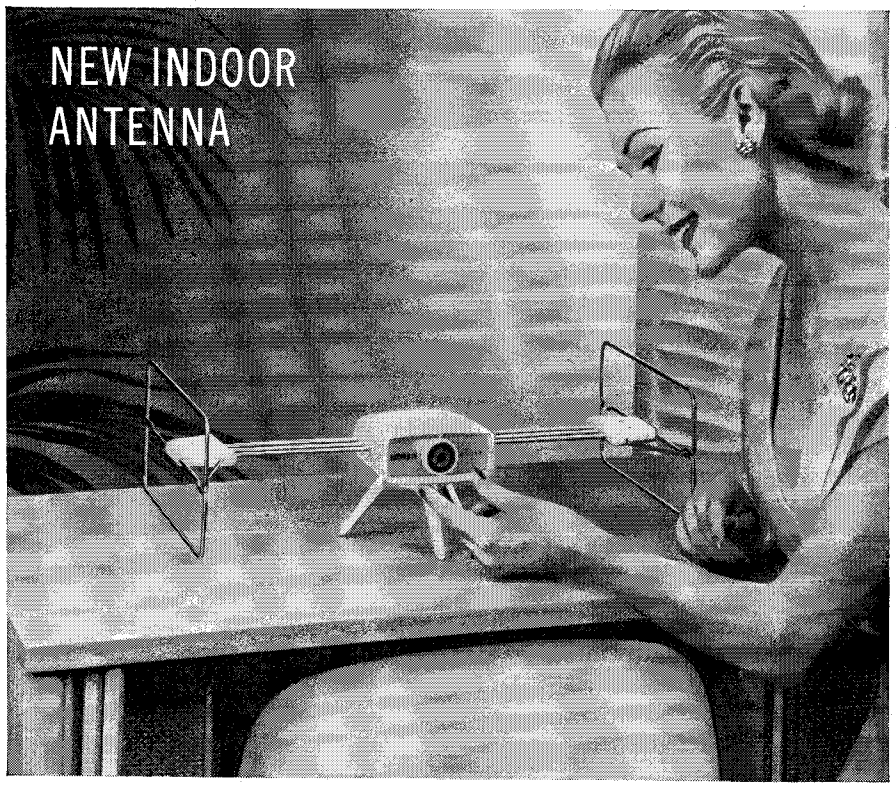
The 7-element T-W provides maximum power for deepest fringe areas. Other models are engineered for near-fringe and suburban areas.



5-ELEMENT T-W is ideal when maximum power is not required. Element for element, any T-W antenna outpulls other antenna designs.

3-ELEMENT T-W provides same high directivity and durable construction for suburban-area use.





Beautiful ***CHANNEL MASTER*** *Showman with "Metro-Dyne" tuning eliminates unsightly, awkward "rabbit ears"*

Now, an indoor antenna that *belongs* in your home—gracefully styled, in colors to blend with any décor. The new Channel Master *Showman* puts an end to ugly and dangerous rods that catch in drapes or stick out into the room. There's no frantic jiggling and guesswork when you switch channels! The new "Metro-Dyne" tuning control works like the channel selector on your TV set—instantly switches the antenna for maximum signal power on any channel . . . brings in clearer, brighter pictures than any old-fashioned indoor antenna. Engineered for color-TV reception, too.

Don't confuse the "Metro-Dyne" control with the switches found on some "rabbit ears," which merely connect up different parts of the antenna. The "Metro-Dyne" control electronically tunes the antenna to the selected channel. It sharply reduces the "ghosts" and interference.

More powerful and efficient than any other indoor antenna, the beautiful new Channel Master *Showman* is fully guaranteed to bring you matchless indoor reception. Choose from three decorator colors—ebony, mahogany, blond. At better stores everywhere.

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For the best picture on any TV set . . .

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Ten-cup model shown, $29.95. In copper, $32.95.

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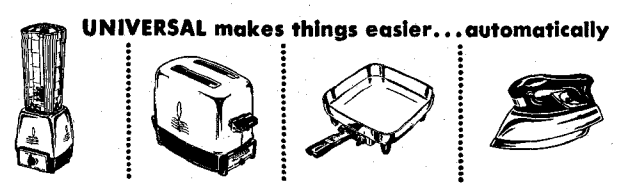

MIXABLEND TOASTAMAGIC FRYING PAN STEAM 'N DRY IRON

UNIVERSAL

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

(*Continued from Page 128*) and Ahmik had an uncomfortable time of it. It was cold and the days were still short; he found that he spent most of his time finding food and a decent place to sleep at night. He lost weight and developed a sniffle; the Ode suffered from neglect. Things were in a parlous state when, hopefully following a small stream, he finally came to a pleasant estate with beautiful and rare trees, a handsome duck pond and extensive lawns and gardens. There was a little wooden house on an island in the pond to shelter the ducks, and he appropriated it. The people who lived in the big house discovered his presence and were so amused by his antics that they instructed their gardener to feed him.

For a time, Ahmik, having an instinctive distrust of people, was suspicious of all this. But no one bothered him, and the apples and other dainties they set out made his life so pleasant and easy that he soon settled down to creating again. But presently he discovered, as many artists had discovered before him, that he couldn't create all the time. He needed some fallow hours, some relaxation; besides, although he wouldn't admit it to himself, he was lonesome. He came of a busy and gregarious race, and had grown up with other beavers around him. He missed the warm bodies next to him, the constant going and coming, the talk and complaining and arguments, the feeling of being part of a community with plans to carry out. The duck's house was open and breezy, and finally he conceded that he missed a dam.

He began to build one; some of the rare trees and shrubbery suffered, but the weather was inclement and the people in the house didn't discover it right away. Ahmik labored at his avocation, and after a bit had built himself such a fine dam—on the wrong side of the outlet pipe—that presently he was drowned out of his house. A three-day rain set in, and at the end of it the people discovered that their lawns, flower beds and driveways were vanishing under water. They telephoned the game commission; a man appeared with a wire live trap, which he baited with enticing fruits and brought Ahmik to disaster. It was a most uncomfortable affair; he couldn't turn around in it, and his teeth had no effect upon the wire. He was reduced to sitting apprehensively until two men came to take him away.

"What did the office want us to do with him?" one of them asked.

"They want him put back in a beaver dam. The closest one's over on the other side of Misery Mountain. He probably came from there."

"Good grief!" the first one said. "It's thirty miles from here, and five miles from the road. We'll have to carry him."

"So we'll have to carry him five miles. I didn't write the orders. Let's go."

With a groan, the first one picked up the trap, and they moved across the soggy lawn to their truck.

Cursing Ahmik's weight, the two men finally reached the pond, set the trap down and opened the door. Ahmik sat hunched up, staring out, and one of the men poked him with a stick. He scuttled through the open door and ran for the water, but before it closed over his head, he saw enough to realize that he was home again.

At first, remembering The Head, he didn't know whether to rejoice or go away once more, and if he had seen anyone he would probably have fled. But he didn't see anyone; the appearance of the men had sent them all home in a panic, and they were hiding.

As he swam indecisively about, however, and saw the dam, the lodges and the work that was in progress on the trees at the water's edge, he realized how much he had missed it all. Everything was in working order; nobody was getting caught in traps and being jounced around for five miles, being flooded out, or growing more lonesome all the time, or living in lodges through which the wind blew. It had its disadvantages, of course; nobody understood one, the finer things of life were subordinated to —— But still, to lose it all ——

He swam to and fro, pulled first in one direction and then another; and then it came to him, suddenly, that the Ode had been rather strident. Freedom was all right in its way, a fine concept, really, but there was something to be said for the majestic procession of the busy beaver generations, the building for eternity, the peaceful beauty of the pond. To express it would take a beginning with long, significant chords, a sweeping, melodic line rather than the somewhat raucous and juvenile pandemonium that opened the Ode. It began to live and move in his head, and he caught fire from it; he swam rapidly to the south shore of the pond, where nobody was working, climbed out and went to work—far enough from the water so that he wouldn't be tempted to slap it with his tail.

"I saw the picture."

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Presently, after his first transports had cooled a little, he caught a blur of movement from the corner of his eye. He turned apprehensively, but it was Ahma; she was sitting up with her eyes closed, swaying in time with him. She seemed to understand perfectly what he was doing, and to be moved by it.

He was really touched, and suddenly saw her for the first time. She looked a good deal better than he remembered; there was an air of intelligence about her, and her fur was gleaming and soft. He stopped, and she opened her eyes.

"Oh, Ahmik," she said. "That was beautiful. So much nicer than the one you made up before you went away. I've missed you, Ahmik."

Strangely enough, he suddenly felt all rumpled and uncombed. "Well," he said. "I—ah ——"

"It was lonely without you," she said. "But it was good for you to go. Your work is so moving now, Ahmik."

"Do you think so? Do you really think so? I—well ——"

"And it won't be that way only to me," she said. "Will you excuse me a minute, Ahmik?"

He nodded and watched her go gracefully off, and then sat there in a sort of confused impatience until she came back again. She had five or six younger beavers with her, and herded them before her up the slope.

"—— and I'll bite you if you don't," she was saying as they all came up. "Make the sounds for them, Ahmik," she said. "You'll see."

The young beavers all stared at Ahmik, who stared back at them; he felt very self-conscious, but she was looking at him in such a way that he turned around and began.

He could hear, vaguely, her voice behind him. "Now, children, begin to chew the log! . . . A little more accent on the rhythm, Ahmik; they're so young. Boom! Boom! That's it! Isn't it fun? Boom!"

He stole a look; she was cutting and moving in time with him, and the young beavers, after their first uncertainty, and doubtless recalling her promise, had joined with her as in an amusing game. They had begun to enjoy themselves, and worked faster and faster, all in time.

"Oh, isn't it splendid! Oh —— Good afternoon, sir! . . . Children, you had better stop now and go home. But we'll do it again. Promise!"

Ahmik, hearing some of this, stopped and turned around, and his blood chilled within him. His father and The Head were standing there with unreadable expressions, but very large and ominous. Ahmik stared at them, paralyzed.

"We weren't expecting you, sir," Ahma said, with an appearance of wide-eyed candor. "But you must have noticed how much better the children worked than they ever worked before. It's amazing what Ahmik does for them, isn't it?"

The Head opened his mouth and closed it again.

"He will be such a help with the between-age ones," she said. "They've been quite a problem before."

The Head looked up at the sky and back again, and his gimlet eye moved to Ahmik. "Ah—good day, Ahmik," he said. "There may be merit in this—ah—suggestion of Ahma's, but it must be done at specified times, and no false tail slaps."

He half turned away, and then faced Ahmik again. He seemed to swell a little. "There was, as I recall, a most irregular proposal. Most irregular. You have plans, I take it?"

Ahmik stared; Ahma said, "Oh, yes, sir! Ahmik has come back to stay, so we will be building a lodge as soon as we can. . . . Won't we, Ahmik?"

Somewhere in his interior confusion, Ahmik recalled the drafty and flooded duck house and the horrid trip in the cage. "A lodge?" he croaked. "Oh, yes. Indeed, sir."

"Splendid," The Head said. "Possibly I was a bit hasty the last time we met. Call on us all if you need help."

"Thank you, sir," Ahma said, and moved closer to Ahmik. They stood together watching the two old beavers waddle off.

When they were down the shoreline a way, The Head paused and looked at Ahmik's father. "How did you hear he'd got home?" he asked.

"One of Ahma's little sisters came to my lodge to play with one of the girls. But she mentioned Ahmik as soon as she came in."

"H'm," The Head said. "The same thing happened in my lodge. Well, Ahma is a fine girl. She managed the thing splendidly. With her ability and a lodge full of kits, she'll make a beaver of him yet."

"I hope so," Ahmik's father said glumly. "But those odd noises that he makes! And the children really seem to enjoy them and even work harder. Manitou knows what the world's coming to, with such goings on."

"Come now," The Head said. "I seem to recall that in your youth you put on quite a campaign to change our dam-making procedure. You wanted us all to hammer the sticks in vertically with our tails."

Ahmik's father looked abashed, and The Head grinned at him. THE END

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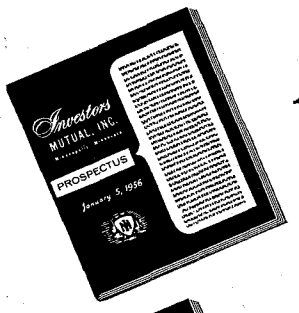

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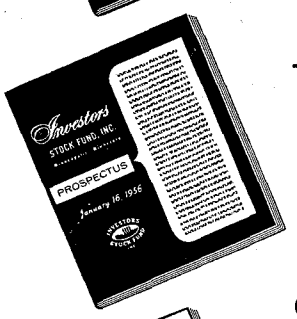

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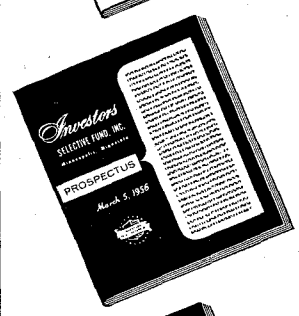

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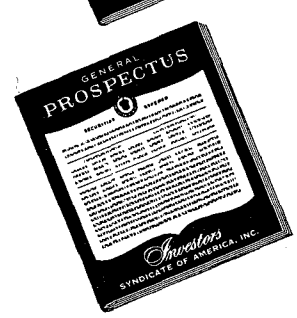

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Anniversary Quarrel (Continued from Page 32)

was involved in ventures ten times the size.

Johnny Newton waited in line eleven hours to sign up for a house in the new development. Steve Carroll was standing right behind him. The Newtons got a house at 16 Happiness Street; the Carrolls were next door, at 20. Of course, it didn't matter which house they got, for all were alike: four rooms, expansion attic, kitchen, built-in television, picture window, softwood floors (which warped), and an exterior that was half shingles and half stained wood. There were but two variations: Owners got one of four roof colors and a choice between a fourteen- and a twenty-year mortgage.

Feeling privileged at being allowed to buy a house, few challenged or even noticed an item in the contract stating that no alterations would be permitted without the consent of Harte, Incorporated. It didn't seem important at the time, though Johnny and some others did ask about it.

"Mr. Harte feels that undisciplined alterations will lessen the value of the project," an efficient young man told Johnny. "So, no alterations without consent until half the mortgage is paid."

It sounded fair enough, and Johnny Newton signed. But at that time he would have bought a banana basket to live in, for his mother was still singing the same old tune, and Ethel had been filling in the harmony too well lately.

The Newtons and the Carrolls moved in the same day, bringing unmatched pieces of furniture from their respective parents' homes. They quickly settled into the new way of life, and—let it be noted—Ethel hardly noticed Johnny's forgetfulness. At the two-year mark of their marriage, she presented Johnny with a seven-pound boy, promptly dubbed John, Jr. Not long after, Kitty Carroll blessed that household similarly.

The Newton addition brought some changes. Johnny, Senior, now had more things to forget, of course, and motherhood unearthed a latent efficiency in Ethel, which accented Johnny's great weakness. After a while Ethel dusted off her mother-in-law's moth-eaten remark about Johnny, and as the months went by she smiled less and less. Johnny's forgetting anything soon became the shortest route to an argument in the Newton household. He sincerely tried to correct his bad habit, and even took a memory course, which didn't work. But even if he had miraculously started remembering everything, the Newtons would have quarreled over something else.

On the morning of their third anniversary, Johnny got up early, slipped Junior a fast bottle when he began crying, and drove off to the city. He had to do a hurry-up job at the automotive-repair shop he owned with another Air Force man. He had put new bearings in a car the day before, but he had left a small wrench inside the block and had to retrieve it.

Ethel got up somewhat later, when Junior asserted himself again. She felt depressed. Today would be no different from every other day: cooking, cleaning, caring for Junior. She felt guilty for harboring such unmaternal thoughts, especially as little Johnny was such a great little guy and she loved him dearly. Still, she was depressed. She had another cup of coffee. Then she remembered it was their third wedding anniversary, and she managed to whip up a little enthusiasm.

Before the day was over, her enthusiasm had been whipped to the point where she shot the budget on steak and trimmings, a bottle of pale port, and a lightweight fishing rod for Johnny. Dinner was all ready at 7:00 P.M., the hour they usually broke bread.

At 7:15 Johnny locked the repair shop and drove their ten-year-old car toward Happy Acres. He was still in his greasy coveralls; he hadn't washed carefully, for he had to go back to the shop and finish a job. Obviously a tragedy was shaping up.

At exactly 7:32 Johnny parked the car in front of 16 Happiness Street. He went inside. He came out again at 7:44.

It would be too distressing to chronicle the events of those twelve minutes in detail. However, in all fairness to Johnny, he was very angry with himself when he noted the air of celebration in the house—Ethel in a new dress, candles on the table, steak on the stove—and could not remember any reason for it.

"I—ah—guess I forgot, honey," he said, trying to smile.

"What?" said Ethel crisply. "Besides being late, that is."

"I'm sorry, baby. I don't remember."

"Your mother was absolutely right. You would forget your head if it weren't tied on." Ethel was close to tears.

"That's about all I've heard since we got married," he said. "Married ——" He broke into a disarming grin. "It's our anniversary." He started toward the closet where he had hidden a silver (plated) coffee service, for which he had traded his tackle box.

"I should think you'd at least remember the important days." Ethel was angry, and had plenty of reason to be. "Who reminded you to come to the wedding?" she added sarcastically.

Johnny stopped. "I don't know," he said, "but whoever it was didn't do me any favor."

"Me either."

The battle, thus begun with scattered though accurate sniper fire, was continued with a barrage of heavy artillery. It ended, as noted, at 7:44, with Johnny in full retreat. He bounced out, carrying a valise.

"I'm not coming back!" he yelled over his shoulder.

Ethel, as women are traditionally supposed to do, got in the last word. "Good!" she shouted after him and slammed the door—a door slam heard all over Happy Acres.

Johnny pitched his bag into the back seat of the car and roared up Happiness Street, out onto Joy Boulevard, and on to the city. The Newton marriage had come to an abrupt, if unofficial, halt.

Within the hour, news of the Newton quarrel had reached almost every house. In an ordinary community the Newtons would have been talked about openly, perhaps even maliciously, but at Happy Acres that Friday evening, the young husbands and wives did not look at each other and avoided talking about the Newtons when they heard the news.

What happened was as subtle as erosion, as nebulous as a bucket of oxygen. Take the Carrolls, for example, as they passed through several stages of behavior, duplicated more or less by the other couples.

Steve and Kitty Carroll were having their dessert and coffee when the battle next door had turned into a rout.

"The Newtons," Steve said, "seem to be having a quarrel."

He went into the living room and watched Johnny roar away. He didn't go back to the kitchen; in fact, he sat down and thought about what he wanted out of life, and what he had received. As with most people, there was quite a discrepancy.

You see, Steve Carroll had once wanted very much to be an engineer, and even had two years of college when he returned from the war. The truth was that Steve was particularly lousy in math, and therefore had never really been happy in engineering. He had decided against continuing school and was glad to go to work in his father's hardware store.

Nevertheless, his youthful dreams of engineering in faraway places—with large-eyed, lithe maidens always playing a prominent role—still lingered. Sometimes when things went badly, he thought about what life might have been—and he always forgot that he was lousy in math. As he sat in his living room, he couldn't help thinking that now Johnny was free from all responsibilities, free to do what he wanted, free to correct any mistakes he had made up to that time. He rather envied Johnny Newton, though he didn't want to.

In the kitchen, Kitty Carroll, *nee* Kathryn Moley, stood with her hands in soapsuds, hating the bungalow, hating the dirty dishes, the routine of being a housewife and mother. She kept thinking of when she was single and secretary to the vice-president of a large advertising concern. Her middle-aged, graying boss had noticed copy-writing talents in Kitty—just from the way she walked.

There in the kitchen, Kitty remembered only the part about the talent and forgot that the middle-aged, graying boss had suggested she stay after hours and, by helping him, work herself into a better job. She forgot that the man had tried to reassure himself of his youth by chasing her around the empty offices. For the record, Kitty won. The graying man's youth really was gone, for he got short-winded from running, and had to take a pill for his heart.

Therefore, there was silence in the Carroll household as Steve roamed over the world, having a grand time with the large-eyed maidens, and Kitty wrote brilliant copy, all the while being showered with proper rewards for brilliant copy—champagne, diamonds and men, not necessarily in that order of importance.

This sort of thing happened in other Happy Acres bungalows that very night. The Newton quarrel forced almost everyone to stop and review his or her marriage. There were plenty of wives who resented the humdrum routine of their marriage, as compared with their freer single life. And the husbands were aware of a monotony in their wives that had not been there in earlier years.

There seemed to be no lack of unfulfilled desires. Wives wondered if it might not have been better if they had married Tony, Dick or Bob. What if they had kept working or gone to Florida when Aunt Emma had wanted them to? They might even be glamorous models instead of being unpaid nursemaids. And the husbands thought of other women they might have married, of what might have happened had they gone to school or not gone to school, started their own business or not done the same.

Ordinarily such thoughts were subdued or repressed, but the Newton quarrel had made them bob to the surface, which was surprising. This would not have happened in an ordinary community.

Phase Two of the general reaction to the quarrel was when the husbands and wives tried to talk with each other, the result of a little truth seeping into their wild dreams and the returned desire to make their marriages work. Steve Carroll, for example, remembered he could add no more than three numbers, and Kitty reclassified her boss in his proper category: wolf, graying, no teeth.

Steve went into the kitchen some minutes after Johnny's car had roared away, and began to dry the dishes. Kitty began to wash some more.

"Think it's for keeps?" Kitty said, voicing both their thoughts.

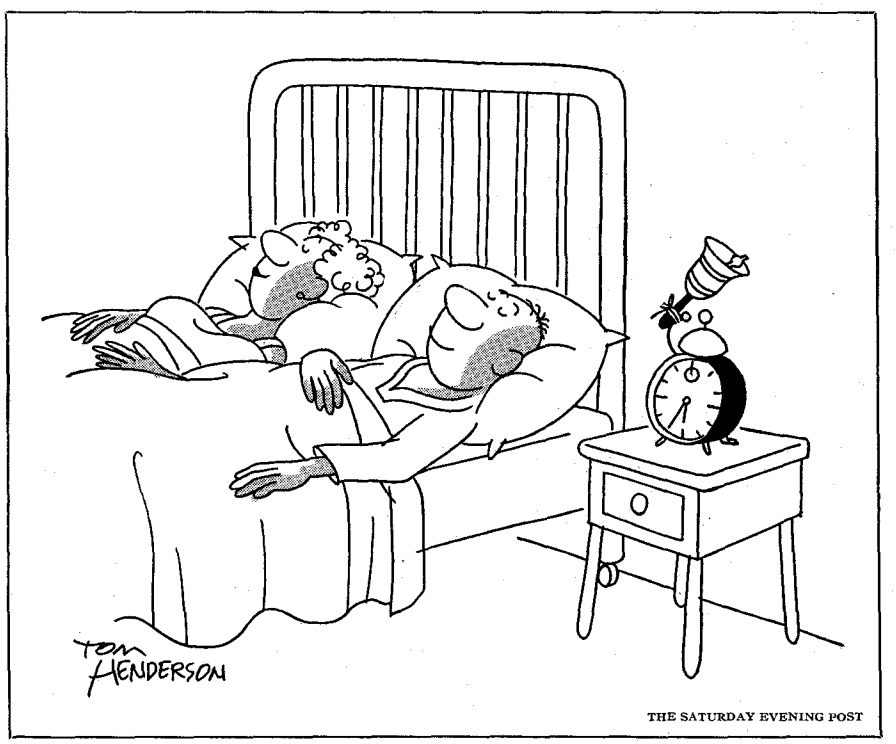
"They have a good start."

"It would be awful if they broke up," Kitty said. "They seem just like us or the rest ——" She stopped, for she had put into words what the entire group at Happy Acres felt subconsciously. It was happening to the Newtons; it could happen to them. "I had better check June bug," Kitty said quickly, and went to look at the Carroll offspring.

A good number, though not all, of the occupants of Happy Acres reached Phase Three, a feeling that it was important for the Newton marriage to be patched up. The psychology behind this phase is complicated. Unable to understand why one marriage's breaking up had so affected them all, they wanted to smooth it over, forget that a problem existed. It was like having a thin, peaceful layer of ice over a turbulent stream.

When the dishes were finished, Steve went outside and talked with Sam Brooks, who lived at 24 Happiness Street.

"Johnny shouldn't have done it," Sam said. "I wonder where he went?" They



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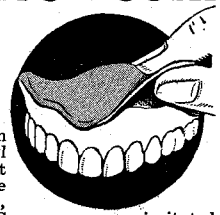

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lighted cigarettes. "Maybe we should go after him."

"I was thinking the same thing," Steve said. He went back and told Kitty he and Sam were going to the city.

Kitty felt a moment of panic. She wanted to ask why, but she was afraid he might lie, and then she would feel terrible.

"We're going to look for Johnny Newton," Steve said.

"I'm glad," Kitty said as he kissed her. She wasn't dreaming about copywriting now, and Steve wasn't roaming around anywhere.

Altogether, eight cars left from Happy Acres, filled with men who were looking for Johnny. And they all returned without him.

"Very neighborly bunch," Steve concluded, after telling Kitty how they had met others looking for Johnny.

"Maybe," Kitty said, "but I've been trying to figure out why everyone, including us, is so upset, Steve. The neighborly thing, I think now, is to let them solve their own problems."

Steve shrugged and said, "Maybe."

During all this time, Ethel Newton sat in the dark house and wondered where she and Johnny had taken the wrong turn. Tired and bewildered, she fell asleep.

Johnny grabbed a little shut-eye too. He had worked in his repair shop all evening. He had been angry when he first arrived, and he tried to forget everything by working hard. His anger was mostly at himself, but he didn't stop to analyze it. Having worked diligently and long, he was ready for the sack at 10:00. Determined not to go home, he crawled in the front seat of his car and went to sleep with his head on an armrest and his feet sticking out of the door.

He awoke at 12:30 A.M., shivering and full of kinks. He backed the car out and locked the shop doors. As he sped homeward, he tried to think of an excuse. He screeched up to No. 16 and trotted up the walk.

Ethel awoke at the first sound of the car and hurried to the door. She was afraid to hope—in fact, she prepared herself to see a policeman, her thoughts were that dismal. Johnny almost knocked her down as he came in.

"Oh, Johnny!" Ethel's voice was treble with emotion. "Darling, you've come back!" She threw her arms around him, ignoring the grease.

"Yes," Johnny said.

As they held each other closely, he stared into the gloom and tried to figure it out. Ethel had never welcomed him home with quite such enthusiasm before, especially at 12:45. It was nice, however, and he gave himself over to the enjoyment of it.

Suddenly he remembered the quarrel, their anger, his packed valise. He smiled at what Ethel would say if she knew he had forgotten about it until just then.

"I love you, darling," he said. "I didn't mean to run away."

This made Ethel all bubbly inside, like a bottle of soda water, and Johnny got a lump in his throat the size of a monkey wrench. He promised never to forget again—although he knew he would—and Ethel spoke lengthily about her faith in him—though she, too, knew he would forget again.

Johnny got out of his greasy coveralls and scrubbed himself well. Then he got the silver (plated) coffee service from the closet, and Ethel got the fly rod she had blown the budget on. This called for more kissing and stuff. They opened the wine and got, as Johnny put it, a little spificated, and everything was fine.

Now, that should be the end of the story, but life is not so simple as that. The Newtons were together, but nothing had been solved. It could happen again, any time; and all the other dwellers would get upset in the same way again, and no one would know what to do.

Johnny Newton got up early on Saturday at Junior's personal request, and as he sat with a cup of coffee, his mind was full of the quarrel. He realized, vaguely, that Ethel's criticism of him had grown frequent in times of stress, whenever something was wrong. It had become bad toward the end of that year with his parents, had stopped when they moved to Happy Acres, had begun again before Junior's debut, had become worse after it, and lately she had been singing long and loud.

He admitted that even though they were nuts about Johnny the younger, the joys of parenthood were sometimes counterbalanced by the dull routine they had to follow. His arrival had brought their social life to an all-time low. Sitters were expensive, and any pleasure to be gained from dancing past 11:00 P.M. was canceled by the sure knowledge that Junior was an early-to-bed and early-to-rise little character. If not that, then they would worry about whether the sitter was competent. Usually they just went to someone's house at Happy Acres or others came to their place.

It was a bit dull, Johnny decided, especially for Ethel, who rarely got away in the daytime, as he did. But other marriages survive, he reasoned. He looked out at the houses, all exactly alike and as impersonal as mannequins, and he remembered something Ethel had said many times: "No matter whose house I visit, I still feel like I'm at home." He mulled this over a while and wished Ethel was up so they could talk.

When he saw Steve Carroll go out for the paper, he hurried out too. Steve was obviously surprised to see him. They talked weather, lighted cigarettes, shuffled their feet self-consciously, and looked around at the peas-in-a-pod houses. Johnny let fly with the half-formed idea he had hatched and came very close to hitting a nail on the head.

"You know," he said, "I'm getting darned tired of living in a house that looks like everyone else's."

"Same here," Steve said. "Kitty said something about that last night. She said it made her feel like everyone else." They stood smoking their cigarettes. "I never have liked that stained wood."

"That's about the only thing I ever did like about them. I'll make you a deal," Johnny said slowly. "I'll trade my shingles for your wood."

"I wish we could," Steve said, "but go read your contract. No alterations without approval."

"All right, let's go get approval."

"Sure. I went over to Harte, Incorporated, a couple of weeks ago," Steve said. "We're going to have another baby, and we wanted to add a bedroom. And there are some other things we'd like to do. The things they threw at me! They want blueprints, contracts, estimates, photographs—a million things."

"Who did you see? Harte?"

"Are you kidding? He's so big he had a secretary to talk to his secretary. I saw a vice-president in charge of something or other. A lot of the guys around here would like to make changes. They all get the same story—blueprints, and so forth. Harte makes it as hard as he can."

"He sounds like a king-size jerk," Johnny said. "I'll stop by there on Monday, anyway."

Steve wished him luck, but said it wouldn't do any good, for a lot of the Happy Acres owners had tried.

Johnny arrived at Harte, Incorporated, so early on Monday that not one stenog-

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rapher had gone for a drink of water yet. He went in without knowing what he was going to say. It should be explained right here that neither Johnny nor any of the others could have said exactly why they wanted to change their homes, any more than a bird knows why it flies north in the spring.

The receptionist sent him in to a Mr. Jackson. Mr. Jackson was a bright-eyed efficiency expert. He sat in a long room filled with a dozen or so desks, all exactly alike, all fitted with the same desk lamps, mailboxes, green blotters and pen stands. It seemed to Johnny that all the men looked alike, too, in their dark-hued suits and carefully quiet ties.

Mr. Jackson told Johnny exactly what he had been told when he first signed the contract, only with different emphasis. "Mr. Harte feels that undisciplined alterations will decrease the value of the investment." Blueprints, and so on, were needed, Mr. Jackson said.

"Look," Johnny said. "I want to do the work myself. I can't make a blueprint. I don't even know what I want to do to the house yet."

Mr. Jackson was sorry. He suggested that Mr. Newton consult an architect, a service Harte would provide for a small fee.

"Harte is not getting any more of my money," Johnny said, "even if I had any, which I don't."

Mr. Jackson was sorry that Mr. Newton felt that way.

"This office," Johnny said as he got up, "looks like one of Harte's housing developments."

"It's designed for top efficiency," Mr. Jackson said.

"Someone should tell Harte that people aren't," Johnny said, letting go a bon mot of fair caliber. He walked out of the long room, but he didn't reach the receptionist's desk again, because he had forgotten and gone the wrong way. He realized his error after he had walked down a long hall and passed other long rooms, each filled with the same desks, all in precise rows. As he turned to retrace his steps, a big, red-faced man came down the hall. He was wearing a shrieking-checked sport coat, a screaming-purple bow tie, baggy trousers, laced boots and a day's beard.

He won't last a month here, Johnny thought as the man clumped around the corner. He felt a sudden kinship for the man, as though here was someone he could talk to—even though he wasn't sure what he wanted to say. He hurried around the corner after the man. There was only one door there, slightly ajar, and it was marked: F. WILLIAM HARTE. PRIVATE. Without hesitating, Johnny pushed open the door and went in.

"What do you want?" roared Harte. He was sitting at a battered desk piled high with blueprints. He still wore the checked sport coat, as well as the beard.

"Mr. Harte," Johnny said in a manner once reserved for top sergeants, "I have a beef so big you could make stew for a whole army."

"Well, spill it, bud," Harte growled—a kindly growl. "I got work to do." He pushed plans for a million-dollar factory on top of plans for a two-million-dollar warehouse.

"Well, Mr. Harte"—Johnny fumbled around, trying to think of words to explain how he felt—"I came over this morning to get permission to do some fixing on my place out at Happy Acres, and I have not yet ——"

"Wait, son," Harte interrupted. "Don't bother me with them details—that's what I got help for. Now there must be someone out there who's supposed to handle that. Probably two or three people." He buzzed his secretary and picked up a blueprint. "Wait a minute," he said, putting down the blueprint. "What do you mean, permission to fix your house?"

As always, if you want something done, start at the top. Harte was a full-grown genius at building, but he didn't know half of what was going on in his own organization, because a man at the top is always cushioned from the details, the facts.

When Happy Acres was being developed, F. William had suggested to his real-estate expert that they take some steps to protect the investment, and then he forgot about it. Well, the man wanted to hold onto his job, so he got the legal expert—similarly inclined—to write an airtight and very tough contract, to please the boss, which Mr. Jackson, the administrative expert, followed to the letter, because he thought that was what Mr. Harte wanted, and he wanted to keep his job too.

After F. William asked what he meant about permission, Johnny bent the contractor's ear out of shape as he told about Ethel, Junior, the quarrel, the living with in-laws; how other Happy Acres occupants wanted to make changes; about Mr. Jackson, and his own theories on the matter.

"I just said to Mr. Jackson that housing developments may be designed for top efficiency," Johnny said, "but people aren't. It seems to me that the monotony of living at Happy Acres might be the reason Ethel and I had trouble, just like the strain of living with my folks was."

When Johnny finished, F. William scowled as if he were brewing a storm of some size. However, he didn't have to be hit with an I beam to see the light.

"Son," he said, "I wouldn't live in one of my own houses under that contract. I like to tinker myself. You go back and fix your house any old way you want, and tell the others the same. Wait—I'll send them letters, and I'll provide materials at cost too."

"Gee," Johnny said.

"Furthermore, I'll be coming out once in a while to see how you're doing. And I want to see some action."

There was plenty of that. The bungalows at Happy Acres sprouted new windows, brick facings, sun porches, curved sidewalks, garages, rock gardens, patios, stone walls, more shades of paint than a rainbow, trims of glass brick, copper, stainless steel, aluminum and landscaping as infinite in variety as Cleopatra was.

Four newborn babies got the dubious distinction of being named F. William that fall, although nobody bothered to find out what the F stood for. Ethel quit nagging Johnny about his forgetting. There was a new, happier, more secure feeling in the community—the feeling that when so many young couples live so close together, there must be a touch of heaven. Everyone felt it, but no one mentioned it or even tried to put it into words.

If some long-haired old gent with a string tie and relatives on the payroll had come in with a flag and a bid for re-election, and had told the occupants of Happy Acres that they had just demonstrated what had made America great—freedom of action—they would have sent him packing, and not back to congressional halls.

And if some psychologist had lectured on the developments at Happy Acres to the dwellers there, he would have told them they had subconsciously—and rightly—been seeking the security that comes from individuality. This would have brought mutters and whispers such as, "I told you we should have gone to the movies instead."

Because, while all this was undoubtedly true, the dwellers at Happy Acres were not interested in being reduced to textbook terms. They just followed their instincts.

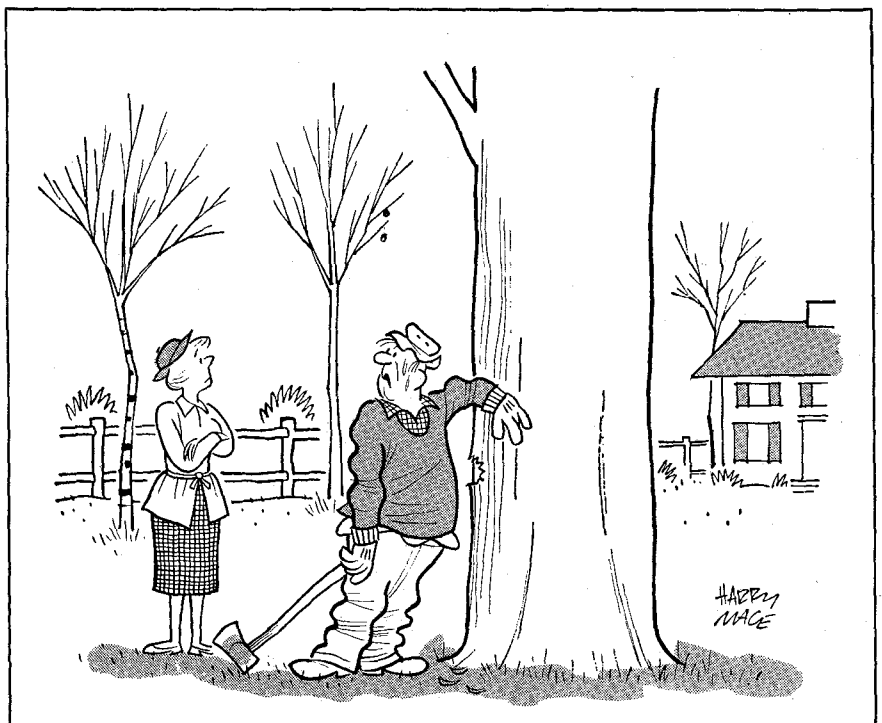
Johnny Newton probably put it best of all the day F. William stopped at the Newtons' to see how they were doing. Johnny and Ethel had built an addition to their house, a sort of cross between a widow's walk and a Turkish minaret, and F. William was talking with them about it.

"To tell the truth, Mr. Harte," Johnny said, "it didn't come off quite the way we planned."

"The real truth is that Johnny forgot half the things we intended to do," Ethel said, smiling fondly at him. "Perhaps," she added, "it's just as well."

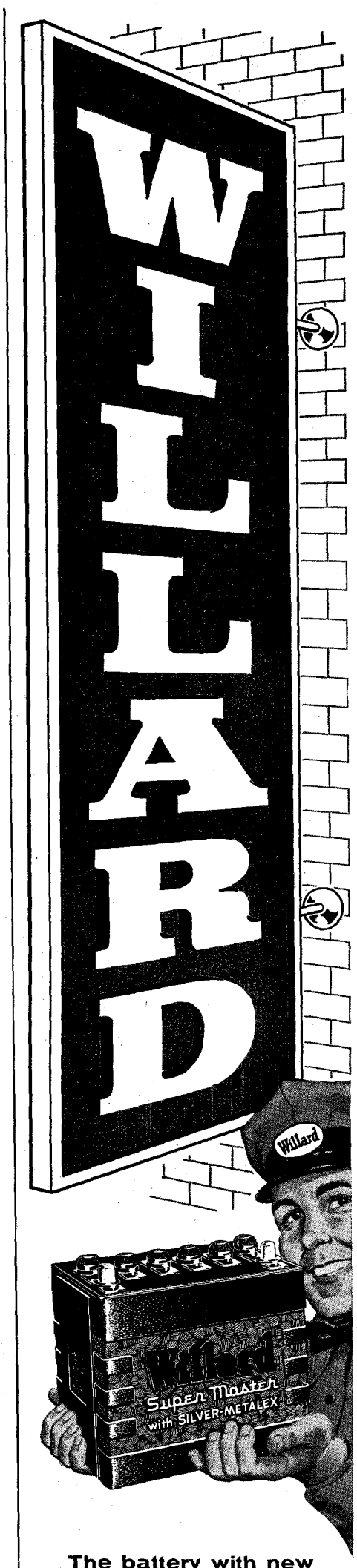
"Yeah," Johnny agreed, "but as Ethel said yesterday, there's probably not another house like this one in the whole U. S."

"Yep," F. William said, sneaking a second unbelieving squint, "I'll bet there isn't." THE END



"I think I'll let it live."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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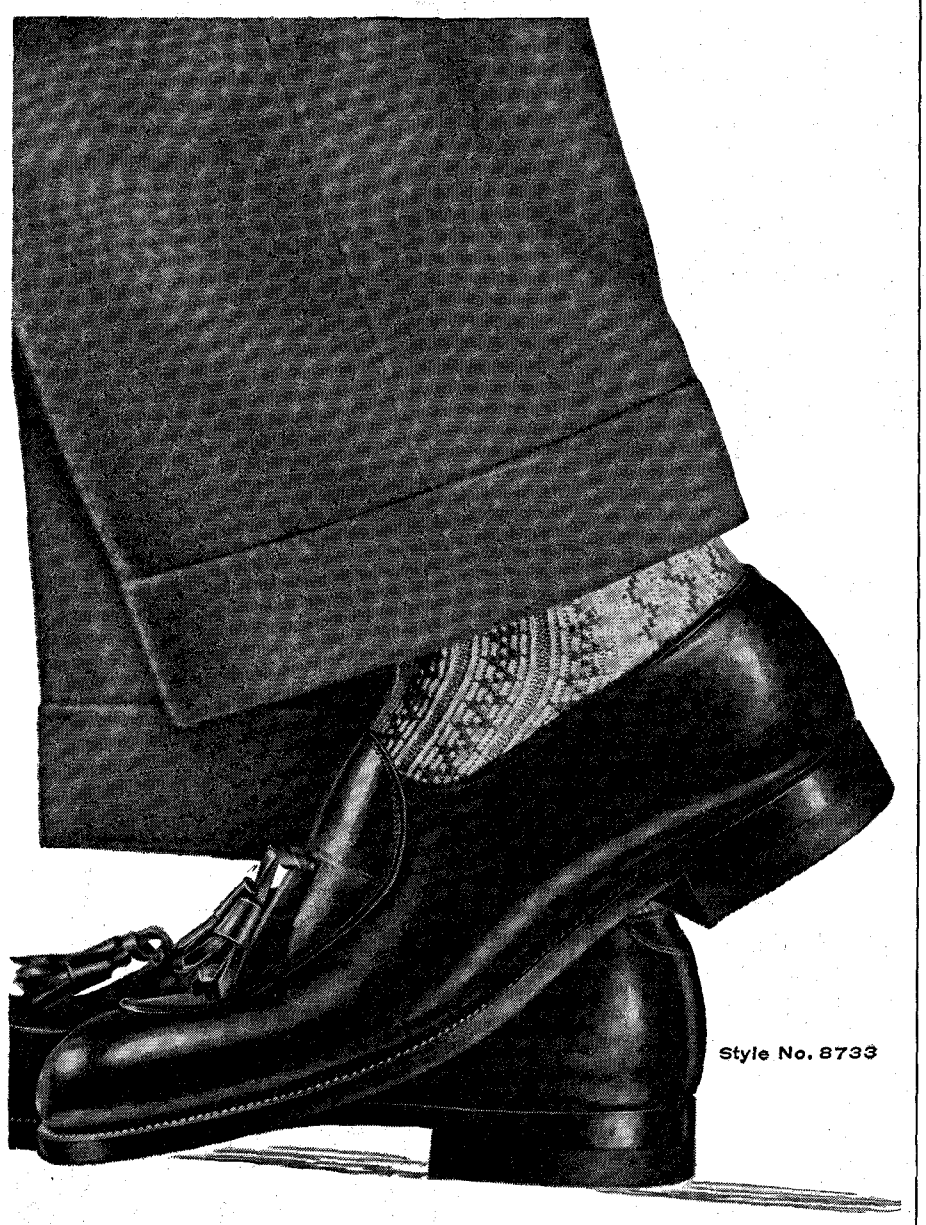

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The Day All Traffic Stopped

(Continued from Page 30)

Pepitone had given a firm nod. But the burly policeman holding her left arm had grunted a dissent as he loaded her aboard.

"They make this thing stick, lady, you ain't never coming back."

Sitting now with all the majesty of the law arrayed against her, her face betrayed no hint of surrender. Edith Pepitone was not a woman who struck her flag in the face of odds. But as she caught the hostile glances, she felt just a twinge of uncertainty. What chance was there of a fair trial in an atmosphere like this? Carmichael had been right, of course, in demanding the judge hear the case without a jury. Still —— She looked up as the door opened and his honor walked in. His glance toward her was stern and unyielding.

"I don't care," she whispered to her lawyer as they resumed their seats. "If I had it to do over again, I'd do the same."

Carmichael shrugged and turned away. He was a young man, inexperienced, and the only reason he'd taken the case at all was that he felt that everyone was entitled to a lawyer, even an Edith Pepitone. Still, after the things the papers had printed about her, this was no way for a fellow to promote his career. He'd be lucky if he ever got a client again.

Edith watched as Police Commissioner Joseph O'Leary was sworn in. She listened as the prosecutor, Harry Kaufman, told him to recount the events of last Sunday afternoon. O'Leary, a big, bushy man, gripped the arms of his chair. This thing had been building up, he said, glaring at Mrs. Pepitone. He'd always known that some joker would foul up the works someday.

"How did last Sunday compare with previous Sundays, commissioner?"

"It started out the same. Just routine. Tie-up on the Outer Drive at eight-twenty-three A.M. Big jam on Edens Expressway. Cops in helicopters trying to unsnarl things near Skokie. A normal weekend."

"Was the weather a factor?"

"It was. Sunday was a beautiful day. That's the worst kind."

"Why is that?" the prosecutor asked.

"You take a fine day in August like last Sunday. What happens? Everybody in Chicago looks out the window. They take a gander at the sunshine. Right away they hop in the car and take off for the country."

"And how does the sun affect the more rural residents?"

"They pile in their cars and head for the Loop."

Carmichael stood up, his ears red. "I object. The commissioner has no way of knowing the thoughts of six million ——"

But Edith Pepitone was tugging hard at his sleeve. "Hush," she whispered loudly. "Everybody knows that's so."

"What happens next on a sunny Sunday?" Kaufman asked, ignoring the interruption. "I'm trying to establish the normal pattern."

"The city people spend the day driving bumper to bumper out of town. The country and suburban people spend the day driving bumper to bumper into town. At night they turn around and reverse the process."

"Now tell me, commissioner, how did last Sunday differ from the norm? Was traffic heavier than usual?"

O'Leary glared at Mrs. Pepitone, started to speak; then shook his head. He was a man who was trying to be fair, even under such trying circumstances.

"No. It couldn't be heavier than usual."

"Elaborate, please."

"The normal traffic pattern in every urban area in the United States on a summer Sunday is at the saturation point. There's one car for each car length of street space. As long as everybody keeps moving and each driver does what he's supposed to, things work out. But you take one screwball and ——"

The judge sustained Carmichael's objection. Kaufman smiled to himself and turned back to the commissioner. When, he asked him, had he learned that something out of the ordinary was going on?

"I got a report by radio from Patrolman Pahlke. He'd traveled on the sidewalk for thirty-three blocks without finding a hole in the traffic big enough to squeeze his motorcycle into."

"Did this alarm you?"

"I didn't think much of it. Sounded like a routine Sunday to me."

"When did you change your mind?"

"The reports kept coming. Cars lined up for eight miles on Highway Forty-one. Three admirals and an ensign trapped near Navy Pier."

"You began to suspect that things were getting out of hand?"

"Not just yet. I don't scare easy. It was a cumulative thing."

"More reports?"

"They kept coming. Cross-town traffic jammed. People abandoning cars on Lake Shore Drive."

"You took action, commissioner?"

"I tried to. We already had all available cops on duty. I borrowed three helicopters from the Army. We got the radio stations to tell the people not to get panicky."

"You would, then, describe the city as tied up?"

"Nothing moved on the surface. The els were still going and the subway."

"That was five days ago, Mr. O'Leary. What is the situation now?"

"We been hauling cars away, starting at the edges. Last I heard, the tow trucks were within seven miles of Cicero. Still working hard."

"And when can we expect things to revert to normal?"

The commissioner glanced at the reporters. He raised his voice, "This administration is doing its level best. We can't be held responsible if some ——"

"When, commissioner?"

"Things ought to be in pretty good shape by Christmas."

Kaufman leaned forward. This question, he said, was important. Mrs. Pepitone found herself leaning forward too. She gave herself a little shake and settled back, pretending not to listen.

"Have you discovered the source of the trouble?"

"We have. It wasn't easy."

"Then at what point did the chaotic condition of the traffic pattern originate?"

The commissioner folded his arms across his chest with the air of a man who has finished a long journey.

"At a point at State and Madison occupied by a green station wagon. License Number Seventy-two — Seven-five-seven. Issued in the name of one Edith Pepitone."

Carmichael's chin had been sinking lower and lower. Now, as Kaufman indicated that he was finished with the witness, he turned to Mrs. Pepitone. He asked her a whispered question, listened to her tight-lipped answer.

"No questions, your honor. My client is willing to stipulate that the situation as described by Commissioner O'Leary is substantially correct."

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The prosecutor called the next witness. Mrs. Pepitone turned and saw a short, nervous man sitting on a front bench leap to his feet and hurry to the witness chair, twisting a battered cap in his hands. He was sworn in. His name, he said, was Mike Manfred.

Kaufman began the questioning, "You are, I believe, a taxi driver?"

"Yeah. Twenty-six years. I never seen nothin' like it."

"Where were you at one-twenty-three P.M. last Sunday?"

"Pushin' my hack. Like usual."

"But where?"

"I'd turned off onto Madison. Some dame wanted me to haul her to the North Western Station. She was hopin' to catch a three-thirty-three train. I was doin' my best."

"Describe in your own words the condition of the traffic pattern."

"Lousy."

"Am I to understand, then, Mike, that the driving was slower than usual?"

"Nope. It's always lousy."

"Did you notice the car in front of you?"

"Yeah. Green station wagon. Woman driver. Dents in the back fenders."

"How did you happen to take special notice of the vehicle?"

"I'd been followin' the heap for fifteen blocks. You got to remember a car if you been lookin' at its rear end for close to two hours."

"Did you at this time take special note of who was driving it?"

"I didn't pay no attention. Not 'til later on."

"But subsequently you took a good look at the driver?"

"You can say that again, Mac."

"Do you see the driver in question in this courtroom? Remember, Mike, you're under oath now, and this is serious business."

The taxi driver leaned forward and jabbed a stubby finger in the direction of Mrs. Pepitone, who gazed back at him unperturbed, something steely and yet vaguely maternal in her blue eyes, as though Mike were a neighbor's child who was misbehaving in public.

"That's her right there."

"Very good. Now will you tell the court what happened on or about one-twenty-three P.M. last Sunday at the intersection of Madison and State streets?"

"O.K. Like I told you, we'd started headin' west, makin' pretty good time."

"Excuse me for interrupting," Judge Augustus said, "but could we be more specific? What do you consider pretty good time, as you put it?"

"Two blocks in the last half hour. O.K. Like I say, we was barrelin' along, with this dame here ahead of us, everything goin' smooth, when we stop for a red light at State and Madison."

"Describe the position of the defendant's car."

"In back of the crosswalk. She could of gone ahead a good two feet."

"But wouldn't that have meant that the pedestrians would have had to walk around?" Judge Augustus inquired mildly.

"They're used to it. So the light changes. She takes her time startin' up."

"How did you feel about this unwarranted delay?" Kaufman asked.

"Sore. Three pedestrians sneaked past against the light."

"What happened then?"

"She finally gets rollin'. Then she gets to the middle of State and stalls dead. I'm blocked behind her. The light changes again. The cars start tryin' to go north-south. It's a mess."

"What course of action did you pursue?"

"I sits there, cussin'."

"What did Mrs. Pepitone, the defendant, do next?"

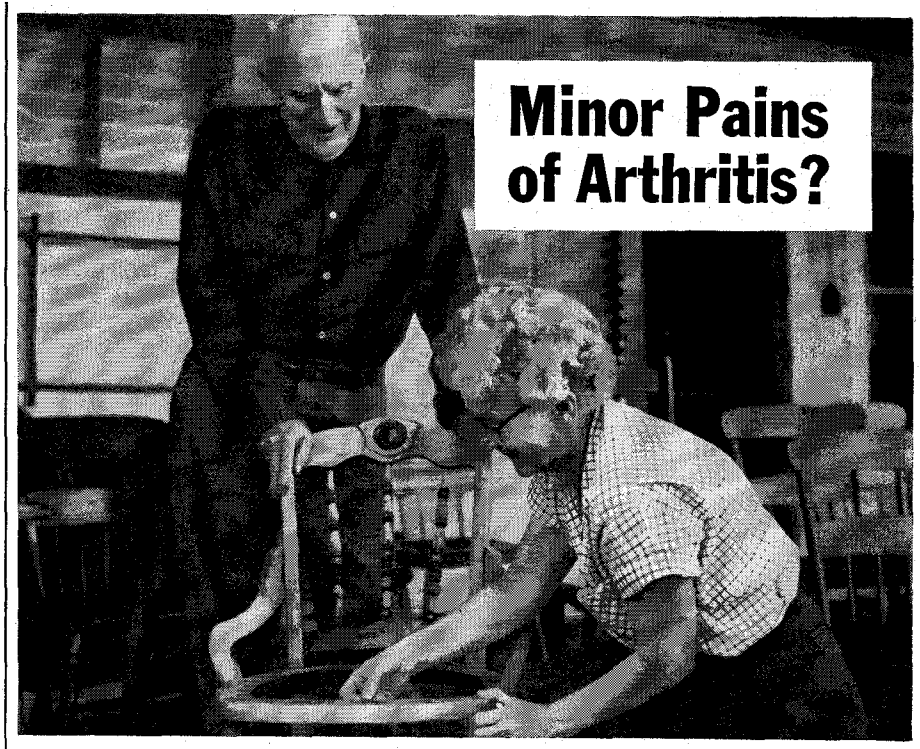
"She climbs out of her heap and marches back and throws her keys in my window and heads for the el. I never seen her again 'til today."

Kaufman turned to the judge. "Your honor, we have available a considerable number of witnesses who will swear to the truth of this man's story. In the interests of expediency and because of the explosive nature of the case, which precludes delay in reaching a prompt decision, I have decided, however, to rest my case on the testimony already heard. It seems to me to be open and shut. This woman, by her unwarranted action, began a traffic jam unprecedented in the annals of the world. The pile-up that began around her abandoned vehicle soon reached into the farthest reaches of Chicagoland. A state of chaos still exists. What I'm proposing is that my other witnesses be held in abeyance and used only if their corroboration is found necessary."

The judge nodded thoughtfully to Carmichael, who was on his feet.

"My client and I," the defense attorney said, "are in accord with anything that will get this over with expeditiously. We are willing to agree that the taxi driver's story, like the commissioner's, is substantially correct. We are also willing to stipulate to the extent of the traffic

"Feemster isn't much of a shot."



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tie-up, the anguish caused in thousands of homes, the danger to property resulting from the countless cars that have been abandoned, the standstill in the community's business and commercial life that has resulted."

"You are going to change your plea?" the judge inquired.

"Nothing of the sort. All I'm saying is that my client agrees to the truth of the allegation that by her action in leaving her automobile in the middle of State Street she became the unwitting triggering mechanism for what ensued. We are willing to plead guilty, if the court wishes, to the charge of overtime parking. But as for all the other ridiculous charges that have been filed against my client, charges that would result in her being sent away for a total of two hundred seventy-eight years if proved, we stand firmly on our plea of innocent. I would like to call the defendant to the stand."

Mrs. Pepitone stood up briskly and walked to the witness chair, her heels making small, decisive sounds on the boards. She was sworn in and then she sat, her back erect, her hands folded. Her name, she said, was Mrs. Edith Pepitone. She lived in Myopic, Illinois, with her husband, John, and their two children.

"On last Sunday," Carmichael said, "you drove to the Loop. For what purpose?"

"I hadn't the slightest intention of driving to the Loop. It was an accident."

"Elaborate, please."

"The kids wanted to go swimming. I drove them and John over to a beach near Evanston and left them. I started back home. I made the wrong turn. I found myself on Lake Shore Drive heading south."

"Why didn't you leave the expressway at the next exit, Mrs. Pepitone?"

"I tried. I couldn't get over into the inside lane."

"There was a solid line of traffic, I take it."

"That's right. For fifteen miles I tried to get turned back toward home. When I finally got off the drive I broke through somehow to Madison."

"What decision did you reach at this point?"

"I thought I would keep heading west until I got out of the Loop and then try to get turned back north toward Myopic."

"You were then in full possession of your faculties?"

"I was a little worried about my beef roast. I'd put it in the oven, thinking I'd be home in twenty minutes. Otherwise I was all right."

"How would you describe the state of your temper at this point?"

"Completely under control. I told myself, 'Edith, if you're fool enough to drive around here, you should expect things like this to happen.'"

"Mr. Manfred has testified that he was driving his taxi immediately behind your car. Can you confirm this?"

"There was a taxi there. I guess it was his."

"And he followed you closely during the approximately two hours it took to traverse fifteen blocks?"

"I believe that is correct."

"Did he at any time run into your rear bumper or otherwise interfere with you during the frequent stops and starts made necessary by the condition of the traffic?"

"He did not."

"Describe what happened each time your car was forced to stop."

"He honked at me."

"Did you find this annoying, Mrs. Pepitone? Be frank now."

"Not at first. I told myself, 'Edith, you have to expect that sort of thing.'"

"How would you describe the sound made by the horn in question?"

"It sounded like a gander with its head in a barrel."

"That is an interesting simile. Did you make it up yourself?"

"I figured it out around Wabash Avenue. The light was still red and the horn beeped at me and I decided that was what it sounded like."

"I see. And this beeping took place at each intersection?"

"In between too. Whenever we stopped or it looked like we might be going to stop."

"By we, you mean the line of traffic, I presume. You weren't stopping of your own volition?"

"I was trying to get back to my roast."

"Exactly. Now let us move forward to the intersection of State and Madison streets. What occurred there?"

"I stopped for the red light. The horn honked. The light clicked the way it does just before it's going to change. The horn honked again. The light turned green. The horn really blasted."

"You had not yet started up?"

"No. There was a woman with two little girls in front of my hood. I didn't want to run them down."

"And the horn kept honking."

"It certainly did. The people finally got out of my way. I started up as fast as I could."

"You were eager to co-operate?"

"I was in just as big a hurry as he was."

"Exactly. And then what happened?"

"I was afraid I'd run into the line of cars ahead if I didn't take it easy. I let up too fast on the accelerator. I stalled in the middle of the intersection. It was embarrassing. I hadn't stalled a car in years. John stalls sometimes when he gets in a hurry, but I don't. Not ordinarily."

"I see." Carmichael's tone had been brusque when he began the questioning. Now it was almost gentle. "You attempted to start the car again?"

"I did. It was flooded or something."

"And what, at this point, was Mr. Manfred doing?"

"It sounded to me like he had his elbow stuck in the horn button."

"And it was then, as I understand it, that you took the keys out of your car and walked back to Mr. Manfred's taxi ——"

"Yes."

"—— and deposited the keys with him, before taking the el to the railway station to get a train for Myopic. Is that correct?"

"It is. As far as I know, the car's still there."

"Mrs. Pepitone," Carmichael said, the light of new-found hope in his eyes, "what made you decide to present Mr. Manfred with the keys?"

"It occurred to me that whoever was leaning on that horn must feel he could drive faster than I could. I decided I'd let him go ahead and try."

There was a small outburst of clapping from the left side of the room. Judge Augustus rapped sternly for order. Carmichael turned to him, pivoting on his right foot like a basketball player.

"Your honor," he said, "inasmuch as we have agreed to dispense with a jury in this case, may I ask the court a personal question? Have you driven a car in the city recently?"

"I have."

"In that case, the defense rests."

The judge frowned. He leaned back in his chair. He swung it around so that his back was toward the courtroom. He seemed to be studying the heroic-sized mural of a handsome woman in flowing white draperies representing the artist's concept of Justice. She was a full-bodied brunette with muscular arms and a slight weariness about the eyes. But in the firm jaw line the painter had caught something that was at once feminine and eternal. Whether the judge noticed the resemblance between this part of the wall painting and the face of the woman in the witness chair was impossible to determine, but after a moment he turned around and regarded Edith Pepitone, the frown deepening. He told her brusquely to rise.

"Mrs. Pepitone, this court has been hearing cases for nearly thirty years. But this affair before us today is so puzzling as to be completely unique. Still, the law seems clear. You have, through your attorney, stipulated to the truth of the facts brought out by the state. Your own testimony, while of a mitigating character, is not by itself an indication of innocence. And this court is here to punish the guilty. But before I pass sentence, I feel that you should have one last chance to speak in your own behalf."

She took a long breath and looked up at the troubled man behind the bench. He was older and grayer, but somehow he reminded her of her husband. It was so simple. Still, how could she make a man understand that? Men were always writing down rules and then following them no matter where they led.

"Your honor, I have just one thing to say. I suggest you turn me loose."

The judge looked astonished. "You move dismissal, do you? On what grounds?"

She put her hands on the railing and gripped it. She spoke slowly and clearly, as to a child, "On the grounds, your honor, that you have the wrong defendant in custody."

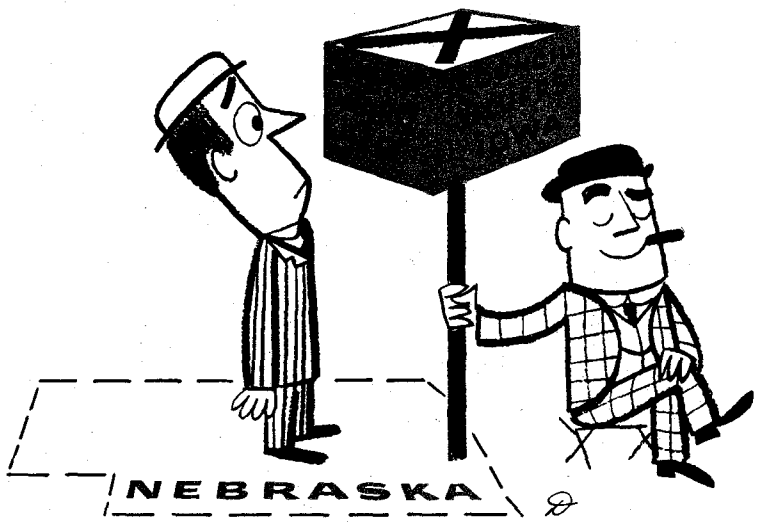
The judge leaned forward and opened his mouth, but the prosecutor was on his feet, one hand raised dramatically in the air.

"So help me," he shouted, "I concur! I've been driving here for twenty years, and I've always wanted to do what Mrs. Pepitone did. And you, judge, you're a Chicago driver too. If it please the court, may I suggest ——"

Judge Augustus raised a forefinger. "Yes," he said, "now I see my duty clear. . . . Bailiff, arrest Mike Manfred."

The taxi driver leaped off the bench. "Sure I honked!" he cried, whirling and shaking his fist in the face of a beefy-looking man in a gray suit who sat nearby. "But this guy was in back tootin' at me!"

(*Continued on Page 140*)



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In the spring of 1877, an ice gorge filled the so-called Big Bend of the Missouri River at Omaha and forced the pent-up waters to cut a new channel. The new channel sheared off the northwestern section of Omaha's neighboring city across the river, Council Bluffs, Iowa, and left it sticking up into Omaha like a sore thumb. Where the old channel had been, there remains a horseshoe-shaped lake of 200 acres. But the erstwhile section of Council Bluffs, a part of that city's old Sixth Ward, was firmly attached to Omaha by new soil. Nobody, not even the Sixth Ward politicians, knew what to make of it.

Under a United States Supreme Court ruling, the "lost territory" of Council Bluffs was held to be still a part of Iowa despite its being surrounded by Nebraska. Council Bluffs police attempting to enforce the law found their prisoners claiming freedom or extradition rights if carried to the Council Bluffs jail by way of the only nearby bridge, as it meant going through Nebraska. Residents of the detached Iowa suburb, which took the name Carter Lake from the 200-acre lake, protested against paying taxes "across the river" in Council Bluffs without getting any municipal benefits in return. In 1928 the Iowa Supreme Court finally granted them "home rule" by authorizing the incorporation of the village of Carter Lake as independent of Council Bluffs, but still a part of Iowa.

Meanwhile Omaha, Nebraska, grew up around Carter Lake, Iowa, to such an extent that an east-west avenue like Locust Street starts in Omaha, runs through Carter Lake and continues on the other side in Omaha. The two states have taken preliminary steps to straighten out the tangle by legislation, but the Omaha Municipal Airport is still one town removed from Omaha proper.

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(*Continued from Page 138*) "And he," the beefy one shouted, struggling to his feet and pointing to a grandfatherly type in the back row of witnesses, "he was tapping his horn button half the afternoon! Right behind me!"

Grandfather creaked to a standing position. "I admit it," he quavered. He waved a shaky finger toward still another witness. "But only because he ——"

Judge Augustus half rose and waved his arms for silence. Pandemonium had broken loose among the witnesses. Fists were being brandished, fingers were being leveled in bitter accusation, explanations were being given and spurned. Only the woman on the witness platform seemed calm. Mrs. Pepitone gazed serenely at the turmoil she had caused, a small, maternal smile on her face. The judge glared about him.

"Guilty!" he shouted. "The whole blasted pack of you are guilty!" He sank down into his leather swivel chair. "But now let us have some order in this courtroom while I think.

"We are here," the judge mused, when quiet had finally returned, "to try to arrive at a just decision as to exactly who was responsible for the tie-up which has paralyzed traffic in this area and caused serious difficulties for all of us." He turned to Mrs. Pepitone. "You, at least, understand that, don't you, madam?"

"Certainly."

"We are seeking, let us say, the ultimate responsibility. Obviously, there are many secondary causes. The habits of local drivers. The warmth of the August sun. The universal desire of Americans to be wherever they're not. But none of these is the issue. The question, as I see it, is this: Exactly who threw the monkey wrench into the delicate mechanism of this city's intricate Sunday-driving pattern."

"That's right, your honor," she assured him. "Or, to put it another way, who cast the stone that caused the ripple that ended at the Loop?"

The judge leaned forward. An apt comparison if he'd ever heard one, he told her warmly. She seemed to have a talent for such things. He had, in fact, been rather taken with that simile about the gander and the barrel.

"Still, Mrs. Pepitone, if we must concern ourselves with the ultimate blame, where can we stop? If you are not guilty and the taxi driver is not guilty, if the ripple that caused the traffic jam began at some unidentified distant point, where will that lead us? There are mitigating circumstances, it seems, not only in your case but in the case of Mr. Manfred and even of those who were driving in back of him. But if we accept your simile, the ultimate guilt, the ultimate responsibility, might rest almost anywhere."

Edith Pepitone nodded vigorously. "Exactly," she said.

Judge Augustus spread his hands helplessly.

"But this is a court of law. We must reach a decision. If I find you innocent and if I find the taxi driver and the others innocent of being anything more than contributory causes of the debacle, where will that leave us? Courts, Mrs. Pepitone, are not so constructed as to permit such inconclusive results."

Everyone suddenly was looking at her. All those eyes, those puzzled masculine eyes. She sighed. She wished sometimes that men could find their own cuff links and decide by themselves what tie to wear and —— But the judge was expecting a reply.

She leaned toward him and spoke softly, "Your honor, where were you last Sunday afternoon?"

"Why," the judge said, taken aback, "it was such a fine day, I was out driving. But I was nowhere near the Loop."

"And did you honk your horn?"

"Certainly not. I am, Mrs. Pepitone, a very considerate driver."

"Are you sure you didn't?"

"Positive. I was out only for a little while. I just took the car to drive down to the corner and ——" He paused.

"Go on, your honor." Her voice was still soft, but there was something about it that made Judge Augustus peer quickly behind him at the white-robed figure on the wall and then turn just as quickly away.

"Well, now that you mention it, Mrs. Pepitone, at the first main intersection the court did come upon a line of cars going south. And it seems entirely conceivable that the court touched the horn button lightly, merely as a courteous suggestion that they get a move on. But that was at least a hundred blocks away from the intersection of State and Madison streets."

"The ripple, judge." Very softly. "The stone and the ripple."

He stared at her. He frowned and then his brow cleared and he leaned back. "Yes," he said. "Yes, I see. And so you are all free to go."

Carmichael and the state's attorney were on their feet, an unasked question hovering on their lips. Mrs. Pepitone was wearing her maternal smile. She gave the judge a little nod of encouragement.

"Go on, your honor."

"This court is not legally competent to sit in judgment on this case," the judge said. "For it would seem possible—just barely possible—that I started the whole thing myself." THE END

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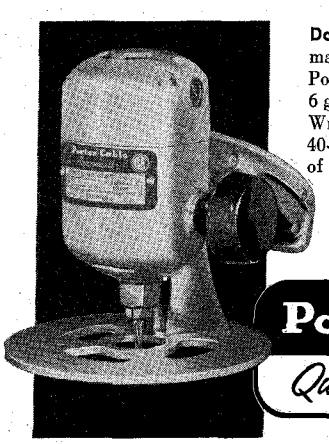

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Ship Afire! (Continued from Page 37)

Nor was Sam Bates a man to let well enough alone. It was not sufficient that, night after night, the Hussar should make the fastest run down or up the bay, and so he began leaving his wharf late so that his triumph could be more plainly seen. One or two minutes after the Governor had swung her straight stem down Baltimore's inner harbor toward Locust Point, the Hussar would glide after her, would draw level with the Governor where the Patapsco widened past Fort McHenry, and sweep on ahead as they passed the crumbling ruin that was Fort Carroll. In the narrow ship channel it was risky sailing, but to shoreside observers and uninformed passengers aboard both packets, it was highly diverting.

Similarly at Norfolk, the Hussar sailed last, but reached Old Point Comfort first. The Governor's nightly humiliation was not lessened for Nat Martin by the knowledge that he himself slowed his ship to let the Hussar steam insolently past and thus shorten the moments of danger when the two vessels were abreast. What made it more galling was the realization that Sam Bates, grinning from the Hussar's wheelhouse, knew he would.

"Some fine night that darn fool is going to ram something," Daniel Means, Nat's first officer, muttered angrily after the fifteenth evening's incident, as the Governor sliced the Hussar's boiling wake. "As if breaking the harbor speed limit isn't enough. Besides, what's the point? He connects with the same trains we do."

"Good advertising," Nat replied, staring moodily at the Hussar's brightly lighted decks and the arrogant plume of smoke that swept back from her tall, steeply raked funnel, and wincing inwardly at the memory of his last conversation with Miss Amelia Cooper in the ivory-and-gilt dining room of the Hotel Rennert, where they'd gone for lunch before the matinee at Ford's Theater.

"But, Nat, you'll be a laughingstock," Amy had told him bluntly. "Why don't you race the Hussar? I know you'd win, and then what could the owners say?"

And Nat, thinking of the future and the fine new homes going up on Mount Royal Avenue in Baltimore's best residential section, could only look wretchedly into his coffee cup and try to explain that he couldn't. What could a beached captain offer a girl? And the beach was assuredly where he would land if he disobeyed the owners of his company—of that they would make quite certain.

Matters went from bad to horrible. After the first month, the popular comedy team of Manton & Evans, appearing daily at Broadley's Palace of Vaudeville, added a new jest to their repertory:

"The fastest way to Norfolk? Why, that's easy. All you've got to remember is that the Hussar's a hustler. The other one has a Governor on her engine!"

"That reminds me of a song ——"

The head barman at the Hotel Rennert advised his patrons that he had invented the Hussar Fizz, made with champagne to give it zip and zing. But, he added modestly, for the more sedate he had evolved Governor Punch, with a base of still wine.

The end came, as it was bound to come, at another luncheon in the Rennert, with Amy Cooper close to tears. Perhaps she did say some things she didn't really mean, but when a young and lovely woman's pride has been wounded—especially if it is her pride in the man of her choice—she cannot be too much blamed. And until that moment, Nat had made the grievous error of underestimating the strength of her feelings, so that he could do very little more than stare numbly at the diamond ring she had returned to him before she left.

Whereat a strange and fearful resolve formed itself in the bosom of Capt. Careful Martin, and he made his way, his jaw set, into the bar. There, leaning his long frame back against the polished mahogany, he announced to all present that he had one hundred dollars which said that the steamer Governor was the fastest packet on the bay, or would be, come the next Friday night. Men, noting the wild, hard glint in Nat Martin's gray eyes, nudged one another and began fumbling for their wallets.

By nightfall of that day, the odds stood at 6 to 1 in favor of Capt. Samuel Bates' Hussar, and to the astonishment of the Baltimore ticket offices of the Virginia Steam Navigation Company and the Chesapeake Steam Packet Line, every stateroom and berth aboard their flagships for the voyage south on Friday next was sold before the close of business.

It was a transformed Governor which sailed that Monday night for Norfolk; a new spirit infused the crew, and the dining-saloon waiters grinned never more broadly as they served their patrons. In the engine room, Chief Engineer Duncan MacDonald crooned wild Scots chaunts to his gleaming machinery, and uttered oaths so weird and monstrous that his Negro stokers could barely feed their roaring furnaces for laughter.

In his wheelhouse, Nat Martin set his mouth in a tight grin as the Hussar swept by off Lazaretto Point and he rang his engines down. Let Sam Bates wallow in his shabby glory while it lasted.

Cornucopia

By Louise McNeill

I have no field, no orchard
row
To harvest in before the
snow.
I have no bin, no cellar
door—
The supermarket is my
store.
And yet, as autumn winds
bestir,
And pooch brings home the
cocklebur,
I would, for courage, put
away
Some hoard against the
bitter day.

I have no mow, no golden
sheaf,
Yet bear this harvest of
belief
To stay me for the time of
grief:

A load of love, a sack of tunes,
A barrow full of suns and
moons,
A pail of sea dreams from the
sea,
A basket of eternity.

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It was on Wednesday morning as the Governor lay at her Light Street wharf, fresh from the run up from Norfolk, that Nat received word that he was desired to present himself at once in the chambers of Thaddeus Bolton, president of the Chesapeake Steam Packet Line.

"Looks like the game's over, cap'n," First Officer Daniel Means said somberly, his equine, Eastern Shoreman's face drooping even farther in gloom. "I knew old Bolton would hear about it. He's sure to call the whole thing off."

In his richly paneled offices overlooking the wharf, the president sat in majesty. He tugged morosely at his flaring side whiskers and glared from beneath bushy white eyebrows at the commander of the flagship of his fleet. Wordlessly, he waved Nat to a chair.

"They were saying at the Maryland Club," the great man rumbled finally, "that you're going to race the Hussar."

Nat straightened inside his blue uniform coat. There was no point in denying it when the odds that day stood at 8 to 1, favor Sam Bates, in every saloon in the city. "That's correct, sir," he said quietly.

"You are aware, captain," Thaddeus Bolton drove relentlessly on, "that the board of directors of this company views with dismay any such unseemly activities." It was a flat statement.

"I am, sir." *And here*, Nat thought, *it comes.*

Glacier-blue eyes bored into his. "The board of directors of this company," said the great man in a voice that shook the windows, "is a bunch of ninnies, Martin!" Nat felt his world reeling briskly around him. "By heaven, we know the Governor's a faster ship than the Hussar, but we're still losing traffic. You go out and win this race, Martin, and devil take the board of directors. I'm responsible to see that we don't lose our business to the competition, and I'll answer for you. Now tell me, do you want to sail with or without cargo?"

It took long seconds before Nat found his voice. "She steams better with a full cargo, sir. And it would look better if we sailed as always, with no special preparations."

"Good man!" boomed Thaddeus Bolton. "We should have done this long ago! I've got a thousand dollars riding the Governor, captain, and I'll be aboard Friday night!"

The crowds began assembling early that Friday afternoon, first on Federal Hill, overlooking the inner harbor, and then on the piers that lined Pratt Street, past which the racing steamers would make their initial dash. Mounted police were stationed at the foot of Broadway to control the mobs there. The Army opened its Fort McHenry, on the tip of Locust Point, to yet more thousands. Vendors of crab cakes and soda water flourished mightily, and the odds stood at 9 to 1, favor the Hussar.

The Governor finished coaling at precisely four P.M., and the Hussar a half hour later. At five P.M. the last of the Governor's cargo came aboard, and now from both ships came the brassy clangor of gongs as pursers ordered ashore all who were going ashore. In the bars of both vessels, extra glasses were polished and additional supplies of fresh mint crushed. In the galleys steamed great vats of thick terrapin stew, and blackly glistened mountains of Crisfield oysters, waiting to be shucked.

At 5:50 P.M., Nat Martin ordered bow and stern lines cast off, and the Governor waited on her springs, a billowing pillar of gray smoke blossoming upward from her slender, red-banded black funnel. From her steam escape wisped a few feathers of white mist. Just over a hundred yards away, at the wharf of the Virginia Steam Navigation Company, a similar smoke column surged up from the Hussar's salmon-colored stack.

The evening was fair and warm, with a few clouds to the south and the possibility of rain in the lower bay, suggested by a slowly falling barometer.

At exactly six P.M., Capt. Careful Martin spoke briefly to his first officer, "Take her out, Dan."

A great burst of steam jetted from the Governor's whistle, and the Hussar's whistle echoed, deeper toned. From the crowds that lined the inner harbor there arose an awesome and gigantic shout, drowning out the cheers of those fortunate few hundred aboard the racing ships themselves. Deep inside the Governor's hull, the towering Harlan & Hollingsworth compound hissed and whispered powerfully into smooth, sudden life, and aft, beneath her counter, the harbor's murky water boiled and churned as her propeller swung lazily and then purposefully over. Forward, the tug Jane nosed the tall prow away from the wharf and pointed it down channel.

Slowly, the great white steamer, her three decks brilliantly alight, gathered way. And, superbly contemptuous, Sam Bates held the Hussar to her wharf until the Governor had straightened on the channel markers. Only then did he move his ship.

From every vessel in the harbor arose a hooting, howling cacophony of whistle shrieks, and a score of launches moved into the Hussar's wake. The race was on.

"Take her to three quarters ahead," Nat Martin murmured to Daniel Means, and turned to peer out the after wheelhouse windows, into the deepening twilight astern, where, bow wave curling high away from her sharp stem, the Hussar now followed.

"Full ahead," Nat commanded as they passed Fort Carroll, and "Full ahead," Dan Means repeated, as his hand swung the engine-room telegraph forward and down.

Past Seven Foot Knoll, Sparrows Point and on toward Sandy Point the two white packets fled, trailing black banners of smoke that shredded quickly to tatters. The Governor had first felt the longer swells as she foamed out of the Patapsco River's mouth and into the open Chesapeake, and her decks began to empty as the night came down and her passengers went below to the bar or dining saloon. Not far astern glowed the ruby and emerald running lights of the Hussar.

Just below Annapolis, the Hussar crept abreast, her funnel panting easily and evenly, and now the two tall, graceful ships steamed in company down the bay, decks aglow with the cheery yellow lights from the stateroom windows.

Kent Point and Blackwalnut Point, tiny fireflies of light far off to port, passed astern, and the sidewheeler Stanton, coming out of the Choptank River from Cambridge for the run north to Baltimore, greeted them with long, jovial yells from her whistle.

"Cove Point to starboard, sir," Nat spoke to the darkness of the wheelhouse, and Thaddeus Bolton arose from the leather bench that spanned the width of the after bulkhead to look at his watch by the shaded binnacle lamp.

"Just ten-twenty," Bolton muttered, snapping the fat gold watchcase shut. "You've already shaved twenty-eight minutes off the schedule, captain. Think you can keep that fellow over there from passing you?" He motioned toward the Hussar, off to starboard.

Nat nodded silently, and started involuntarily as a fat drop of rain spattered against the wheelhouse window, and then another and two more. Seconds later the rain was on them, in the slashing, angry fashion of a spring squall, abruptly blotting out the seas ahead and even the lookout huddled in the eye of the ship. Wordlessly, Dan Means reached overhead for a switch, and a long yellow finger of light shot out from the wheelhouse roof. Aboard the Hussar, Sam Bates ordered his own searchlight lit, and now the two rays peered anxiously forward.

The bay was building up a short, uneasy chop that sent sheets of spray whipping up from the Governor's bows to be caught by the gusty wind and slapped against the wheelhouse windows. Neck and neck, the two ships raced, slamming hard and carelessly through the whitecaps.

"We're making thirteen knots," Nat called out to Thaddeus Bolton over the noise of the rain and wind, "and we're by no means full out." He leaned over the brass voice tube to the engine room and whistled. From far below came back the thinned howl of Duncan MacDonald.

"Can you give me two more knots, Duncan?" Nat yelled.

And from below came back: "Aye, and perhops tew mair besides. Yon gret louts of engines hov never had sich a chance tae show they poower."

"Point Lookout coming up," Dan Means murmured, and moved toward the log table to record the time.

"That's odd," Nat mused, minutes later, feeling the Governor surge forward as MacDonald increased the engine revolutions. "Hussar's dropping astern, but I'm dead certain she'll do fifteen knots and better."

"Saving fuel, maybe, for a spurt from New Point," Dan Means suggested. "Or maybe he's got another trick up his sleeve. You noticed he sailed without freight? Look how high the Hussar rides. Don't let him worry you, cap'n."

Nat Martin jammed a blackened brier between his teeth and turned his gaze ahead to stare down the searchlight's beam into the watery wilderness of the bay as he sucked absent-mindedly at the empty bowl. The rain had not let up, but the chop had not greatly increased, which was some help. *God help the oystermen out on a miserable night like this*, he thought, *and keep their lights burning.* He knew, from long and hair-whitening experience, that some oyster skippers often heaved to and lay below when the weather was foul, leaving their decks empty and trusting in divine providence to keep their riding lights aglow. And sometimes divine providence was out to lunch. Only the year before, Isaac Bready in the Cumberland, bound for Salisbury, had knifed clean through a darkened bugeye in just such a squall.

Then, off Point Lookout, it happened.

From one of the speaking tubes rasped the voice of the Governor's own lookout, "Fire off the port bow! Looks like an oysterman, cap'n!" At almost the same instant, Nat saw the brief, evilly red flicker, and made his decision.

"Come around to port," he snapped to the quartermaster at the wheel, and, "Handsomely, handsomely, man!" he snapped again over the helmsman's muttered repetition of the order as the Governor, steaming at full speed, heeled far out to (*Continued on Page 144*)

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Joe was walking along the street, minding his own business, when two policemen arrested him for being drunk. Joe denied it. When they nabbed him anyway, he punched both of them before being overpowered. Tried, he was acquitted of being drunk, but convicted of resisting arrest. He appealed.

"I was behaving myself, so they had no business arresting me," Joe said. "As they had no right to arrest me, didn't I have a right to resist what amounted to wrongdoing on their part?"

"Police must be allowed a human margin of error," the district attorney countered. "They cannot protect society efficiently if they must make every arrest at their personal peril."

If you were the judge, would you free Joe?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Joe went free. The court said: "It is axiomatic that every person has the right to resist an unlawful arrest. In such a case the person attempting the arrest stands in the position of a wrongdoer and may be resisted by the use of force as in self-defense."

Based upon a 1954 North Carolina decision.

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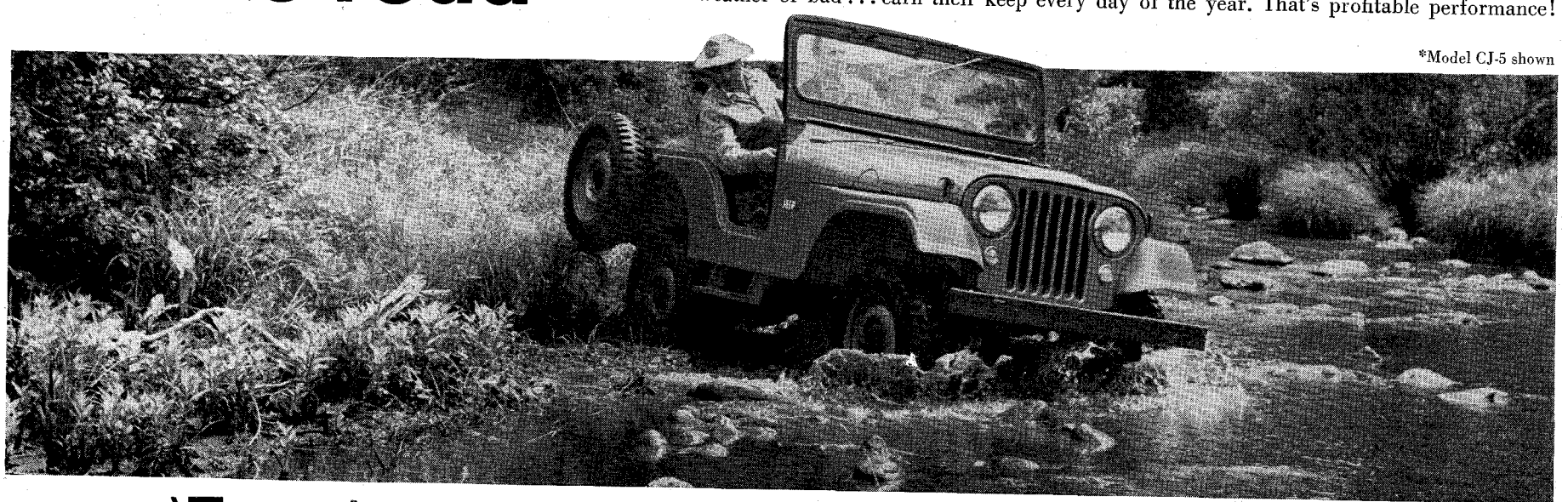

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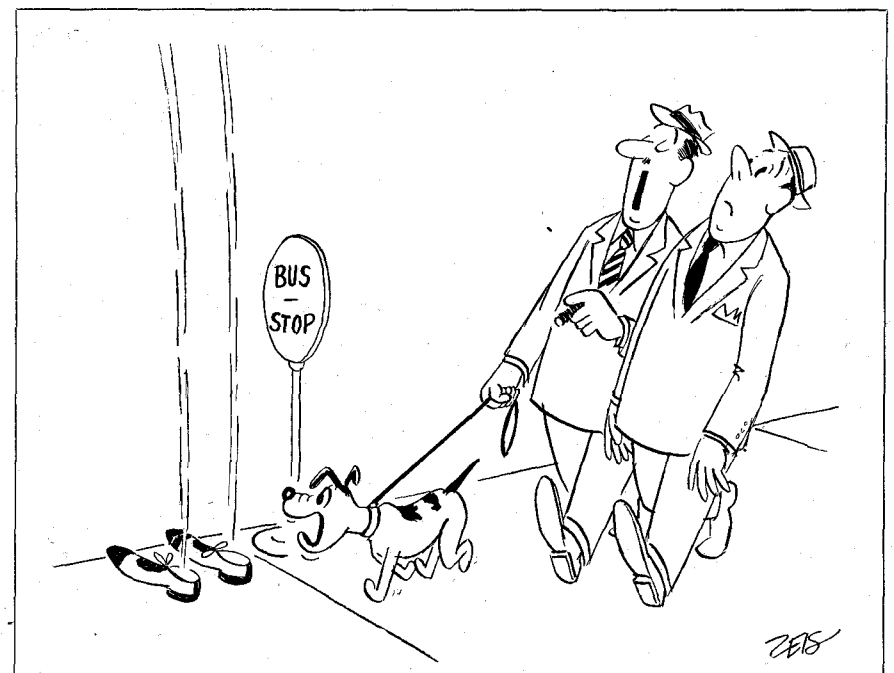
(*Continued from Page 142*) starboard, her frames protesting with creaks and groans, with the twist of her rudder. "Midships," Nat ordered, and, "Midships," the quartermaster repeated as the Governor's prow centered on the distant flaring gleam. "Mr. Means, prepare to take a boat over."

The Hussar's lights were almost vanished into the rain-lashed night before Nat realized that he had thrown up the race, and probably his job. Yet there could have been no other decision. And Sam Bates, following, would have seen the Governor swerve off course to go to the rescue, assuming that Sam, too, had seen the fire, which Sam could always deny. Even if he had, what need was there for two packets to wreck their schedules when one could do the job?

"Tucker!" Nat spoke to the relief quartermaster standing in the darkness behind him. "Go aft and tell Mr. Means I'll make a lee for him when we come alongside. And tell him to bring the wreck's master up here as soon as they come aboard."

They were nearing the flames now, and Nat reached for his glasses, knuckling his thumbs into the corners of his eyes to keep out even the faint glow of the binnacle lamp. What he saw made him glad that he had come.

Generations of Eastern Shore watermen had contributed their lives to the instinctive skill with which Daniel Means got his boat away and took it close in alongside the flaming ruin which had once been a smart little pungy and was now an erupting geyser of sparks and embers that sent their red reflections glancing across the black waters to paint the Governor's slowly rolling white sides a sickly pink. From his wheelhouse, Nat watched in admiration, and then in bewilderment and finally in horror.



"That's a nasty little bark he's got there."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Only two men had tumbled over the burning pungy's counter into the Governor's boat. The pungy's own small boat still hung in its davits. And normally, at least five men sailed aboard an oysterman. Nat felt a sickness wrench his insides at the thought of what had happened to the others. The two survivors had not dared to trust themselves to get the small boat over.

Although it was well past midnight, and despite the rain, the Governor's decks were again crowded with passengers, and a cheer went up as Dan Means brought his boat and its cargo back.

But Nat was not prepared for his first officer's headlong dash back to the wheelhouse, nor the fury written on Dan Means' bony face. "Turn her around, cap'n, and we've still got a chance to win this race!" Dan bawled hoarsely. "Give her hell, sir, and I'll explain when I've got my breath back!"

Only for a second Nat hesitated, and then he rang his engine to full ahead. Soaked to the skin and slumped on the leather bench, Dan Means drove his fist again and again into the palm of his hand.

"For heaven's sake, Means, what is it?" Thaddeus Bolton barked.

"Kerosene, sir," Dan Means replied. "The two men on the pungy. They stank of kerosene. The small boat was rotten clean through, and they were scared. Bad scared. I left them with Mr. Watkins, sir. He's going to ask them some questions."

"We've been tricked," Thaddeus Bolton muttered unbelievingly. "I can't imagine anyone's stooping that low, but ——" And then he fell silent and sat down heavily on the bench by the Governor's first officer. Nat Martin thought grimly of the two men now at the tender mercies of Mr. Ben Watkins, his second officer and a man who had risen from the crew's quarters largely by the notable power of his huge fists.

"We don't know that it was a trick," he said sharply, and there was that in his tone which snapped Dan Means back to sudden alertness. "But we haven't lost this race yet. Not by a long shot."

Now once more the Governor was crashing her way south, and heavy shudders shook her length as she smashed into the short, ugly seas sweeping up the bay from Cape Henry. Nat glanced at the brass-cased chronometer on the bulkhead in front of the wheel. They had lost no more than forty minutes in the rescue, and if the burning pungy had been a trick, there was still hope. He yelled into the engine-room voice tube.

"Aye," came back the voice of Duncan MacDonald.

"I want every revolution you've got and then some. Sit on the safety; clear everybody out who isn't needed. I'm sending all the passengers aft and putting the boats out. Do you understand?"

And from far below came a high, mad scream in purest Gaelic, "*Dh'aindeoin co theireadh e!*" It was the war cry of the MacDonalds of Clanranald: "Gainsay who dare!"

"Mr. Means!"

"Cap'n!" Dan Means was abruptly unconscious of his drenched clothing.

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"I want every last passenger moved aft. Pack 'em in like sardines if you have to, but get 'em aft and away from the boilers." Nat grinned. "Thank heaven the bar's aft, so they won't suffer too much. And I want the decks dark; not a light showing except our riding lights."

"Yes, sir," said Daniel Means, and chuckled unexpectedly. "Catch 'em calling you 'Careful' after this night, cap'n."

Now the steady panting of the Governor's funnel became a hoarse giant's roar, and great gouts of thick black smoke and hot red sparks burst upward from the thundering furnaces in the hull. Beneath his feet, Nat felt the increased throbbing as the big compound poured its massive power into the propeller shaft, and the Governor was meeting the seas with the impact of a sledge hammer.

"I don't know how you figure to do it, but I wish you luck, captain." Nat jumped at the sound of the dry, brittle voice. He had forgotten all about Thaddeus Bolton, and he was amazed that the old man had heard his orders and made no move to cancel them.

"If it was a trick," Nat said, "Sam Bates will figure that he's got this race won. He'll steam at normal speeds on his regular course. Now look here." He motioned the older man to join him at the dimly lit chart table. "I'm going to shave Wolf Trap and York Spit as close as I

Bates will be sailing well offshore, and he'll be looking for a brightly lighted ship astern. We'll come behind him and pass him—with luck, before he makes his turn into Hampton Roads. It'll take everything the Governor's got, but I think we've got a chance."

"I think," said the president of the Chesapeake Steam Packet Line slowly, 'you're right, Captain Martin. Go ahead."

Off to starboard now, Smith Point and Windmill Point lights sent out their steady, timed beams.

And mercifully the rains stopped, to be replaced by sullen black clouds that raced across the moonless, dim-starred sky. The Governor drove south, riding high now, with most of the passenger weight shifted aft. Only her riding and masthead lights showed; otherwise she was a fleeting white ghost that occasionally coughed out a gust of sparks.

"Wolf Trap Light," Nat Martin muttered. "Come left a point."

"Left one point," repeated the helmsman.

Nat strained his eyes into the pitchy blackness ahead. A sudden shift of the wind here could be disastrous; could send the Governor helplessly toward Wolf Trap's hostile shallows.

To starboard the light appeared and disappeared, solemnly blinking its warning. "Left another point," Nat said. "Midships." The Governor's prow steadied on the far distant flicker of York Spit light.

Sweat stood out on Nat Martin's head and soaked the band of his cap, and the muscles of his throat stretched taut shadows down his neck. He was driving his ship far outside the safe channel, at full speed; risking his ship's life and those of his passengers, although there would be no great danger in getting the boats, already swung out, into the water and to more. The chop had abated that much.

It could be done, he knew. Other bay captains, running for shelter before one of the brutally ugly bay storms, had chanced the straight run past York Spit and come safely through.

Straight on the slender steel hull raced, on a course that would take it sweeping hazardously close by the light.

Closer and closer came the blinding white rays of the light, and Nat found time to feel relief that the beam itself would hold the Governor only fleetingly during those moments before the packet steamed under it and past the light. Once past York Spit, it mattered little whether Sam Bates caught sight of the Governor, for by then it would be too late.

Bates would be on the regular course, far out to port and giving York Spit a wide berth before he turned westward toward Norfolk. But now the two ships might be within sight, and Nat Martin stared unblinking to port. The wheelhouse was brilliantly lit for a second as the light's beam caught the Governor full in its white glare, and then plunged into darkness. Only a few hundred yards now. Safety or disaster. To port there was only darkness and the regular flash of the light brushing the wavetops. To starboard was the light itself, black and ominous beneath its brilliant lamp.

"Port a point," Nat said softly.

"Port a point," the helmsman whispered through parched lips.

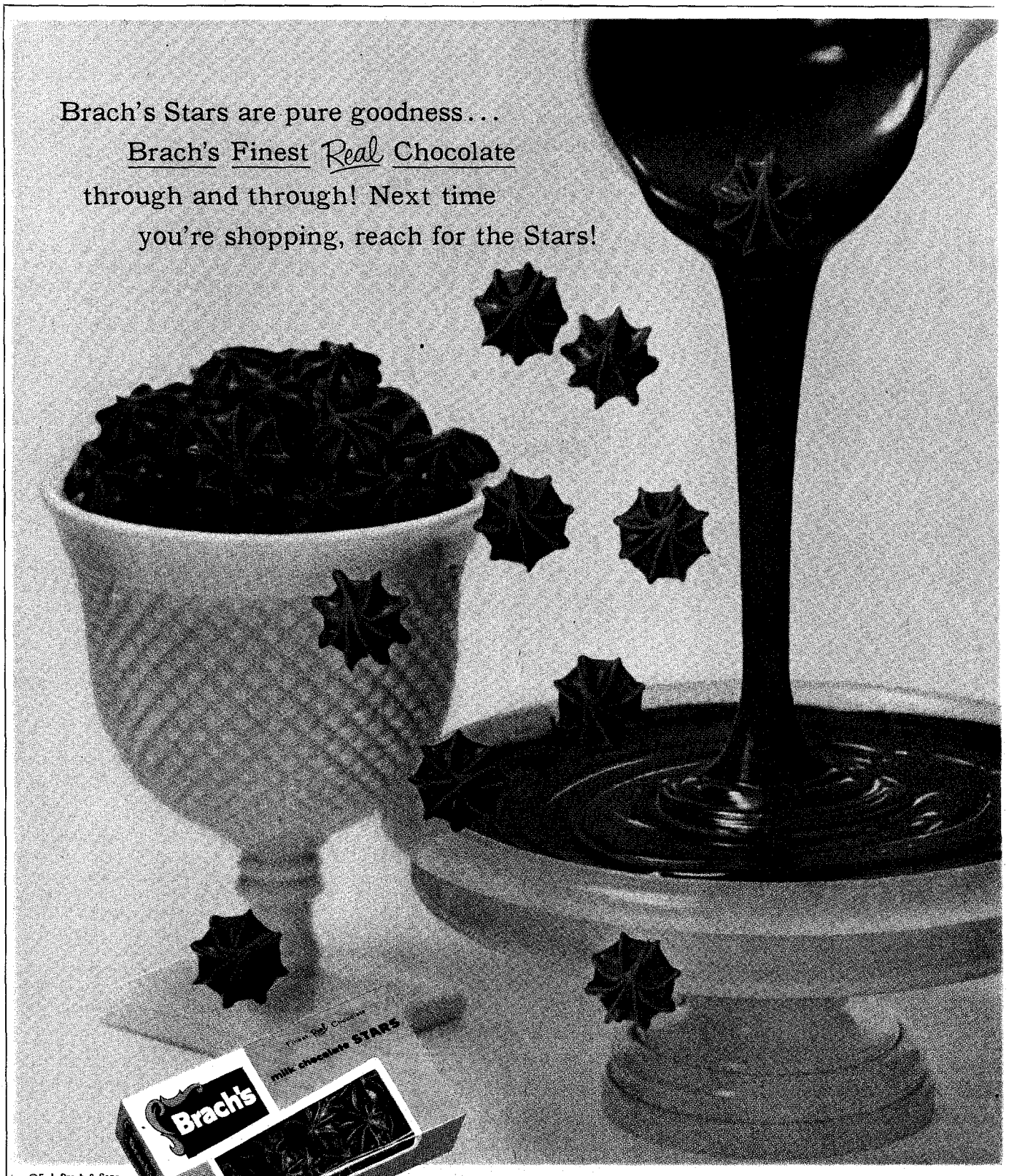
Nat caught his breath, as if the slightest movement might risk the Governor's safe progress. Plainly now he could hear the crash of waves against the light's base.

They were opposite. Seemingly almost directly above them, the light wheeled crazily around. In his pocket, Nat's hand closed around his pipe, and then the terrible silence was shattered as its stem cracked. They were past.

Pent breath exploded from half a dozen chests, and, as if to remind the wheelhouse that life existed elsewhere in the ship, the lookout's voice tube whistled.

"Steamer off to port, sir," came the lookout's voice, "and sir . . . whew!"

There, distant in the east where the dawn would be showing itself within the



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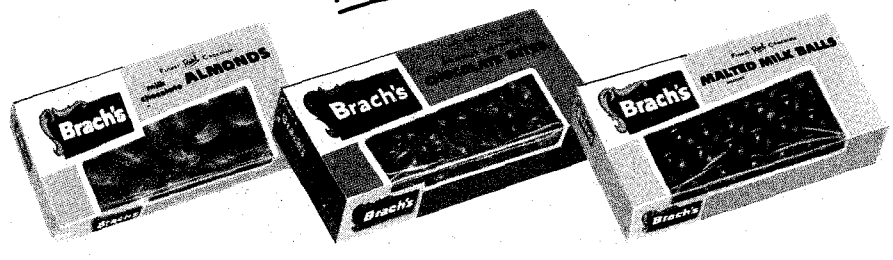

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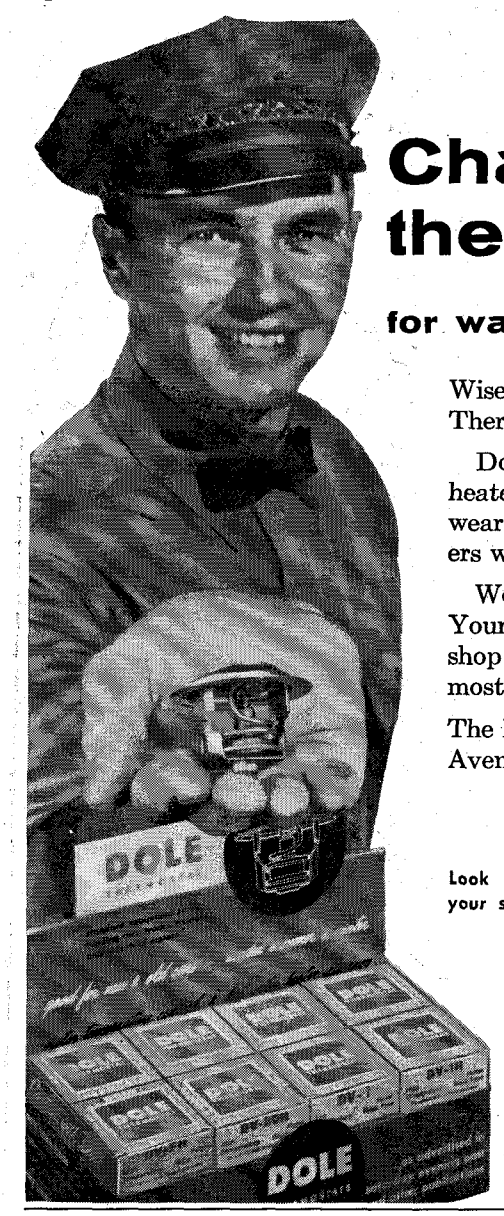

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hour, Nat saw the Hussar, steaming steadily at her normal cruising speed, and from aft on the Governor, where the passengers, almost entirely male, had gathered in at first a worried and then a devil-may-care mood, there came a cheerful yell of encouragement. Suddenly Nat wanted to yell with them.

"Dan," he spoke to his first officer, "let's make this a fair finish. Light her up and I'll give him a couple of blasts."

He reached overhead for the whistle cord, and the Governor bellowed out three tremendous shouts of challenge as her decks came briskly alight. Three more times, a few seconds later, Nat let his whistle shout his triumph, and was rewarded by a grim silence from the Hussar and the sight of an explosion of smoke and sparks from her funnel. Sam Bates had seen; no doubt about that. And he was not going to be beaten into Hampton Roads.

Among the thousands who had gathered in the predawn around the great wooden hotel at Old Point Comfort to watch the finish of the race, there are still hundreds who say that it was the grandest sight ever seen in those parts since the Monitor shuffled out to give battle to the Virginia ironclad.

Beneath the violet-gray sky, down the blue-black waters the two ships drove under vast capes of smoke, gleaming white in the early morning's light, bow waves arching away like huge wings. As they drew near, the deep, hoarse breathing of their funnels could be heard on the shore, and it was as if they were two superb young athletes sprinting for the finish line.

In his wheelhouse, Nat Martin knew he would win, but the knowledge could not ease the utter exhaustion he felt. He had made the straight run past York Spit, and none of the wildly cheering crowd on the shore could know the tension of those long minutes, just as the happily howling mob of passengers on the Governor's decks could never know the awful loneliness of her captain or how closely they had been sailed to danger.

He sagged against the forward bulkhead and concentrated his whole being on the Hussar, racing desperately now a few hundred yards astern and to port. But he knew that Sam Bates would not be able to close the gap.

To starboard, a bell buoy clanked dismally, and he gave the order to turn. "Right rudder," the quartermaster repeated dutifully, and slowly the Governor's bows swung to starboard and into the ship-studded vastness of Hampton Roads. Then, from the whistles of nearly a hundred ships anchored in the distance ahead, he heard the wild and wonderful noise of the victor's salute. The Governor had won.

And now, from the whistle at the Hussar's funnel, came Sam Bates' salute as he slowed to harbor speed.

"Three quarters speed," Nat said quietly to Dan Means, and then, to Thaddeus Bolton, "She made it, sir. I knew she would."

"Excuse me, sir." A new voice spoke in the wheelhouse, and the large bulk of Second Officer Ben Watkins loomed in the door. "About them two bums we picked up off Point Lookout, I—er—I finally got them to answer a few questions." Second Officer Watkins glanced ruefully at his immense knuckles, now slightly reddened. "It turns out they was paid to set that pungy afire. The signal was to be when the Hussar dropped astern." Watkins chuckled with pleasure. "Except that the joke was very nearly on them. They didn't bother to check their small boat. They seem to feel that somebody played them a dirty trick."

But somehow Nat found himself without anger. It was enough that the Governor had won. Too, if word of Sam Bates' trick got out, Sam would almost certainly lose his license. Nat doubted that the Hussar's captain would ever again try a like trick, and that was, after all, what really counted.

"Forget it, Ben. Put 'em ashore when we dock. I think we'd all best forget it." He glanced meaningfully at the others in the wheelhouse. "Well, gentlemen, we've won. I think it's time we thought about some breakfast."

"High time," rumbled Thaddeus Bolton, gazing distastefully upon the ranked china coffee mugs, ringed brown, which the steward had brought to the wheelhouse throughout the long night.

"Will you take her in, Dan?" Nat said tiredly. "I've got to keep the old man company." He turned toward the entrance to his cabin just aft the wheelhouse, wearily contemplating the ordeal of breakfast and the thousand question from the reporters the Baltimore paper had sent along to chart the race. "And Dan. Thanks."

"Any time, cap'n," replied Daniel.

Miss Amy Cooper was tired, too; s tired that she had dozed off in Nat' swivel chair behind his big roll-top desk Not even the whistles of the ships throug which the Governor steamed slowly tc ward her dock had wakened her wit their salutes. But the snick of the bras door latch did, and she was laughing a the dazed expression on Nat Martin face when he stepped into his cabin.

"Oh, no!" Nat breathed, stunned, r membering the weighted safety valve o the straining boilers, the menacing glint c the waters off York Spit, the terrible risk he had taken.

And then she was in his arms, an there was a remembered glowing softne in her green eyes, and her red-golden ha was spun silk beneath his hands.

"I made my father give me his ticket, she said, when he had finished kissing h for the first time. He kissed her agai "And I made the purser swear h wouldn't tell you I was aboard. Can't yc understand, Nat? I had to be with yc this time; I had to." But he was kissi her again, so that she did not manage tell him how proud she was. Not th words were necessary. It goes, you cor prehend, without saying that a woma may change her mind. THE EN

... ...

Beauty-Blind

By Melissa Nash

Trees, mountains, rocks,
The tides and pounding
seas,
Insistent beauty beating at
her door
Of unawareness.

She knew that trees give
shade,
That tides bring fish,
The distant blue of hills
across the bay
Had place and name,
And of the pageantry of
sunsets she remarked,
"So nice when you have
company."

... ...

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I Fought All the Way (Continued from Page 36)

everybody was beginning to talk about me and backing me. They never thought I'd lose—and I didn't. So this friend took the money, bet it and brought back her winnings. The next fight she gave him all that money with the same instructions. She kept on betting on me, and she parlayed those first few bucks into enough money to buy herself a house, which has given her a feeling of security for the rest of her life.

Then there was my old gang—the kids I grew up with. Gee, but they had faith in me. Right away they started calling me "Champ," even before I'd made a name for myself outside of New England. It bothered me for a long time. I'd say, "Don't call me that. How do you know I'll be the champ?"

One day one of them, maybe Joe Fedele, brought me an article by Jack Dempsey. I read it, and it said, "The kid who is hungry enough and determined enough can go all the way to the top," and one of them said, "See, Rock, he's talking about you."

We were sitting in our Ward Two Memorial Club, right across from James Edgar Playground, where all of us played baseball. The club had a small membership—maybe twenty-one members—and then we built the clubhouse about ten years ago we went into hock for $7000. All of us were poor kids. It looked like the mortgage would never get paid off. But when I started becoming popular, one of the guys got an idea. They ran a raffle. The winner got a free trip to New York, all expenses paid, to one of my fights. The profit from the first raffle came to $1800. They kept running them, and about $5000 of the original mortgage was knocked off.

A few people started coming to my big fights to watch me. First it was only the fellows, but then their wives and girl friends wanted to go too. Every fight of mine became kind of a holiday for all the people. The wives bought clothes. They were traveling to places they'd never seen before. They were taking plane trips and seeing shows. I remember when I came home from my Joe Louis fight in 1951, a businessman uptown told me that more television sets were sold in the area that week than ever before.

I know how it was with me too—and with my family. At first my purses were so small we couldn't get much out of it, except the feeling that if I kept winning, things would get so much better. The first big change came when I beat Rollie LaStarza early in 1950. I paid off the mortgage on my folks' Dover Street house. As things kept improving, I bought them a freezer, washing machine, ironer, dryer, air conditioner and other stuff. I was able to retire my father from the shoe factories, where he worked for forty-six years. We started hiring a house down at the beach in Wareham, Massachusetts, every summer. I was able to help out my sisters' families, and my kid brother, Peter, now goes to Archbishop Williams High, a Catholic school.

Maybe the whole money picture will show up better with kind of a financial statement of my title fights. They brought me the major part of what I earned in the ring. There were seven of them, from the time I beat Jersey Joe Walcott for his title on September 23, 1952, until I gave it up seven months after knocking out Archie Moore in September, 1955.

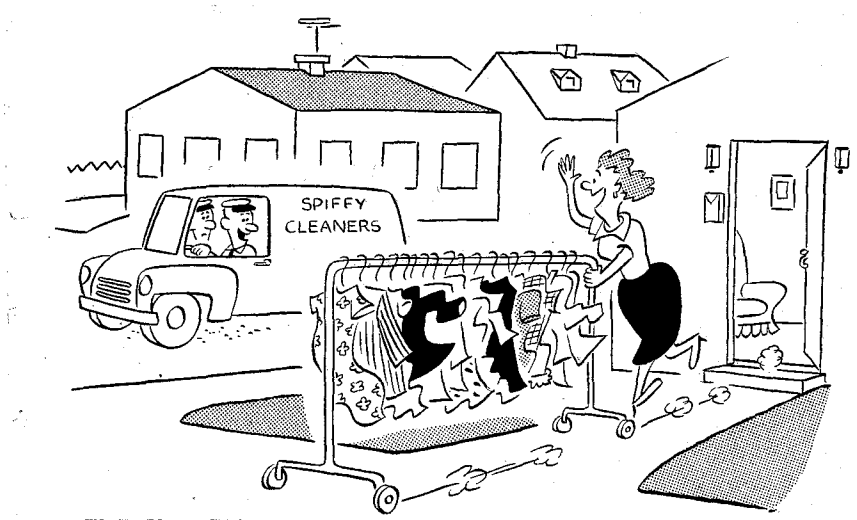
Our gross end of these fights was almost $1,500,000. Expenses, heavy ones, came out of that. So did my manager's cut—the manager is entitled to one third of the net. Taxes also cut it down quite a bit, but before all that happened, here's roughly how my share of these fights looked.

Date	Opponent	Gate	TV
Sept. 23, 1952	Walcott	$ 69,035	$ 25,000
May 15, 1953	Walcott	76,038	90,000
Sept. 24, 1953	LaStarza	141,624	53,125
June 17, 1954	Charles	200,586	47,452
Sept. 17, 1954	Charles	120,608	54,000
May 16, 1955	Cockell	64,496	50,000
Sept. 21, 1955	Moore	340,997	130,000
		Total	$1,462,961

I don't want to play down the money end; any pro, even a kid fighting four-round prelims in the sticks, doesn't go in to get punched by another guy unless he wants to make some dough. But I don't want to overemphasize the money either. There's a lot more goes into being a fighter. To the guys who make good, it becomes a kind of a religion. You believe in yourself and you believe in the things you got to do, and you never forget them for a minute.

You give yourself up to your business, and while you're giving yourself up you get something. I don't mean harder muscles, or a heavier punch, or learning to make the right moves in the ring. I mean—gee, it's so hard to explain. It's like you become a part of everybody who follows you, and they become a part of you.

I could understand that people would feel that way in Brockton, where everybody I knew was more or less like me. It didn't make any difference if a kid was Italian or Irish or Jewish or Negro—we all worked with our hands or our folks worked hard with theirs. And they really turned out in the parades and celebrations the city put on when I came home



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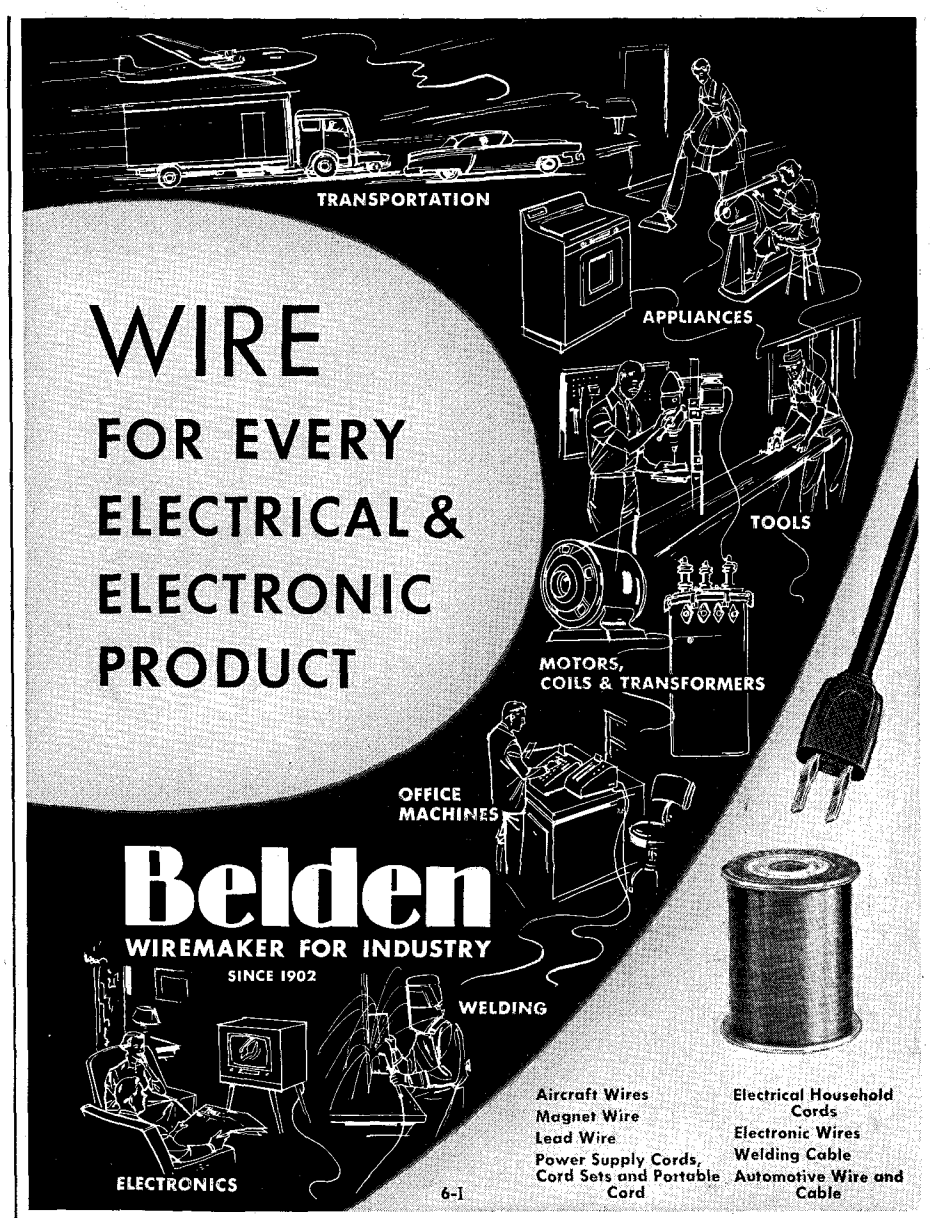

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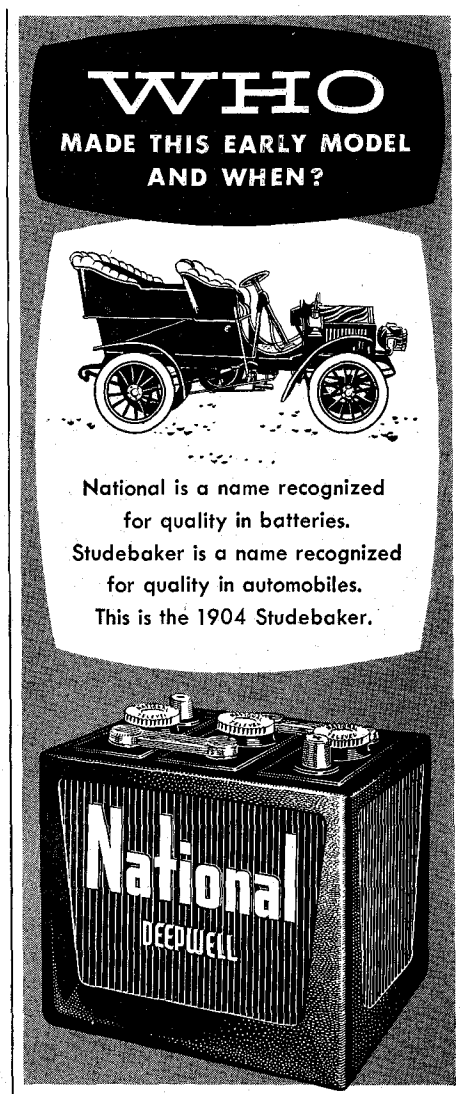
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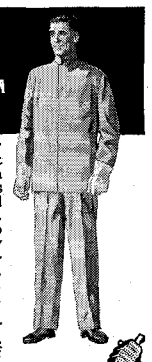

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from my big fights. The celebration after I won the title, of course, was the biggest. The police said more people turned out for it than when Presidents Roosevelt and Truman visited the city.

In that one I really began to feel some of what it meant. Mom was in an open car in the parade, and when the cars turned down Brook Street to Edgar Playground, where the speeches were going to be made, mom began to cry.

"I can't help it," she said. "This is the street where he grow up—where he was sick and almost die—where he play—where he wait on the corner for his poppa to come home from work—and now look—look!"

In Brockton it was my own flesh and blood and my own friends. When I started to get around the country, then I began to understand that the whole thing was bigger than that. Now I didn't get much education as a kid. I quit in my sophomore year in high school, but there's one thing I remember from math—the common denominator—and it hit me once when I was out in Hollywood and we went to a studio to see Jimmy Durante doing a television show.

I didn't want to disturb anybody when we came on the set, but Schnozzola spotted me, and right away he runs over and throws his arms around me. "Hey, *paesano!*" he yells.

Paesano means countryman. It's used by people who come from the same neighborhood in the old country. But hearing it from Durante, I could see it stood for a lot more than that. It means that common denominator I was talking about. It means people having things in common, a feeling that they can be of help to each other.

So many of the people I've met have helped me in so many ways. I had to be helped in boxing, of course, but as I got more widely known and got around to meeting people like President Eisenhower and Cardinal Spellman, I had to have help fitting in. I remember once I was invited to a luncheon at the cardinal's house, right there on Madison Avenue in New York City. There were about fifteen other people, including Eddie Fisher, the singer, and Milton Blackstone, Eddie's manager, and Hugo Winterhalter, the orchestra leader. Fisher and Winterhalter were going to listen to some of the cardinal's favorite poems and see if they could be put in music, and the money was going into Catholic charities.

Anyway, we sat down to lunch, and I sort of held back at the table. There was all kinds of silverware laid out and I didn't know which fork or spoon to pick up. I watched the others eating, and I was probably the last one to begin because I wanted to see how they did it.

Later on I talked to my friend, George Stone, of Brockton, who is president of the Independent Nail and Packing Company, in Bridgewater, Massachusetts. I told him about my embarrassment at that affair and others I had started to go to. I asked him if he'd teach me things like that. He said his wife would be glad to do it.

This was all part of my education in boxing. The funny thing is it wasn't only me who was getting the education, but everybody around me. Mom, for instance, was learning so many things she never knew before. At first there was only little stories in the papers about me, just my name and where I was fighting. After a while the stories started getting a little bigger and reporters began coming around to Brockton to talk to anybody who knew me. Mom would tell them everything they'd want to know when they interviewed her. She didn't know anything about things like that, but she learned quick.

After I started going to the training camps she'd come up there awhile and visit, like at Grossinger's in the Catskills in New York. She'd stay at the beautiful hotel, and it was a different kind of life to her. She'd have a table in the Terrace Room, where the biggest stars of show business appear, and they'd come to her table and sit with her.

One night mom and pop and Charley Goldman were sitting there, and they were joined by Ike Gellis, the sports editor of the New York Post. Ike's a friendly little guy, and mom got to like him right away. They were talking real friendly when Ike asked some question or other about me, and pop started to answer.

Right away mom jumped pop. She said something to him in Italian, and Gellis said, "Mrs. Marchegiano, I don't understand the language."

Mom apologized for saying something Ike didn't know, but then she said, "We just enjoying ourselves here. You know everything we say is off the record."

Imagine mom learning about things being off the record! But getting around with the more educated people, everyone of us studied the words they said.

In my training camps, when I had some spare time, Allie and me would kind of give each other tests on words. When I was training for the first Ezzard Charles fight in 1954, the story came back to me that he said he was going to beat me because he had more flexibility.

"What's that mean?" I asked Allie.

"Search me," he said. "Let's get a look in the dictionary."

When we found out, I said, "You learn more big words in this business."

It was kind of a joke then, but I wasn't really joking. I was beginning to make speeches, and talking to kids' groups and church meetings about what it was to have a big name, and I knew that I had a responsibility not to give a bad example.

I tried smoking as a kid, but gave it up. I never drank, except for a glass of wine with the family, and even babies get wine with our people. I lived clean. I felt I had to look clean and dress right. Like I said, I didn't belong to myself any more. In a way, I belonged to everybody who had an interest in me.

That's why when I get a fan letter I'll always answer it. And after the Ed Murrow Person-to-Person Show on TV soon after I retired, I got thousands of letters from people who weren't even fight fans. That's why I feel I have an obligation to visit sick people like Shirley Voci, a paralytic girl in Brockton, who was the first I visited; Dennis O'Brien, who is only a nine-year-old; and Margaret Nairn, who is about thirty-five years old and has never been able to leave her house. When I see the troubles these people have, I say to myself I'm so lucky. That's why, when I made a 30,000-mile exhibition tour of the Pacific area, I wanted to visit the leper colony. The priest there told me I helped those people by just showing up. That's why I felt so good when some friend of mine told me I had helped Mario Lanza, the great singer, when I was out in Hollywood.

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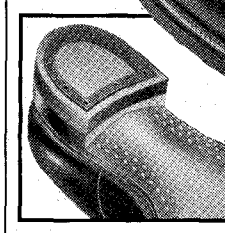

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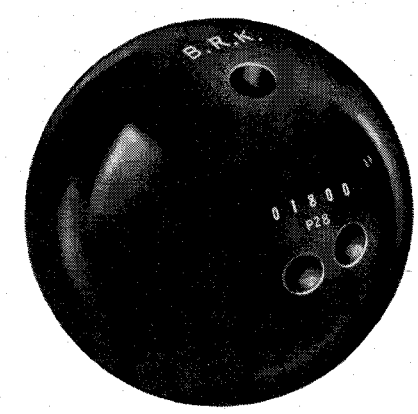

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He had had some contract trouble in Las Vegas and a little more with his movie studio, but you'd never know it when I visited his home. We just couldn't talk enough boxing for him. He told me he had tried fighting as a kid, but he was the only son in his family and they wanted him to be a musician.

"You notice how I stand when I belt out a song, Rock?" he said. "I get in the position of a fighter."

In his back yard Mario had a little gymnasium with a heavy punching bag and a skip rope, and he enjoyed working on them. His mother called me the next day and told me Mario never looked so good or felt so good as since my visit. I visited him another time, and we were so much at ease together. When he made such a big hit in that picture, Serenade, I was so glad to think maybe I had a little bit to do with it, even if it wasn't anything I was trying to do.

It's the same way with pop. He was a sickly man until I sort of gave him a new interest in life. All his life in this country he worked at a shoe machine called a No. 7 bed laster. He never made any money and he never had any fun. He was only existing. He was always tired at night. All of a sudden, people started talking to him with new interest. He became a big man wherever he went. I was winning fights and pop became the expert. I listened to some of the stories he'd tell, and I'd have to laugh inside. He was having a big time and enjoying it, and who could blame him? He even got to telling me he was a tough guy with his fists when he was younger, and he tried to make me remember a time when I wasn't more than six when he belted out another man at a picnic.

When I'd made enough money so pop could think about retirement, the owner of the shop where he worked called me one day. He told me pop had talked to his foreman about it, and the foreman had passed the word on. The owner said pop shouldn't retire. His whole life, all his friends, were in the shop and he was part of it. He said it was like a man cutting off part of himself. He said, "You know, Rocky, it has nothing to do with you."

We all thought that was pretty funny, especially later on after pop did retire. He'd go back to the shop once in a while, but instead of going in the employees' entrance like he used to, he'd use the entrance the big shots used. One night he came home, and you could see he had a big story on his mind.

He said, "Every time I walk in there, somebody is always measuring the feet."

That killed me, because pop's shop was the kind of place where they didn't give the help the chance to buy reject shoes at a cheaper price, like some of the other shoe plants in Brockton. Now that I was getting up there in boxing, they were anxious to fit good shoes for pop for free.

You can imagine what something like that did for the old guy, but I think the biggest thing of my whole career for pop came when I trained last year for the Don Cockell fight in Calistoga, California. That's out in the Napa Valley country, which is just like Italy. They got vineyards out there all grown by Italian people, and pop really was in his glory.

Every winery kept supplying him with cases, and the wine kept piling up in one of the rooms. This wasn't like Grossinger's, where pop still was a little uncomfortable. Here there were Italians with long mustaches, like my grandfather used to wear. A four-piece orchestra with accordions and a violin serenaded us with old-country songs. They played when I made my entrance to the gym and they played when I left after a workout, and pop was like the boss of the whole shebang.

Of course, all this was the good side of boxing. Some of the bad side I talked about earlier, when I told what made me make my mind up to retire, and how I finally couldn't stand being pushed around by my manager any more. There were other things, like the threatening letters me and my family got before a few fights, that upset mom so much. There was Barbara watching my fight for the title when she was six months' pregnant and she had to leave before it was all over. I didn't know about that until later. Frank Sinatra told me he sat in front of her, and was so worried he kept turning around to watch her instead of watching the fight.

Then there were things like being challenged by wise guys or drunks, or guys who just wanted to show off to their girls. For some reason or other, these guys want to go around saying that they took a poke at the world's heavyweight champion or that he took a poke at them. It once happened to me, of all places, in

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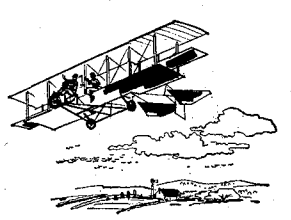
"That's a pretty rotten thing to say about me. It's the truth, but it's pretty rotten."



The bride wore goggles

On October 26, 1912, an ungainly biplane swooped into a Michigan pasture like an overfed duck and promptly nosed over on its back. Its contents proved to be a teen-age couple who got married as soon as they regained consciousness.

This was the world's first aerial elopement.

Art Smith, the groom, happened to have one of the country's few flying machines because he had built it, with his own hands, at age 15. And his parents had mortgaged their home to finance him. Their pride helped carry him through years of failure to soaring success as a famous early stunt flyer.

But he didn't remain a barnstormer long. In 1917 his pioneering skill was needed to train our World War I pilots. Then came America's first air-mail service. And again, Art helped break the way—though it eventually cost him his life.

As American as Tom Swift, Art Smith was the farseeing and confident son of a country that has always produced far more than her share of sure-footed visionaries. That's a good thing to know, especially if you've been putting some money into this country's Savings Bonds.

U.S. Savings Bonds aren't backed by gold or silver alone. They are backed by the character and abilities of 165 million Americans. That's why they're one of the world's greatest investments. Buy them regularly—and hold on to them!

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It's actually easy to save—when you buy Series E Savings Bonds through the Payroll Savings Plan. Once you've signed up at your pay office, your saving is done *for you.* The Bonds you receive pay good interest—3% a year, compounded half-yearly when held to maturity. And the longer you hold them, the better your return. Even after maturity, they go on earning 10 years more. So hold on to your Bonds! Join the Payroll Savings Plan today—or buy Bonds where you bank.

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Toots Shor's Restaurant in New York, where all the sports celebrities and sports writers hang out. This guy, who should have known better, embarrassed me. He kept pushing me and asking me to swap punches with him. But I didn't hit him and he didn't really hit me. I just got out of there as soon as I could.

The thing some people don't realize is that I don't go around hitting people or like people hitting me. Boxing was my business, and no fighter gets pleasure out of hitting anybody else, even in the ring. There you just have to. It's either you or the other guy, and it was my idea in the ring to win the best I knew how—by a knockout or a decision or any way.

Fighters know that. They have a feeling for each other, even if it looks like they're trying to kill each other in the ring. Once you're in there, there's a terrible loneliness. You can have a gang traveling with you wherever you go, and mobs of guys in your camps, and three or four guys in your corner. But when the bell rings, you're out there all alone, and nobody in the whole world can help you but yourself.

It's a thing you got to get used to and a thing you got to understand, and if you have pride in your work, you appreciate it right away. When a fighter doesn't respect this—well, that's one of the reasons for me getting real mad a few times before fights. One of them was early in my career, against Joe Domonic. He was out of Providence, where I was making my name, and he ridiculed me. He said I was nothing but an amateur—and maybe I was then, but when I got him in the ring I put him away in two rounds.

Another time was the second fight with LaStarza. I kept my anger hidden pretty good all through training and even in the ring. But after it ended in the eleventh, I went over to Rollie right there in the ring. I asked him if it was true he had said I was getting punchy because I was taking too many punches on the head.

I said, "Rollie, did you really make that stupid remark up at camp about me being punchy?"

"You know better than that, Rock," he said. "The writers put words in my mouth. I wouldn't talk about you that way."

"I thought you were a much smarter guy," I said. "You're a college fellow. If you ever said a thing like that, I really would be disturbed about it."

LaStarza told me later how much I'd improved between our first and second fights, and that really made me feel good. When you give your life to being a fighter, you like to hear nice things said about you by the guys who know the most about it. My manager, Al Weill, and my trainer, Charley Goldman, never paid me a compliment. I know why they didn't. They didn't want me to get the idea that I knew all there was to know about fighting. But when the compliments did come, they came from fellows who wouldn't say it if they didn't mean it.

When I beat Joe Louis in 1951 in the fight that really put me in the big time, I got even more of a kick out of what Joe told me sometime afterward than I did out of winning the fight.

"Man," he said, "you really pour it on in the ring."

That was getting the compliment right from the top. I'd been wondering if Louis would hate me because it was me who ended his career, and instead of holding it against me, he had nothing but praise.

He asked me if I ever was a southpaw. "I never been anything but a right-hander, Joe," I said. "Everybody always said all I got is a right hand."

"They told me that, too, Rock," Joe said, "and they don't know how wrong they all was. You did all the hurting with that left hand of yours."

You'd have to be a fighter yourself to know how good words like that make you feel. It was like the time this last July when a newspaper syndicate sent me up to Toronto for Archie Moore's fight with James J. Parker. I went over to Moore's training camp. He was working in the ring when I got there. It was announced that I was in the crowd and the audience applauded me.

All of a sudden Archie quieted them down. He held up his hands and he said, "Folks, this man deserves five times the amount of applause you've given him."

Then Archie made them start all over again to applaud me, and he led them doing it. Now this was a guy I respected. I knew Archie in the ring as a tough, smart fighter who sucked me in with his trickery. He put me on the canvas, one of the two times in my life I was there, and here he was being a cheerleader for me.

While I was champ, one of my big regrets was that Jack Dempsey never came out to see me fight. I did hear that some friends of his finally dragged him out to my Moore fight last year, and I understand they really had to drag him.

Jack would visit my training camps once in a while, and I'd see him here and there, but never at ringside on fight nights. Of course, I've never gone to fights much myself, even when I was in the ring. But I figured that, as a former champ, Jack would have an interest. One time I asked him about it. What he said surprised me then, but I can appreciate it now.

"Wait until you're out of it a while yourself," he said. "You'll understand."

Anyway, after I did retire in April, I found I didn't have much interest in what was going to happen after me. Sure, I wondered about Archie Moore and Floyd Patterson and the other heavyweights who had a chance for the title, but it didn't really matter to me.

One day in May, two of the ranking heavyweights, Bob Baker and Johnny Holman, were fighting in an elimination bout in Miami to help pick the new champ. That afternoon I ran across Rocky Graziano in front of the Hotel Warwick in New York. I was coming from a meeting with Al Weill and in a hurry to catch a plane home, but I stopped for a minute to talk to Graziano.

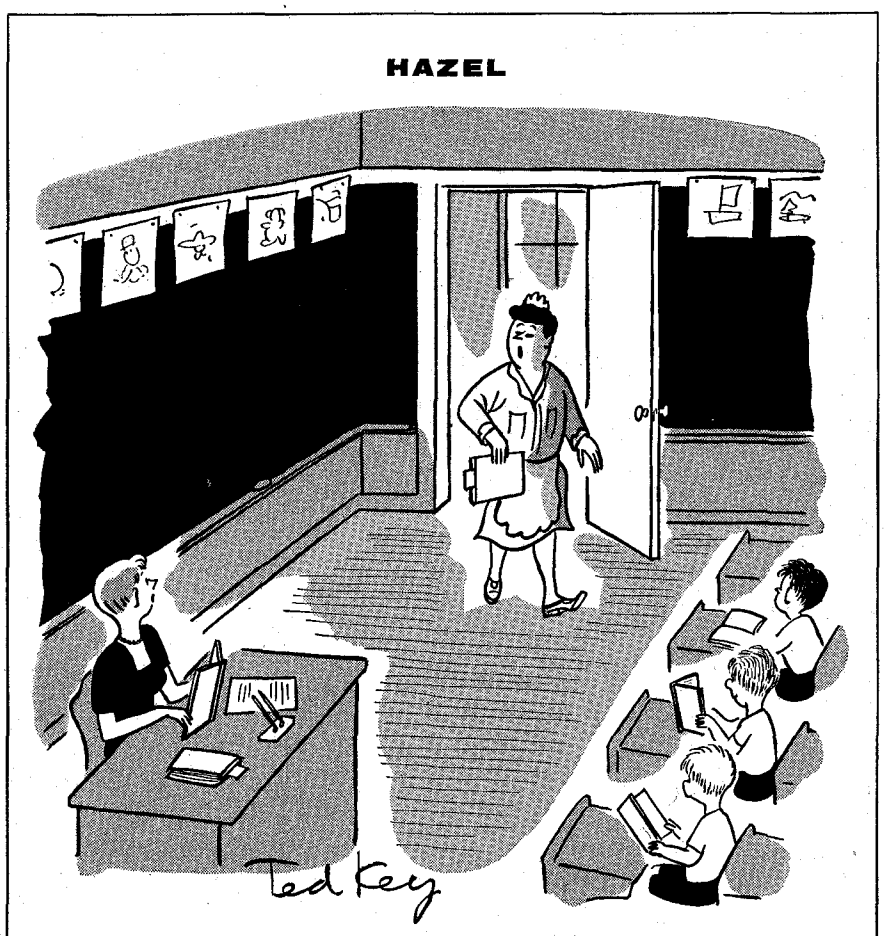
"You going to watch the fight tonight on TV?" he asked me.

"What fight?" I asked.

"Baker and Holman," he said.

"Oh," I said. "Tell you the truth, Rock, I didn't know."

And I didn't. When I got home that night I turned on the TV to watch the fight, but it didn't hold me, any more than one of those old-time movies they show. I guess that's what Dempsey meant. When you're in it, you're in it with everything you've got. When you've had it, then you get out, and it's not because you're worried about getting hurt yourself.



"Forgot his homework."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I never worried about getting hurt. Mom did and Barbara did, but not me. I was never hurt in a fight as a kid or in the amateurs or in the pros. I got cut—maybe thirty-five, thirty-seven stitches in all—but I never got really hurt.

While I still was moving up toward the title, nothing bothered me. I only had one thing on my mind—to be the champion. After I got the title I was so proud of it. It was like Jerry Lewis, the comedian, told me one night when we went for a walk.

"Do you realize what you are, Rock?" he said. "You are the boss of the world—the whole world."

What a feeling that gives you! You lay there in bed at night sometimes, and you think of what a wonderful thing it is. You think of what you had to go through to get there, and you say to yourself, *It was worth it. It was worth everything.*

And it was. If I didn't give everything I had to fighting, I don't know what I'd be today—maybe a manual laborer still. I wouldn't have the understanding of how kind people can be even when they're getting nothing out of it. I wouldn't have met fellows like Mike O'Dowd, who was a longshoreman and used to come from working on the docks to box with me at the C.Y.O. gym in the early days, when I had no sparring partners and no money to pay for them. I wouldn't have had the honor and pleasure of meeting such a gracious lady like Jennie Grossinger, who treated me like I was her own son.

After I had the title for three years, though, I got a chance to look around, and I began to appreciate that keeping the championship wasn't everything. It helped all of us, but it hurt us too. When I was away I had no privacy, and when I was home I didn't have it either.

I could feel the unrest growing in me—and it was a funny thing. I remember at Grossinger's when they built a wire fence around the cottage I lived in. I looked out the window and I saw that fence, and I wondered, "Is that to keep the people out or is it to keep me in?" The few times I got home and visited mom, I'd always have a gang with me. One day she said, "Rocky, you never alone no more. When you going to come home by yourself and sit down?" Another time, at my own home in Brockton, the bell rang at 7:30 in the morning. It woke up all of us—the baby, Barbara and me. It was two kids wanting my autograph. I signed it and went back to bed. I never refused an autograph in my life.

But the baby couldn't go back to sleep, and my wife couldn't either. I got used to that sort of thing, but it was tough on Barbara. Until the time in South America this year when she got sick, Barbara never said a word about it to me, but I'd already begun to see that our life was unnatural. I couldn't quit, though, until I'd cleaned up all the fighters around who had a right to be in there with me.

When I stopped Moore in nine rounds last fall, I knew the time had come to give retirement serious thought. I think that after the Moore fight even my biggest knockers, who wouldn't give me credit for being a good champion, realized I had licked everybody there was to lick. That was important to me. After that I had a right to live. I owed a lot to my family and it was time for me to start paying my debt to them too.

I thought they'd understand, but nobody else would. I figured the people in Brockton, who were so proud of me, would kind of feel I let them down by getting out of the ring and giving up my title. But everybody did understand. Guys stopped me on the street and said I did the right thing. People I didn't even know come up to me and said, "Nobody'll touch your record, Rock. There's never been another heavyweight champ who never lost a fight in his whole pro career, and there'll never be another one."

I'd like to think that's true. I'd like to think that in the rest of my life I'll keep that distinction. Maybe it isn't important. Maybe it isn't important to Charles that I think in our first fight he was the best fighter I ever fought. Or to Walcott that I think he gave me the toughest fight of my career. Or to Carmine Vingo that I think he hit me the hardest blow I ever got hit, or to Joe Louis that he taught me dignity. But I think it is. Only the guys who ever climbed up the steps of a ring and swapped punches with another guy know what it does to you. I know.

Now a new kind of life is beginning for me and my family, and I expect to enjoy every minute of it. At thirty-three I already have more money and security than I ever dreamed of as a kid. Some good future opportunities are waiting for me. And it all goes back to the boxing. Like I said earlier, I was a nobody. In the ring I became a somebody.

Editors' Note—This is the last of a series of six articles.

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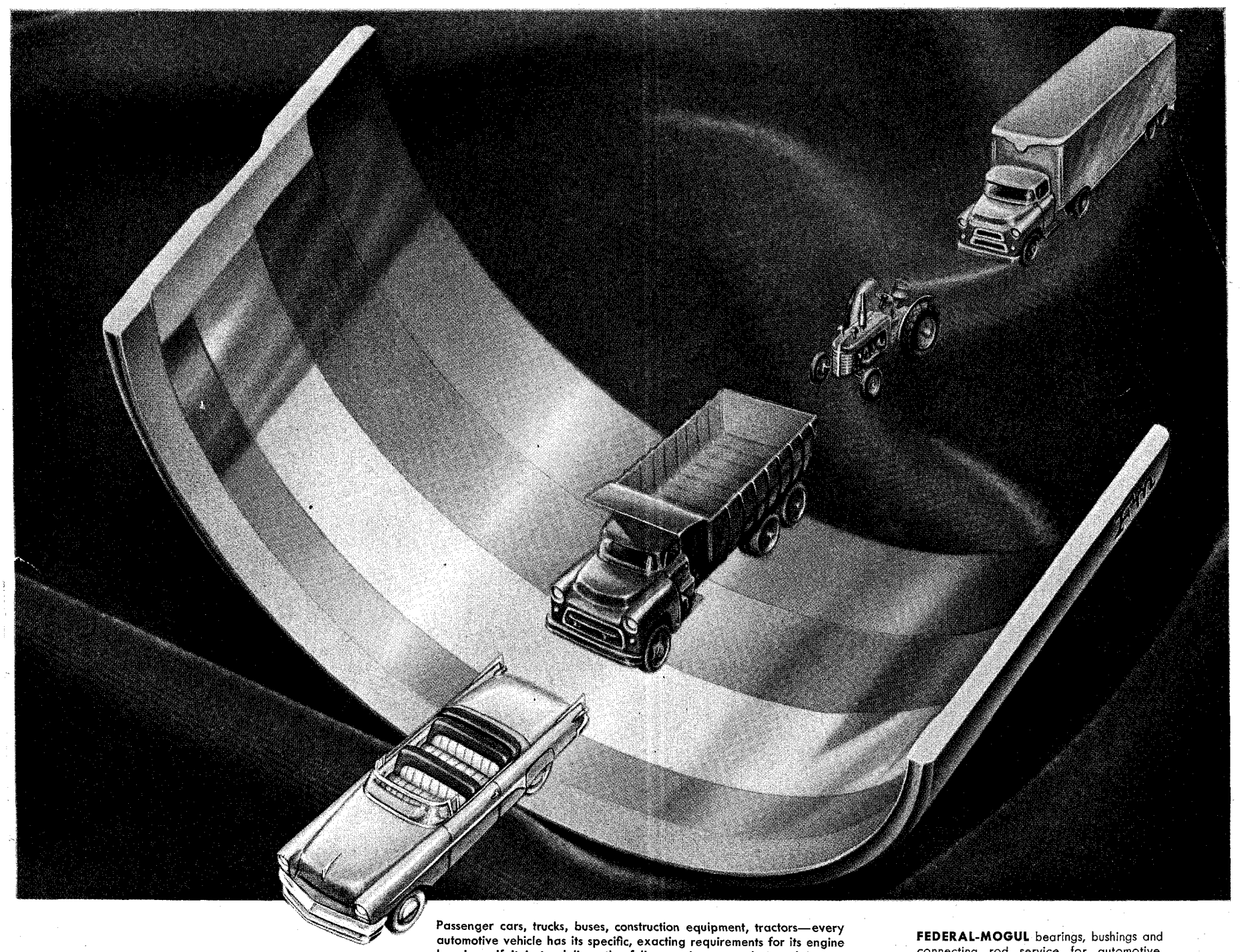

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Look at the bearing pictured. It is a heavy-duty bearing. Complete, it appears as a simple half-circle of steel. We "peeled" it to show you the complexities in its manufacture. The back layer is steel, next is pure copper-alloy, then brass, followed by lead-tin alloy, and, finally, pure tin. And it is manufactured to the most exacting precision standards.

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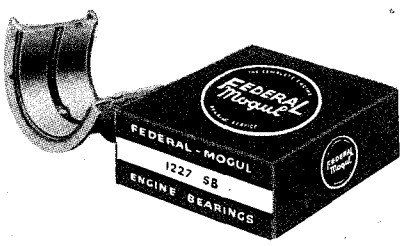

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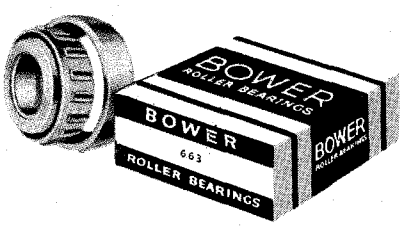
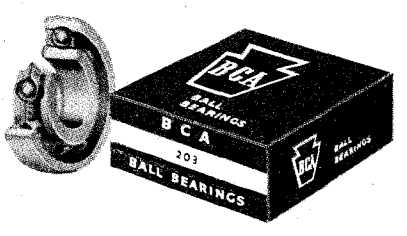


BCA ball bearings for automotive wheel, axle, differential, steering gear, generator and clutch assemblies.



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Keeping Posted

East Meets West Down on the Ranch

Here you see an editor and his wife, Stuart and Olga Rose, taking a spin on the California ranch of Erle Stanley Gardner, whose Perry Mason mystery gets itself unraveled on page 51. Rose, when he can snatch a free moment during an author-visiting trip, has fun astonishing Westerners with how serenely competent a supposedly dudish Easterner can be aboard one of their horses. Once an amateur steeplechase rider, now a devotee of eastern hunting fields and an esteemed judge in horse shows and hunter trials, he's been on intimate terms with horses since he was knee-high to a pony.

Westerners find ways to have fun with Rose too. For some years, Gardner and his ranch manager, Sam Hicks, have been enticing Rose into their highly abnormal form of trap shooting, in which they handicap a visitor somewhat after the manner of people screaming at a golfer when he is about to putt. Rose is a pretty good operator with a 410 shotgun, but life is unnatural when Gardner and Hicks start operating on a gunner. They begin by making bird calls for turkeys, pheasant and quail with nerve-racking sound effects; then, as the skeet trap is sprung and the "blue rock" flies into the air, Gardner and Hicks roar ear-splittingly, "There he goes! Get him!" Finally, as the visitor fires, one of the handicappers aimlessly discharges his own gun, and if the visitor breaks the blue rock, the handicapper bellows triumphantly, "I got him! I got him!" It takes years of visits for a guest to improve much at this type of sport. Rose did so well the last time he got the works that his host seemed depressed.

"Speaking of Rose," Gardner writes, "brings to mind a pleasant incident that makes Rose mad every time I speak of it, which I shall now do again." Some years ago, Phil Rose (not Stuart) was editor of the then Curtis magazine Country Gentleman, and Post editor Ben Hibbs was Phil Rose's assistant. Hibbs invited Gardner, a beginning author, to lunch in the Curtis dining room to meet Phil Rose; and when Gardner protested that he didn't like trying to eat and talk at the same time, he was firmly told that a simple lunch would be ordered in advance, which he could eat with one hand while talking with the other.

When the lunchers convened, and the special Rose lunch was brought forth, they were astounded to find themselves being served an elaborate gourmet's feast built around squab and hothouse vegetables. At the same time, *Stuart* Rose, then on the Post staff, sat down at the next table with a famed authoress, and was astounded to find himself promptly being served a plain, though nourishing, repast built around rather thin lamb chops and canned peas. When the maladjustment of the two Rose orders dawned on the Gardner group, they hastily lit into their banquet before things could be rectified. Today's Curtis restaurant is cafeteria-style, but not for that reason.

A Nice Way to Unite Nations

Edwin Reischauer, son of an American missionary, spent most of his youth in Japan and has been back often since; and now he comments, "Last year when I went there as a widower, it never occurred to me that I would soon marry a Japanese woman." Cupid seldom consults mortals before plinking them with his charming arrows.

Reischauer married none other than lovely Haru Matsukata, manager of the Post's Tokyo office during the Korean war, who will tell you all about herself in a fascinating piece coming up soon. Tokyo-born Haru went to college in America, returning before World War II; her mother, daughter of a Japanese silk merchant in New York, was American-born—so Haru belongs to both countries. Husband Reischauer is a scholar (co-originator of the McCune-Reischauer system of writing Korean in Latin letters, adopted by the American Army); an author (three books last year—page 28 this week); a World War II colonel in Army Intelligence; a State Department consultant on Far East policies; and now head of the Harvard-Yenching Institute which co-ordinates west-east university research. Let's say an internationalist wed an internationalist.

Reischauer, his son and two daughters ("who are all raving individualists") and Haru used the world for a honeymoon. Itinerary from Japan: Formosa, Malaya, Africa, Italy, Austria, auto trip across Europe, last stop Belmont, Massachusetts. Time: May—September. "We'll be glad to stay put for a while," Reischauer says, panting a little.

Wife Does Double Duty as Air Conditioner

The gentlemen below are located on a movie location near Segovia, Spain, where recently Sophia Loren, current toast of Europe, unfolded her art in her forthcoming film, The Pride and the Passion. In costume is actor Cary Grant, and in civvies is John Reese, describer of green-eyed Sophia on page 24.

Family news item: Reese, finishing his research, flew to New York, and Mrs. Reese did likewise from their California

home, the wife landing an hour after the husband. "Maggie can't stand sweltering hot weather," Reese says, "and when she found New York was boiling, I was afraid that when she got off her plane she'd just pass out." So while he waited, an awful cloudburst turned up, and Mrs. R., arriving when it ceased, found New York nice and chilly, which it continued to be while they were present. Returning west they paused to visit Reese's mother in Omaha, where a heat wave was the boiling. They alighted just after a cloudburst, whereupon Omaha turned frigid and remained etc., etc. Reese is thinking of leasing this gifted woman next summer to cities which need refrigerating.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"The Terrible Williamsons"

For fifty years, American police have been baffled by a clan of nomads who ply a door-to-door trade in bogus goods and services. Have you ever tangled with these thriving swindlers?

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